

MUSIC - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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THE NEW NORMAL MUSIC COURSE

BOOK TWO

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The World



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THE NEW
NORMAL MUSIC COURSE
BOOK TWO

BY
JOHN W. TUFTS AND H. E. HOLT

EDITED BY
LEONARD B. MARSHALL AND SAMUEL W. COLE



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TORONTO

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PREFATORY NOTE

BOOK TWO of the NEW NORMAL MUSIC COURSE covers the work of the fourth and fifth years. In certain respects, these two years are the most important for music of all those devoted to elementary education. During this time the major portion of the elementary work in vocal music can be—and, as a matter of fact, is—successfully done. This is particularly true in cities and towns which have had the advantage of a consistent use of the NORMAL MUSIC COURSE. Hence, in presenting many topics of prime importance, this book is merely an embodiment of the combined experience of many successful supervisors.

The Editors have endeavored scrupulously to preserve the characteristic features of the original NORMAL MUSIC COURSE, and to make consistent additions. They offer a series of exercises and songs, progressive in difficulty and interesting in musical content. For each and every topic there is an ample supply of illustrative material. Book Two has an added claim to distinction in the fact that it can be successfully taught as it stands, page by page, without the necessity of following any rearrangement of technical material.

The ideals as to school songs have so developed in recent decades that a wealth of available compositions lay at the disposition of the present Editors. Also many admirable collections of children's poems have come to publication. In both fields exhaustive search has been made. The Editors have had access to a wide variety of artistic songs by continental composers, whose songs for children are here for the first time made available for school use. Many verses that every child should know appear in characteristic musical settings, made for the book by well known American composers. The games and sports that appeal to the twentieth century youngster, and the humor that is so essential to his enjoyment, are fully represented.

Throughout Book Two there appear exercises and songs which carry forward the consistent effort of Book ONE to prepare for a mastery of the minor mode. Teachers everywhere are agreed as to the importance of this subject and as to its possible interest for the pupils. Frequently as the minor mode appears in Book

Two, it will be observed that the formal presentation of the minor scale is nowhere involved ; that is reserved for its proper place in BOOK THREE.

The courtesy of the following authors and publishers in allowing poems which they control to be set to music is gratefully acknowledged :

Harriet F. Blodgett for verses from "Songs of the Days and the Year"—"Jack and Jill" and "January." George Reiter Brill for verses from "Rhymes of the Golden Age"—"A Change of Mind," "Cry-language," "A Fantastic Trip," "Pantry Ships," and "We Should be Satisfied." Madison Cawein for the poem "Riddles" from "The Giant and the Star." The Century Company for poems from St. Nicholas—"February" by Pauline Frances Camp ; "The Robin and the Bee" by John Lea ; "The Polite Owl" by Delia H. C. Stone ; and "The Waterfall." Charlotte F. Furey and Adèle Marie Shaw for four selections from their Recreation Songs—"Boating Song," "Good Morning," "Song of the Trees" and "The Sun-shower." The Housekeeper for "O My!" by W. A. Camp. Houghton Mifflin Company and the author for verses by Abbie Farwell Brown—"An Excuse," "Fairy Spelling," "The Frog," "Learning to Play," "The Policeman" and "A Song of Saturdays." Houghton Mifflin Company for—"An April Welcome" by Phoebe Cary ; "November" by Alice Cary ; "The Clock-tinker," "In Time's Swing," "On the Birch-tree" and "Swing Away" by Lucy Larcom ; "The Secret of the Sea" by Henry W. Longfellow ; "The Fountain" and "Midnight" by James Russell Lowell ; "Birds' Music," "Goldenrod" and "The Snow-weaver" by Frank Dempster Sherman ; "The Maize" and "Spring Song" by Celia L. Thaxter ; "The Corn-song" and "Indian Summer" by John G. Whittier. Margaret E. Sangster for verses from "Little Knights and Ladies,"—"Taking Work as Play." Clinton Scollard for verses from "Boys' Book of Rhyme," "Brook Song" and "A Rain Song." Edith M. Thomas for "Praise June" and "A Sky-voyage." The Youth's Companion and the authors for—"Our Clock" by Dora Amsden ; "The Sower" by Mary F. Butts ; "The Christmas Tree" and "The Last Dance of the Leaves" by Paul P. Foster ; "A Little Worker" by Zoeth Howland ; "Colonel Robbie's Regiment" by Frank Walcott Hutt ; "After Vacation" and "The Merry-go-round" by Anna M. Pratt ; "The New Year" by Margaret E. Sangster ; "A Merry Race" by Rachel Geddes Smith ; "The Silver Moon" by James P. Webber ; and "A Valentine for Grandma."

NEW NORMAL MUSIC COURSE

BOOK TWO, PART ONE

FIRST SECTION

One-Part and Two-Part Exercises and Songs. Simple Chromatics

1

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AFTER VACATION

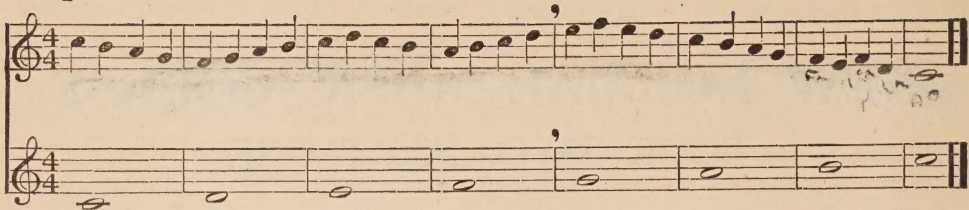
ANNA M. PRATT

1. The schoolbooks are a - tip - toe, And chalk and pen - cils, too,
2. Ge - og - ra - phies are long - ing To tell the earth is round ;
3. The read - ers are so hap - py ! " Come, children dear, " they call,
4. Of course the lit - tle schol - ars Won't loi - ter by the way,

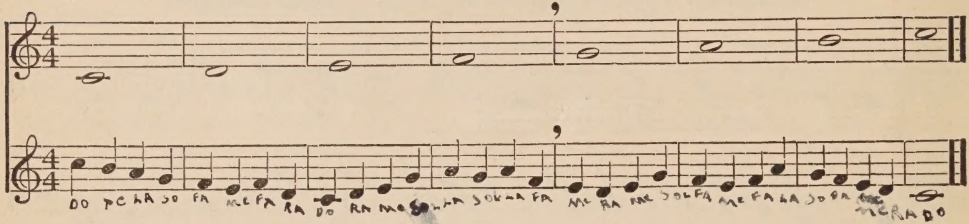
E - ras - ers are im - pa - tient, And don't know what to do.
 They're fair - ly run - ning o - ver, With cit - ies to be found.
 " We've love - ly words for spell - ing, And sto - ries for you all."
 When schoolbooks are so ea - ger To meet them all to - day.

6

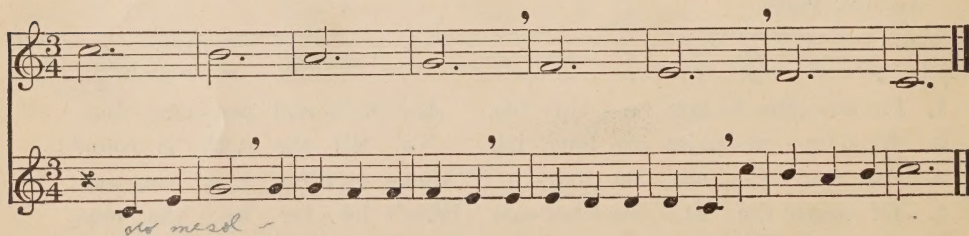
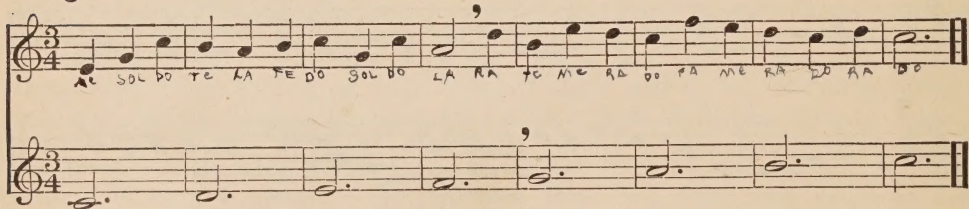
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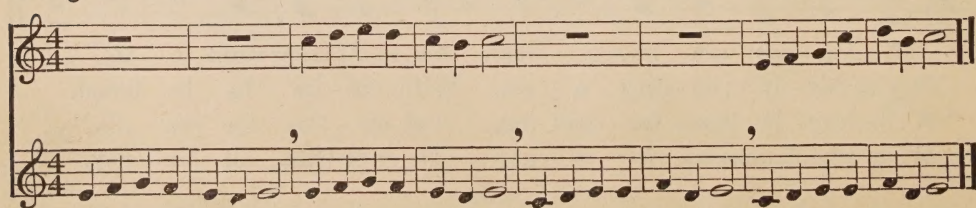
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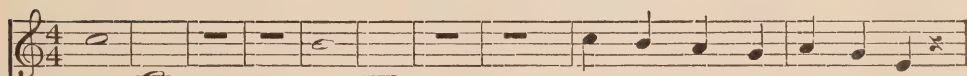


1



SEE-SAW

ROBERT L. EVERETT

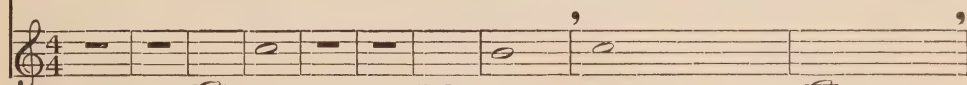


See - saw,

see - saw,

1. Up and down we gai-ly go!

2. Rob-ins, they know how to play,

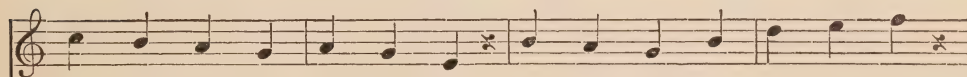


See - saw,

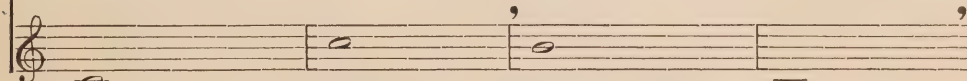
see - saw,

see

saw,

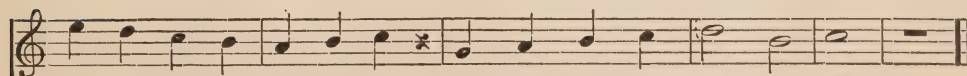


Such a love-ly tee-ter, O! Grass a-cross a dai-sy stalk—
Just like chil-dren, an-y day; Lads and lass-ies, don't you know,



See - - - saw,

see - - - saw,



Up and down the rob-ins go Teet'ring with their sil-v'ry talk.
Grass a-cross the dai-sy stalk Makes a love-ly tee-ter, O!

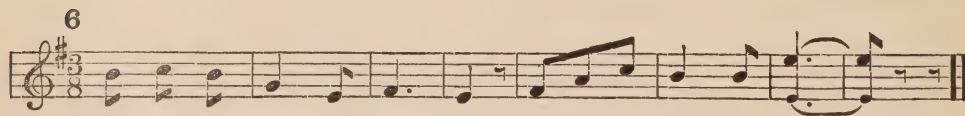
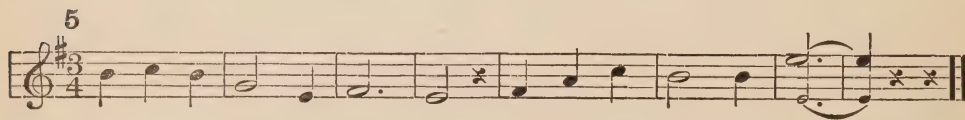
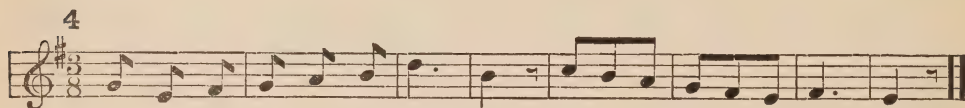
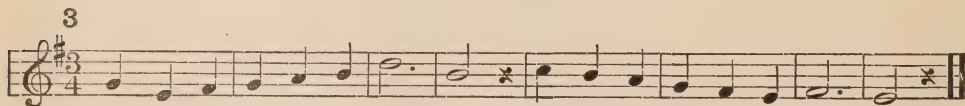


See - - - saw,

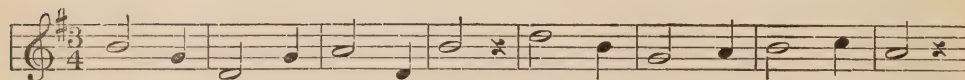
see

saw,

see - saw!

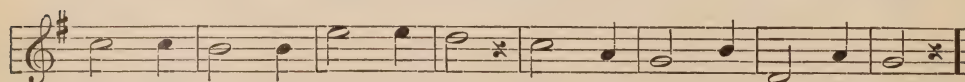


THE FLYING MOMENTS



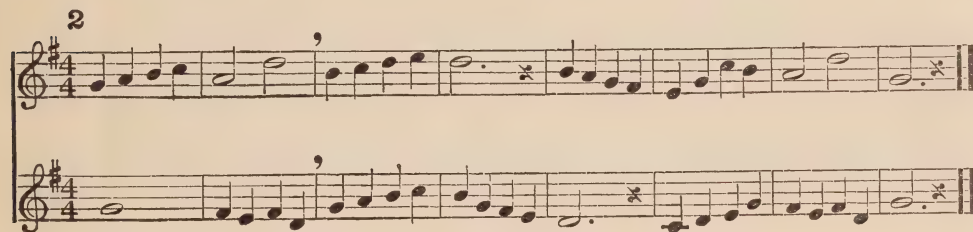
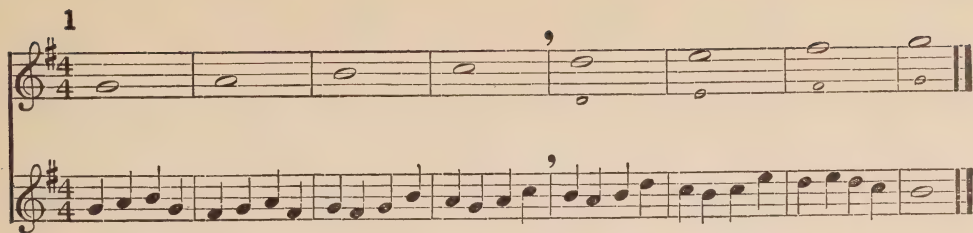
1. Lit - tle mo-ments, tell me true, Are there wings that grow on you?

2. Now on all the oth - er things Which can fly, I see the wings.



If there are none, tell me why Grown folks say "How fast you fly!"

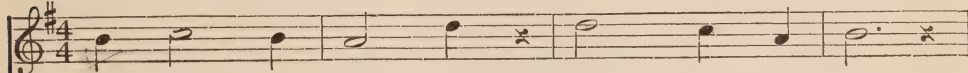
Lit - tle mo-ments, tell me true, Are there wings that grow on you?



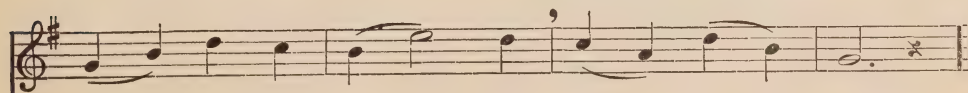
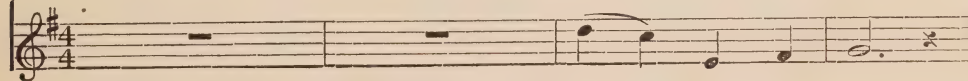
THE FOUNTAIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

AMY LEIGHTON



- | | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|------------|---------------|
| 1. In - to | the sun - shine, | Full | of the light, |
| 2. In - to | the moon - light, | Whit - er | than snow, |
| 3. In - to | the star - light, | Rush - ing | in spray, |
| 4. Glo - ri - ous | foun - tain! | Let | my heart be |



Leap - ing and flash - ing, From morn till night!
 Wav - ing so flow'r - like When the winds blow;
 Hap - py at mid - night, Hap - py by day!
 Fresh, change-ful, con - stant, Up - ward like thee!



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THE RIVER PATH

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

1. No bird - song float - ed down the hill, The tan - gled
 2. The dusk of twi - light round us grew, We felt the
 3. But on the riv - er's far - ther side We saw the

bank be - low . was still; No rus - tle from the
 fall - ing of . the dew; For, from us, ere . the
 hill - tops glo - ri - fied, — A ten - der glow ex -

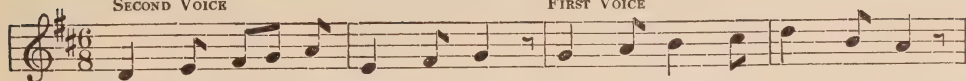
birch - en stem, No rip - ple from the wa - ter's hem.
 day . was done, The wood - ed hills shut out the sun.
 ceed - ing fair, A dream of day with - out its glare.

SLEEP, THOU WILD ROSE, SLEEP

DAVID K. STEVENS

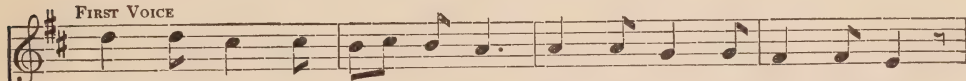
SECOND VOICE

FIRST VOICE



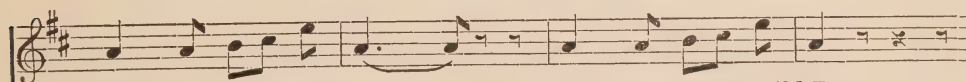
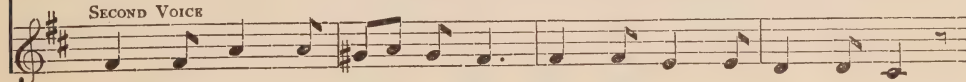
1. Droops the Wild Rose on its bed, Wea - ry sinks its love - ly head,
2. Yel - low grain is in the sheaf, Au-tumn tints the ma - ple leaf ;
3. While the winds a - bove thee play, Dream the win - ter night a - way ;

FIRST VOICE



Sum-mer's hap - py day is past, Win-ter's night is fall - ing fast.
 Sum-mer's fruit - ful task is done, Rest her chil-dren all have won.
 Till a - cross the ver-dured plain Smiles the spring-bell once a - gain.

SECOND VOICE



Sleep, thou Wild Rose, sleep, Sleep, thou sweet Wild Rose,



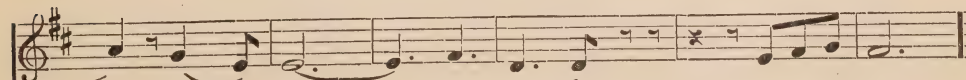
Sleep, thou Wild Rose, sleep, Wild Rose,



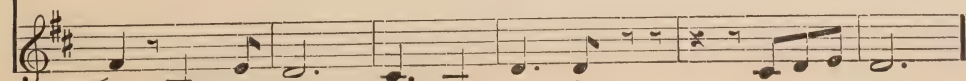
Sleep, thou sweet Wild Rose, thou sweet Wild Rose, sleep, sleep, .



Sleep, sweet Rose,



... thou sweet Wild Rose, Sleep, sleep.



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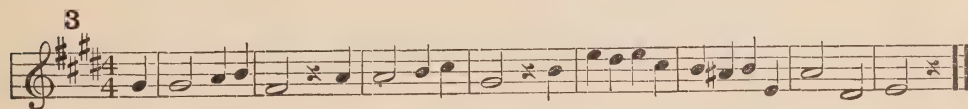
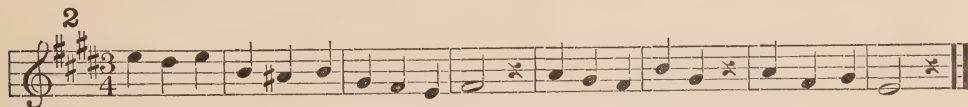
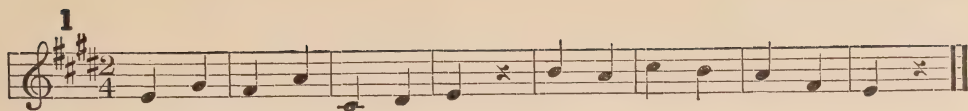
THE MAGIC SEED

French Folksong

1. A mag - ic seed I plant - ed, I plant - ed, I plant - ed,
 2. There sprang a vine en - chant - ed, En - chant - ed, en - chant - ed,
 3. I tend - ed it and watched it, And watched it, and watched it,
 4. It bore a Jack - o - lan - tern, 'O - lan - tern, 'o - lan - tern,

A mag - ic seed I plant - ed, So dry and white and old;
 There sprang a vine en - chant - ed, With mag - ic flow'rs of gold.
 I tend - ed it and watched it, And tru - ly, by - and - by:
 It bore a Jack - o - lan - tern, And a Thanksgiv - ing pie!

[Second voice on repeat only]

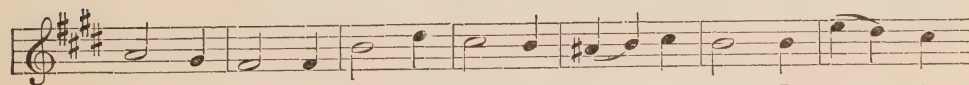


OUR CLOCK

DORA AMSDEN



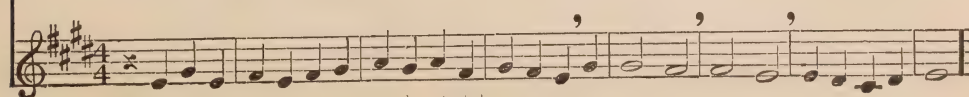
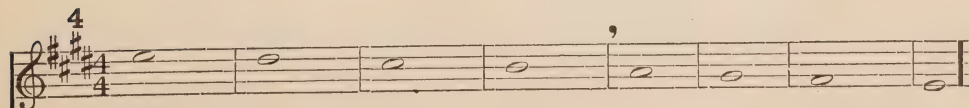
1. When our clock strikes, I al - ways dread To look, for fear it's
2. My moth - er says, and she knows best, That chil - dren must lie
3. O, would - n't it be lots of fun, If we could be wound

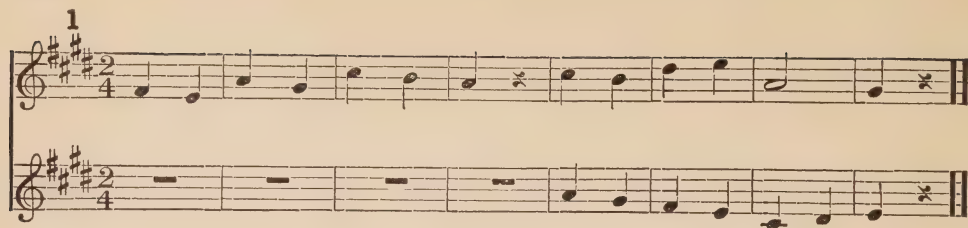


time for bed; And when we leave our play to see, It seems to
down to rest. Yet our old clock stands in the hall And nev - er
up to run, And nev - er had to stop our play Nor lose a

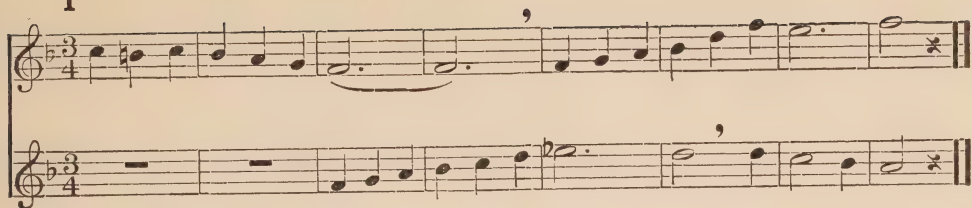


smile and wink at me, It seems to smile and wink at me.
goes to sleep at all, And nev - er goes to sleep at all.
min - ute all the day, Nor lose a min - ute all the day?



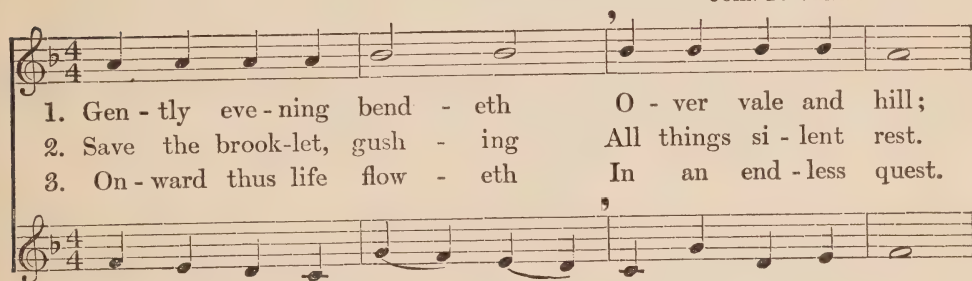


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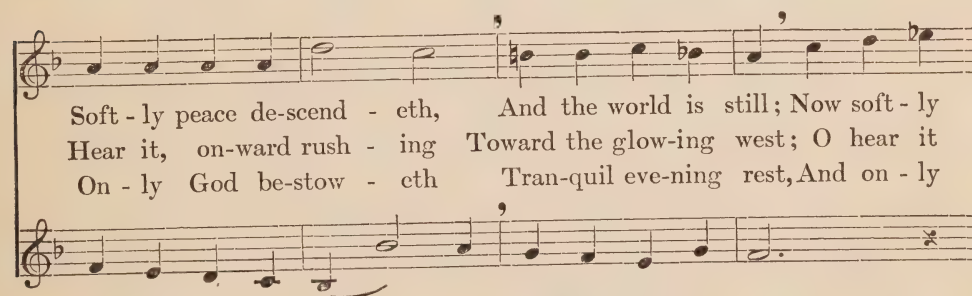


EVENING REST

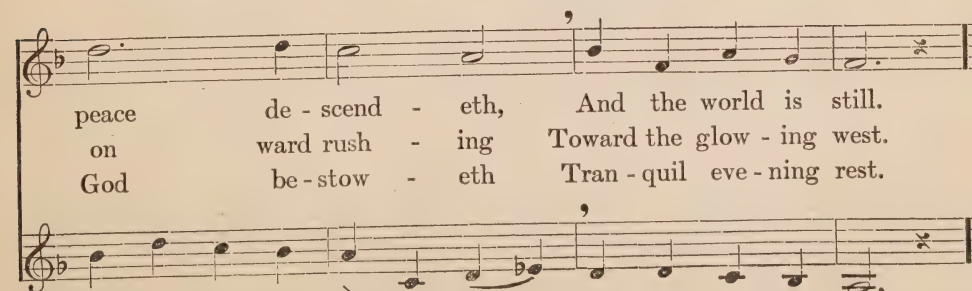
JOHN P. VANCE. Arr.



1. Gen - tly eve - ning bend - eth O - ver vale and hill;
 2. Save the brook - let, gush - ing All things si - lent rest.
 3. On - ward thus life flow - eth In an end - less quest.



Soft - ly peace de - scend - eth, And the world is still; Now soft - ly
 Hear it, on - ward rush - ing Toward the glow - ing west; O hear it
 On - ly God be - stow - eth Tran - quil eve - ning rest, And on - ly

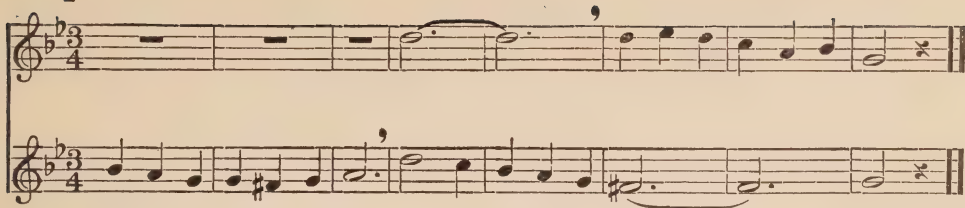


peace de - scend - eth, And the world is still.
 on ward rush - ing Toward the glow - ing west.
 God be - stow - eth Tran - quil eve - ning rest.



Soft - ly peace de - scend - eth, And the world is still.
 Hear it, on - ward rush - ing Toward the glow - ing west.
 On - ly God be - stow - eth Tran - quil eve - ning rest.

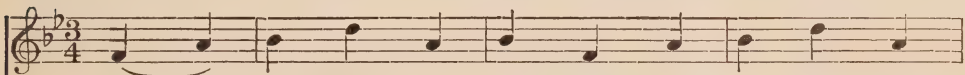
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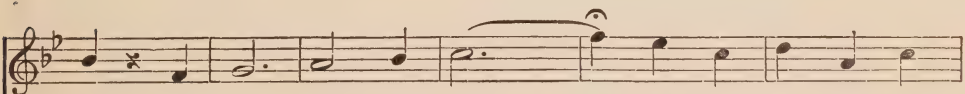
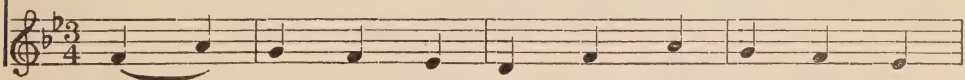
THE POLITE OWL

D. H. C. STONE

J. CARMICHAEL



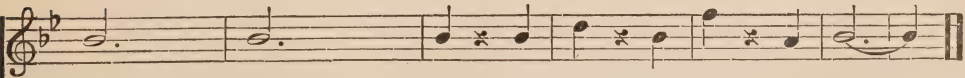
1. The . . owl made a bow As I passed where she
 2. Did she just bob her head When the sun hurt her



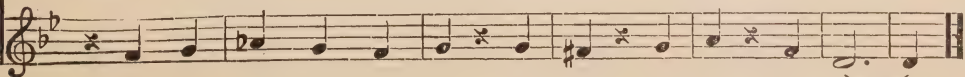
sat,— A ver - y small owl, . . . She bowed this way and
 eyes? So Grand - fa - ther said. . . . But she looked ver - y



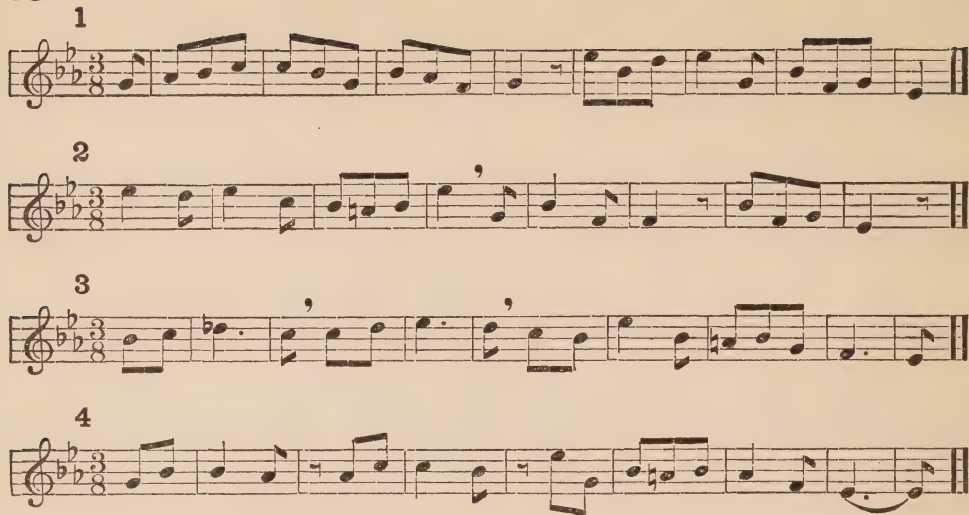
small owl,
 he said.



that, and that! "To-whit! To-whit! To - whoo!"
 wise, so wise! "To-whit! To-whit! To - whoo!"



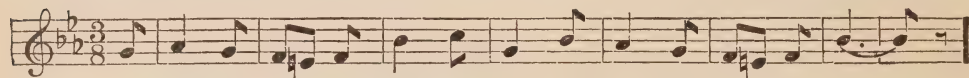
So I lift - ed my hat! "To-whit! To-whit! To - whoo!"
 For an owl of her size! "To-whit! To-whit! To - whoo!"



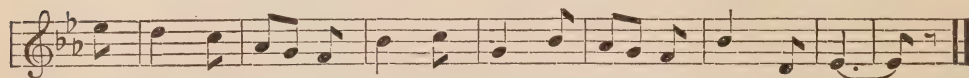
FAIRY SPELLING

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

MAXWELL LITTLETON



1. I've heard a - bout a Fair - y Spell; O that's the kind for me!
2. I'd like to meet a Fair - y Child Be - side a mag - ic well.



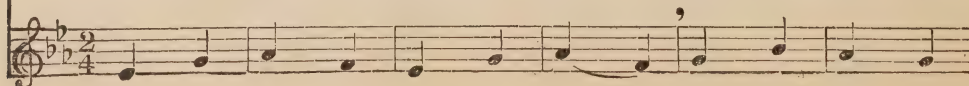
I can - not learn the com - mon way, I spell dis - grace - ful - ly. . .
I'd beg a fair - y spell - ing book; Then I could learn to spell.

MY FLOWER

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

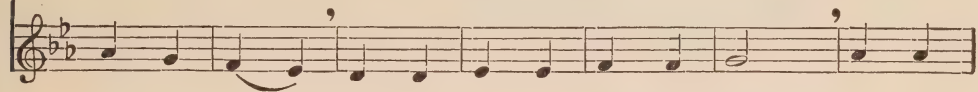


1. Pan - sies, li - lies, king - cups, dai - sies, Let them live up -
2. Ill be - fall the yel - low flow - ers, Chil - dren of the





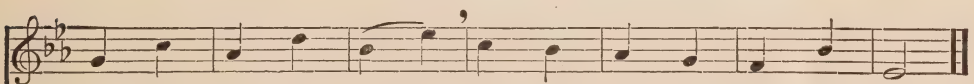
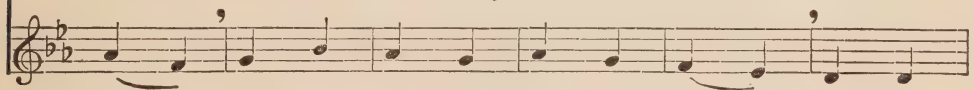
on their praises! Long as there's a sun that sets, Prim - ro -
flar - ing hours! But - ter - cups, that will be seen, Wheth - er



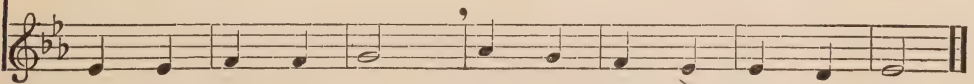
ses will have their glo - ry; Long as there are vi - o -
we will see or no; Oth - ers, too, of loft - y



lets, . They will have a place in sto - ry; There's a
mien, . They have done as world-lings do, . Tak - en

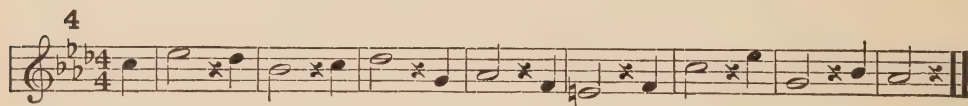
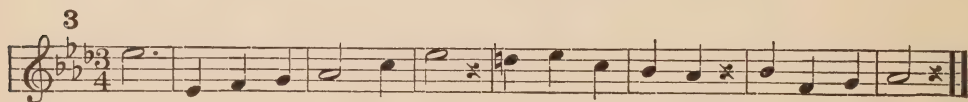
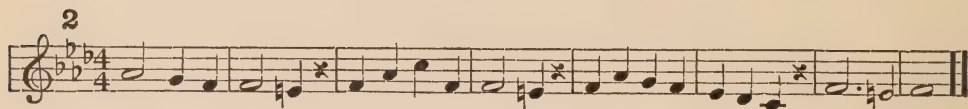


flow'r that shall be mine, 'Tis the lit - tle Cel - an - dine.
praise that should be thine, Lit - tle, hum - ble Cel - an - dine.



1

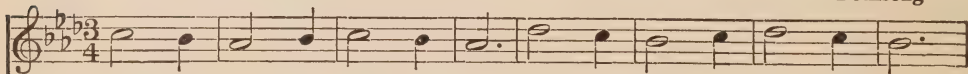




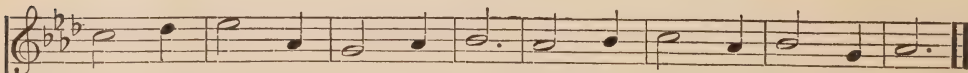
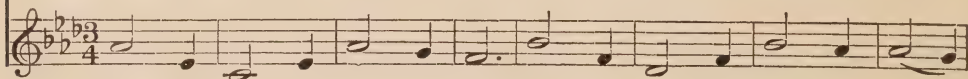
THE MOTHER'S LULLABY

E. LOUISE LIDDELL

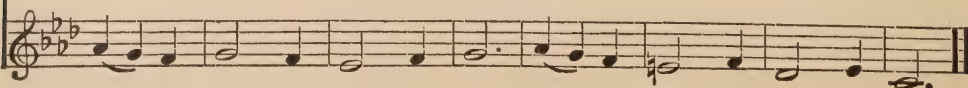
Folksong



1. Sinks the gold - en sun to rest; Song-birds snug-gle in their nest;
2. Gent - ly fades the twi-light glow; Dim - ly stars be - gin to show;
3. Rest thee, Ba - by, do not fear; Close at hand is Moth - er dear,



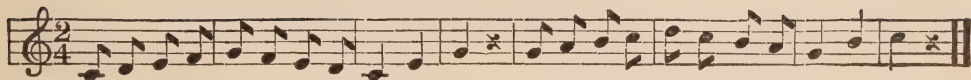
Hush thee, Ba - by, qui - et lie, List to Moth - er's lul - la - by.
 Sum - mer breez - es soft - ly sigh; Lul - la - by, O lul - la - by.
 Mind - ful of thy faint - est cry, Lul - la - by, O lul - la - by.



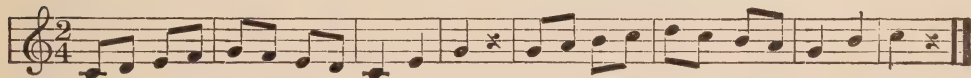
SECOND SECTION

The Divided Beat, in Five Keys

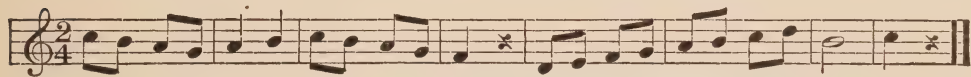
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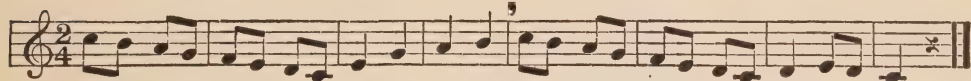
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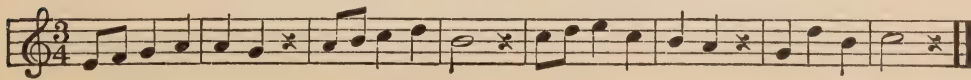
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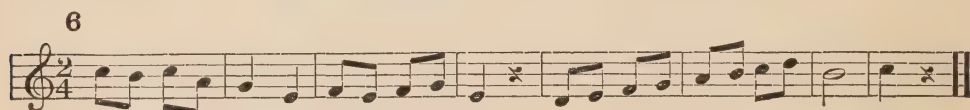
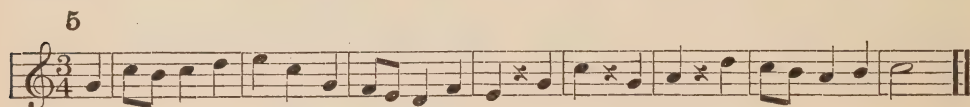
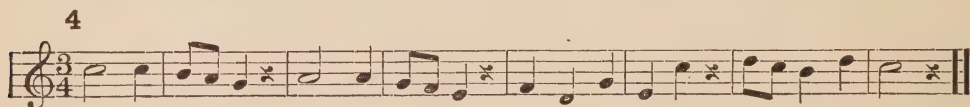
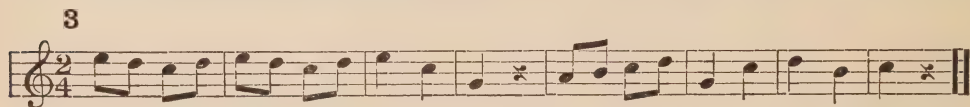
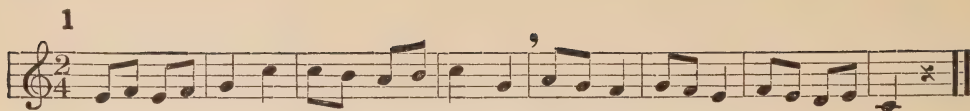


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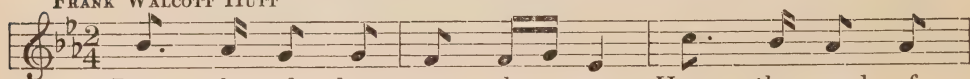
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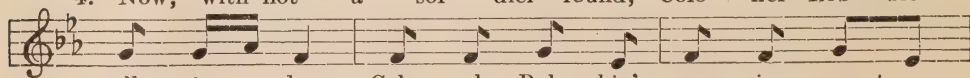


COLONEL ROBBIE'S REGIMENT

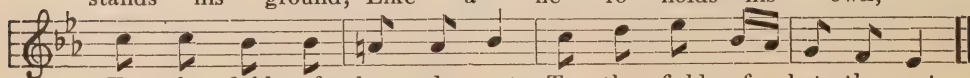
FRANK WALCOTT HUTT



1. Down the vil - lage street they come, Hear the sound of
 2. Hip, hur - rah! they're march - ing past, But their step seems
 3. There! one boy has dropp'd his gun And an - oth - er
 4. Now, with not a sol - dier round, Colo - nel Rob - bie

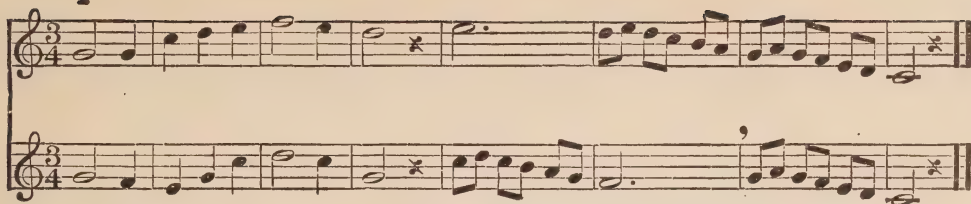


roll - ing drum, Colo - nel Rob - bie's reg - i - ment
 ver - y fast. Tho' they on - ly num - ber nine,
 starts to run, And an - oth - er's lost his hat,
 stands his ground, Like a he - ro holds his own,



To the field of bat - tle sent, To the field of bat - tle sent.
 No one seems to keep in line, No one seems to keep in line.
 And an - oth - er tum - bled flat, And an - oth - er tum - bled flat.
 March - es brave - ly on, a - lone, March - es brave - ly on, a - lone

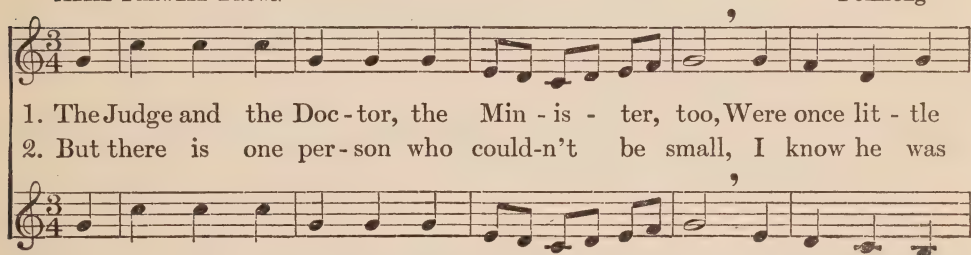
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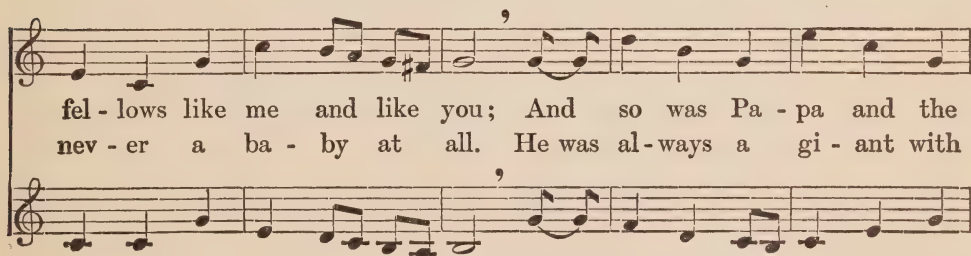
THE POLICEMAN

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

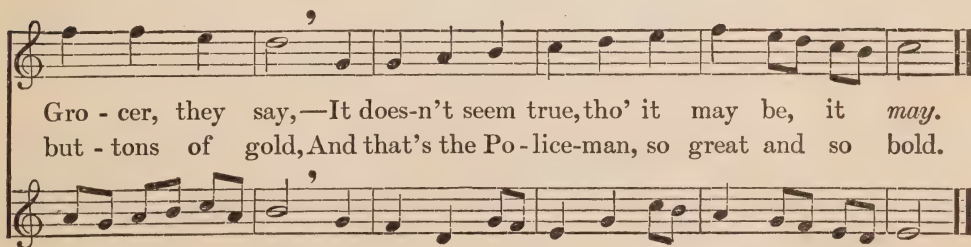
Folksong



1. The Judge and the Doc-tor, the Min-is-ter, too, Were once lit-tle
 2. But there is one per-son who could-n't be small, I know he was



fel-lows like me and like you; And so was Pa-pa and the
 nev-er a ba-by at all. He was al-ways a gi-gant with



Gro-cer, they say,—It does-n't seem true, tho' it may be, it *may*.
 but-tons of gold, And that's the Po-lice-man, so great and so bold.

2



1

2

3

4

5

THE FATE OF A SNOWFLAKE

E. LOUISE LIDDELL

Folksong

1. A dear lit - tle Snowflake, with nev - er a care, Was la - zi - ly

2. A - way flew the Snowflake, in Zeph - yr's em - brace; A - long came a

float - ing, far up in the air, When a stray Zeph - yr whispered, "Dear

Sun - beam, and peeped in her face; His glan - ces so melt - ing were

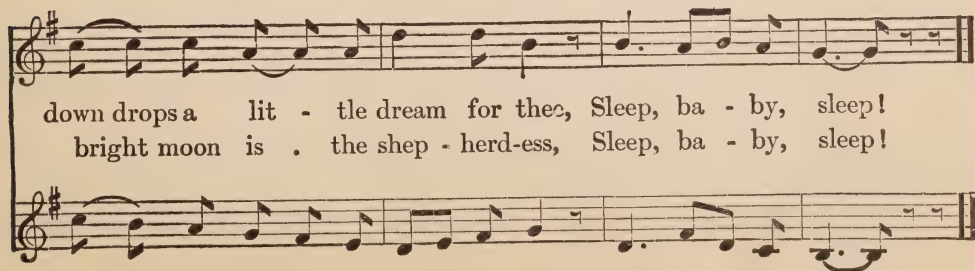
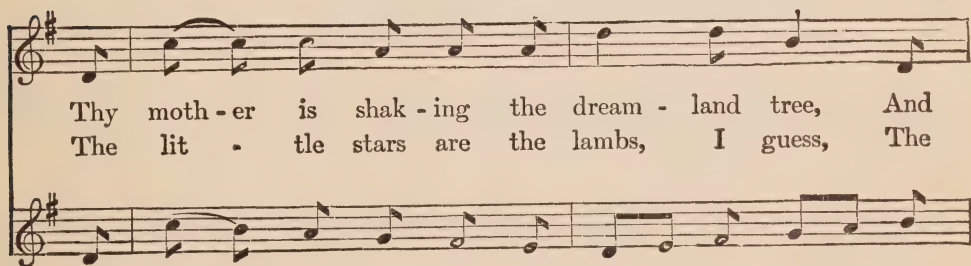
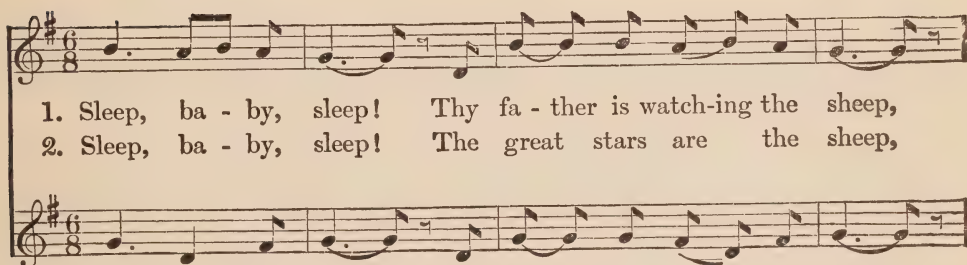
Snow - flake, I pray, Do take a trip earthward, I'll show you the way.

not all in vain; Poor Snowflake fell earthward, a big drop of rain.

1



SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP



1

2

3

4

5

6

THE WATERFALL

AMY LEIGHTON

1. A moun-tain brook, one sun - ny day, Ran off from home and lost its way;
 2. And then it found a rock - y stair, All slip - per - y, and tum-bled there;

In pla - ces nev - er seen be - fore, It wan - dered for a mile or more.
 Went down with such a might - y fall It nev - er could climb up at all.

1

2

WELCOME, WILD NORTHEASTER

CHARLES KINGSLEY

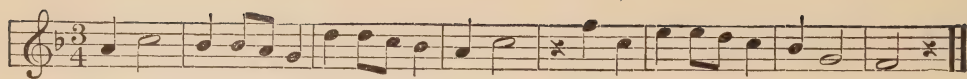
From the Swedish

1. Wel-come, wild North-east - er! O'er the o - cean's foam,
 2. Tired we are of sum - mer, Tired of gau - dy glare,
 3. Tired of list - less dream - ing, Thro' the la - zy day;

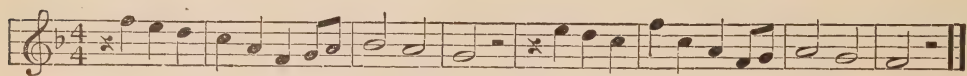
O'er the dis - mal moor-lands, From thy north - ern home.
 Show-ers soft and steam-ing, Hot and breath-less air.
 Jo - vial wind of win - ter, Turn us out to play.

3

1



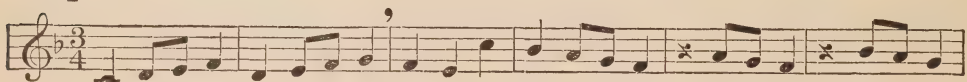
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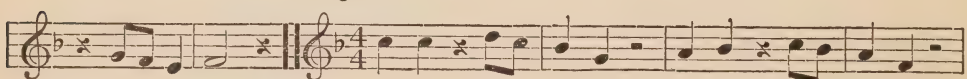
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4



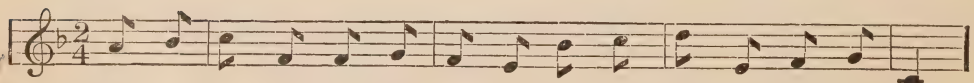
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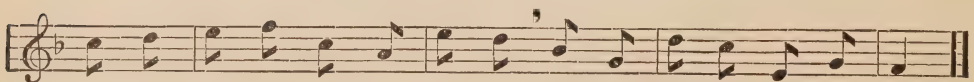
THE ROBIN AND THE BEE

JOHN LEA

ALICE J. CAMPBELL

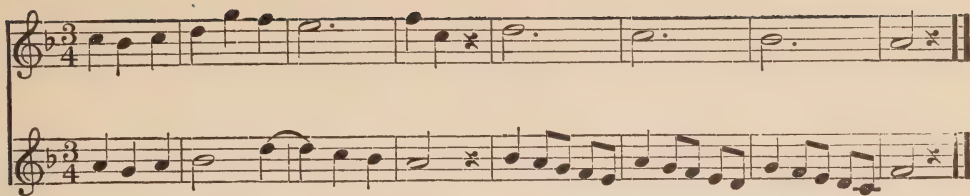


1. "I sup-pose you know it's autumn?" Said the Rob-in to the Bee,—
2. "You have no-ticed that no but - ter - flies A - cross the gar-den rove?
3. "It's a fortnight since the swal-lows Took their pas-sage o'er the sea,—

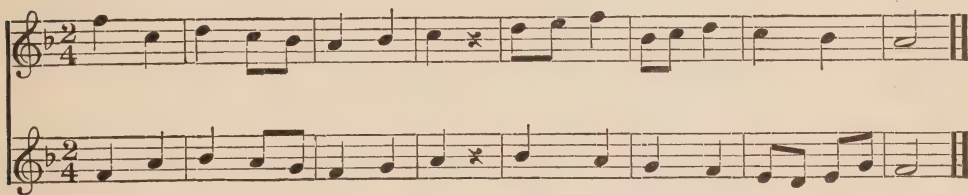


"And that leaves are get-ting thin-ner On the most cou - ra - geous tree.
 And that ev - 'ry sin - gle chest-nut Has been scattered in the grove?
 So per - haps you know it's autumn," Said the Rob - in to the Bee.

1



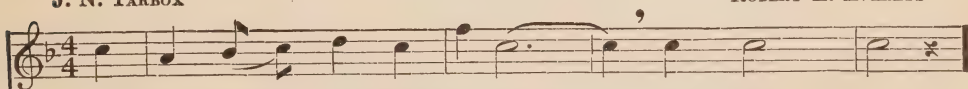
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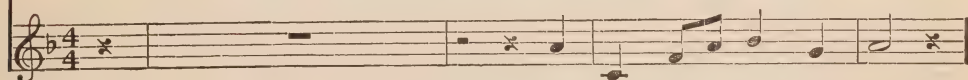
THANKSGIVING

J. N. TARBOX

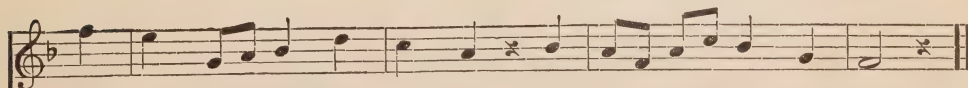
ROBERT L. EVERETT



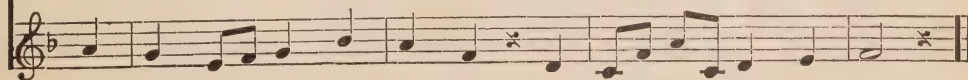
1. The year rolls round its cir - cle, . . its cir - cle;
 2. Or-chards have lost their treas-ures, . . their treas - ures;



The sea - sons come and go;
 And fields their yel - low grain;



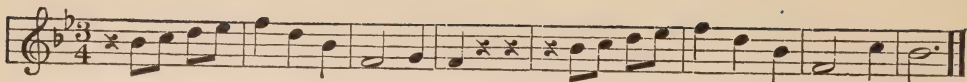
The har - vest days are end - ed, And chill - y north winds blow.
 So o - pen wide your door - way; Thanksgiv - ing comes a - gain.



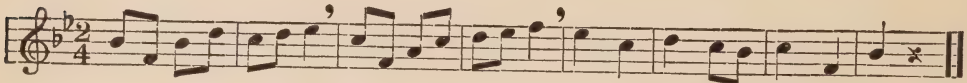
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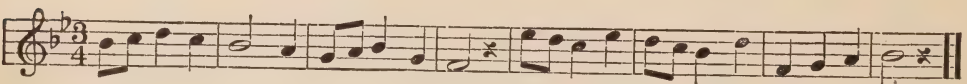
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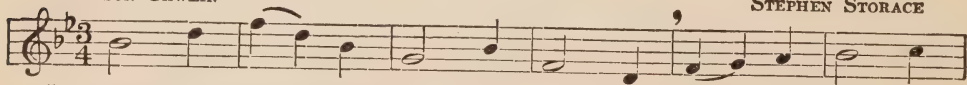
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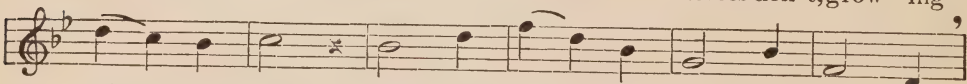
RIDDLES

MADISON CAWEIN

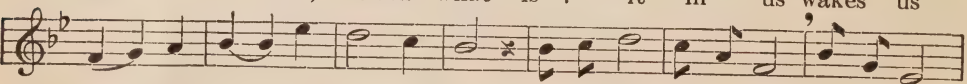
STEPHEN STORACE



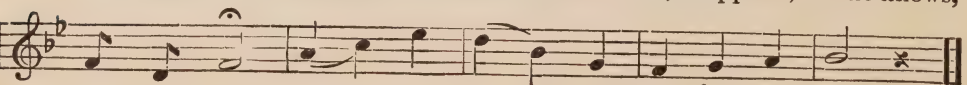
1. There are some things I call rid - dles, No one can ex -
2. What is si - lence? What is thun - der? And why do we
3. And why do we walk? What makes us? Trees don't, grow - ing



plain or tell: What's the sound that comes from fid - dles,
laugh and weep? But the strang - est thing— I won - der
at our door; And what is . it in us wakes us



Or the noise made by a bell? No one knows, I suppose; no one knows,
Where we go when we go to sleep? No one knows, I suppose; no one knows,
When we can't sleep an - y more? No one knows, I suppose; no one knows,

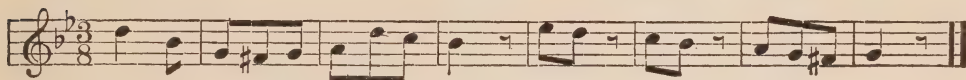


I sup - pose, What's the noise made by . a bell.
I sup - pose, Where we go when we go . to sleep.
I sup - pose, Why we can't sleep an - y more.

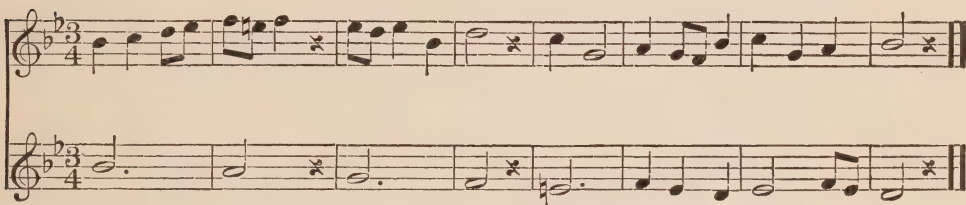
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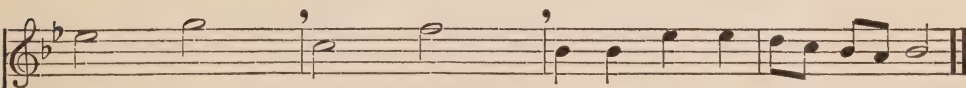


THE LAST DANCE OF THE LEAVES

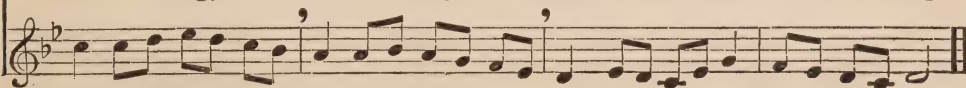
PAUL P. FOSTER



1. { Rust-ling, rattling, danc-ing, chas-ing, Sport of ev-'ry au-tumn breeze,
Troops of leaves go mad-ly rac-ing, Up and down be-neath the trees.
2. { Red and brown and tan and yel-low, How they fro-lie to and fro!
Now a drift, and now a shal-low, Hel-ter-skel-ter, off they go!
3. { Jack Frost brings the brief-est free-dom, Win-ter drear will soon be King;
Scur-ry, skip and hur-ry, hur-ry! Dance your fast-est, wild-est fling!

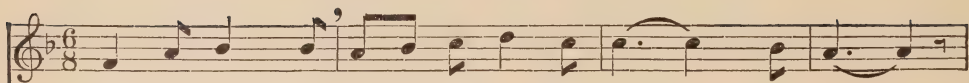


Rust - ling, rat - tling, Up and down be - neath the trees.
Rust - ling, rat - tling, Hel-ter-skel-ter, off they go!
Rust - ling, rat - tling, Dance your fast - est, wild - est fling!

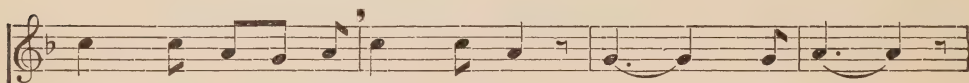


Rust-ling, rat - tling, danc-ing, chas - ing,

THE EVENING BELL



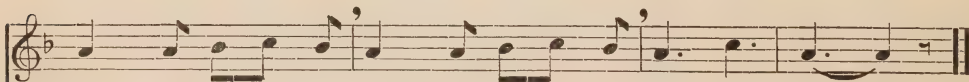
1. Hark! the peal - ing, Soft - ly steal - ing Eve - ning bell. . .
 2. Flow'rs are sleep - ing, Night is weep - ing Tears of dew; . .



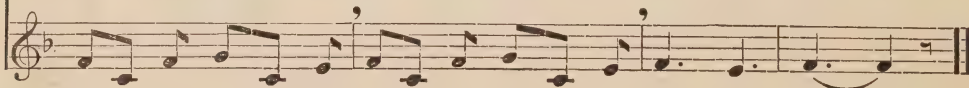
Hear its sto - ry: All is well, All . . is well. . .
 Stars are watch - ing; Ev - er true, Ev - er true. . .



Wel - come is the sun - set mes - sage, Day's fare - well,
 All the earth is wrapped in si - lence, Si - lence deep,



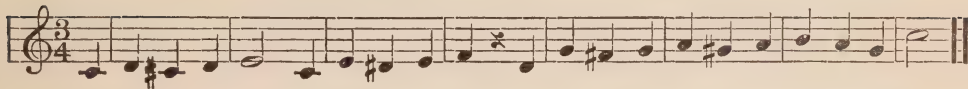
Rest from la - bor, Rest from la - bor, It doth tell.
 While the chil - dren, Lit - tle chil dren Fall a - sleep.



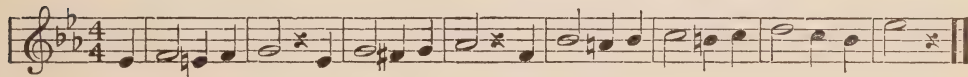
THIRD SECTION

Sharps (except Sharp-Six) from above. The Divided Beat in Other Keys.

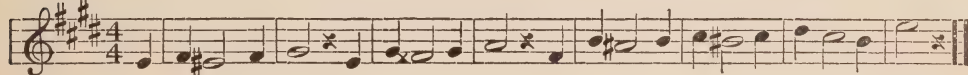
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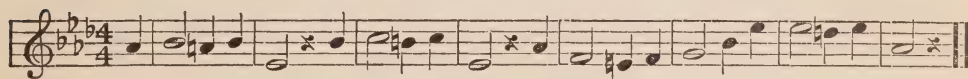
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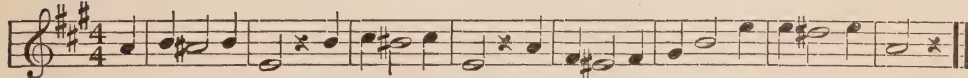
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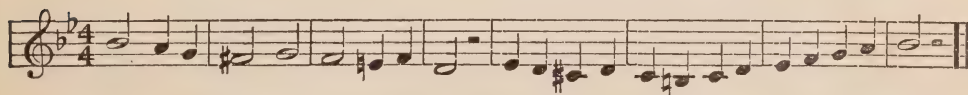
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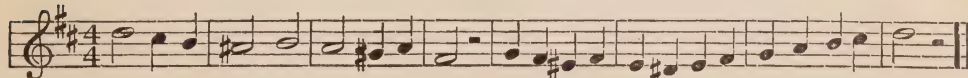
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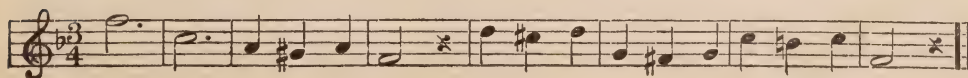
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A DANCING SONG

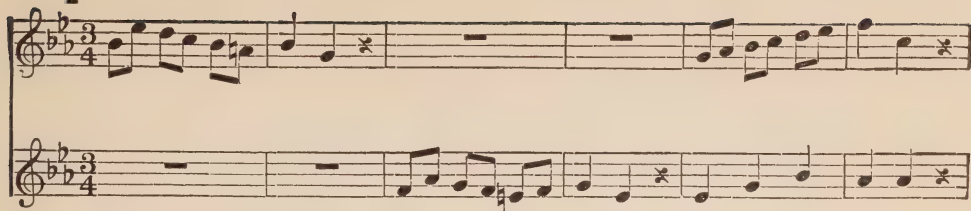
E. LOUISE LIDDELL

MAUD E. ALLEN

1. Here we go, . to and fro, Glee - ful children three;
 2. See us now deep-ly bow; Ne'er a care have we;

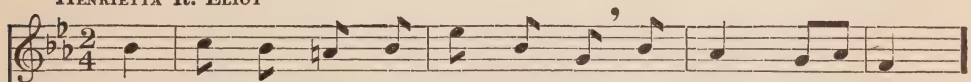
Trip-ping light-ly o'er the grass, Mer - ry danc - ers we.
 Danc-ing gai - ly, all day long, Mer - ry chil - dren we.

1



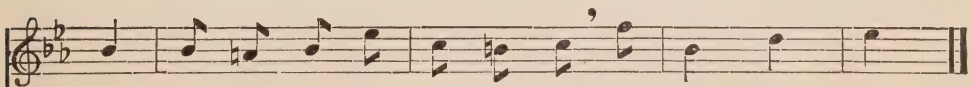
PATIENCE

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT



1. How smooth the sea - beach peb - bles are! But do you know?

2. And once I saw a lit - tle child Sit down and cry,



The O - cean worked a hun - dred years To make them so!

Be - cause a fault could not be cured With one small "try!"



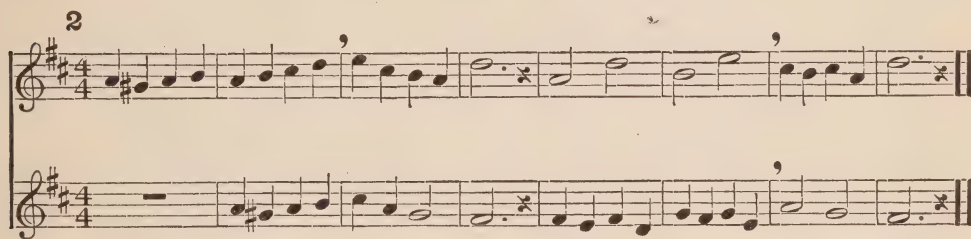
MORNING SONG

1. Now the stars are pal - ing, Dusk - y night is
2. Glad - some birds are rais - ing Hap - py songs and

fail - ing, Hush'd the val - leys lie 'Neath the bright'ning
 prais - ing Him who from a - bove Sends us life and

sky. See the heav - ens glow - ing, Gold - en sun - light
 love. Let our voi - ces ring - ing Join their joy - ous

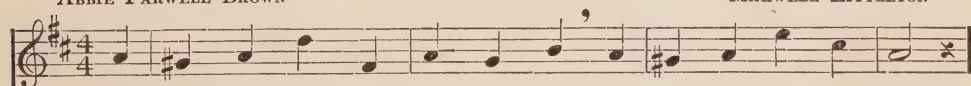
show - ing; All the buds and flow'rs Greet the morn - ing hours.
 sing - ing, Chant with one ac - cord, Praise the might - y Lord.



LEARNING TO PLAY

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

MAXWELL LITTLETON



1. Up - on a tall pi - an - o stool I have to sit and play
2. They call it "play-ing," but to me It's not a bit of fun.
3. But Moth - er says the lit - tle birds Who sing so nice - ly now,
4. And may - be if I prac-tice hard, Like them, I too, some day,



A stu - pid fin - ger ex - er - cise For half an hour a day.
 I play when I am out of doors, Where I can jump and run.
 Had first to learn, and prac-tice too, All sit-ting on a bough.
 Shall make the pret - ty mu - sic sound; Then I shall call it play.



1

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3

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THE NEW YEAR

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MARY B. LOWELL

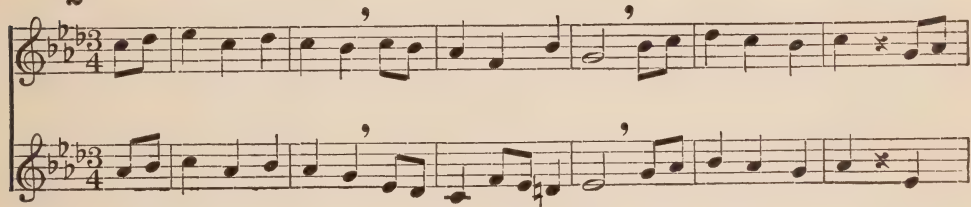
1. Slip-ping in a-mong the chil-dren, Bright and ea-ger at their play,
2. Not a trou-ble yet has fall-en On its mer-ry laughing face,
3. All the beau-ty lies be-fore it, Dew and rain and frost and flow'rs,
4. Hail thee, love-ly com-ing stran-ger, In thy first be-witch-ing day,

Comes the New Year, sweet and shin-ing, Just as gay and dear as they.
 Not a sin-gle wrong step ta-ken In its hur-ry-ing, hap-py pace.
 Fly-ing months, and weeks and seasons, Woven out of dancing hours.
 Slipping in a-mong the chil-dren, Just as gay and dear as they.

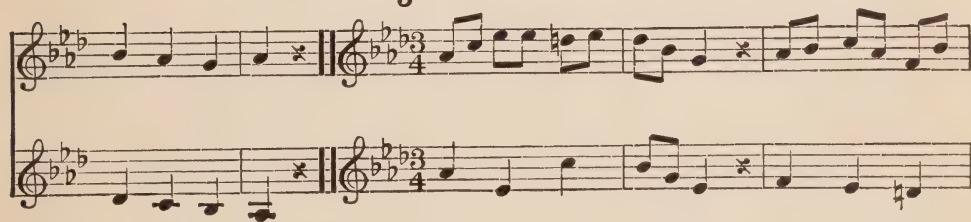
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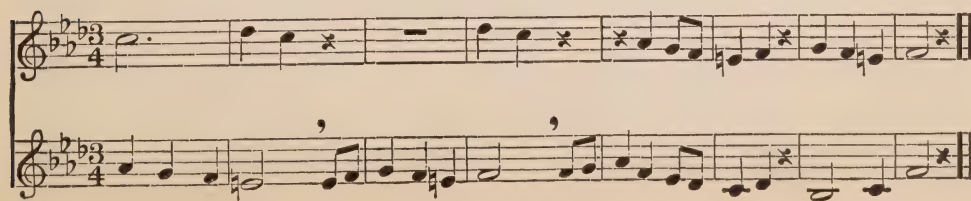
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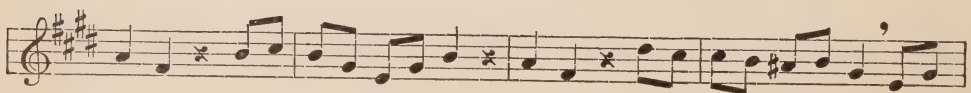
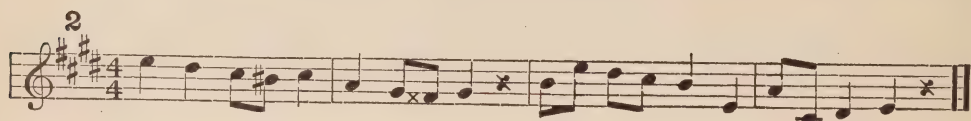
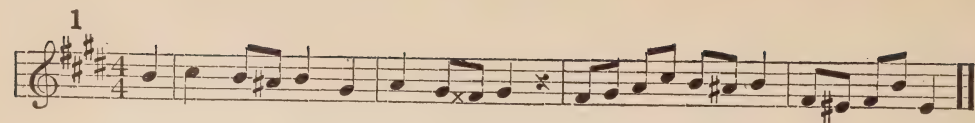


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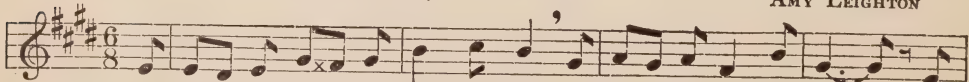




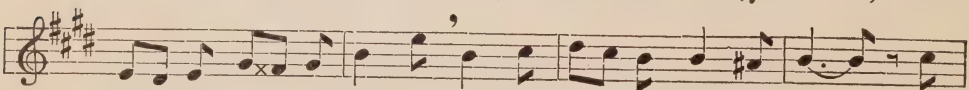
PLEASE

A. A. KNIPE

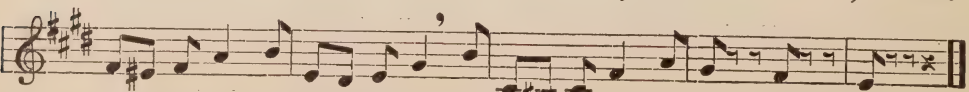
AMY LEIGHTON



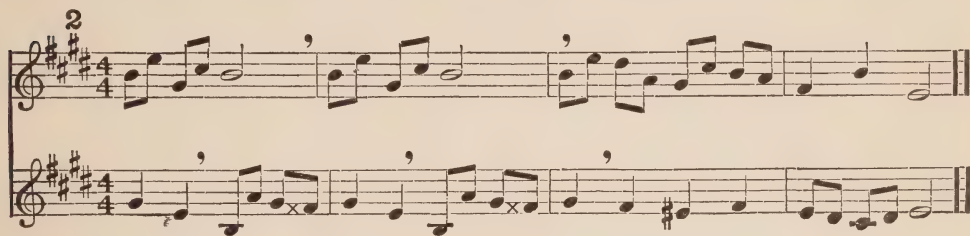
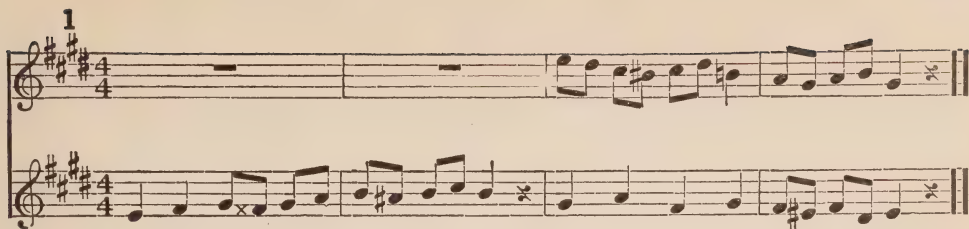
No mat-ter what your wish may be, It's eas - i - er, you'll find, To



ask for it po-lite - ly, and Be sure you bear in mind, That

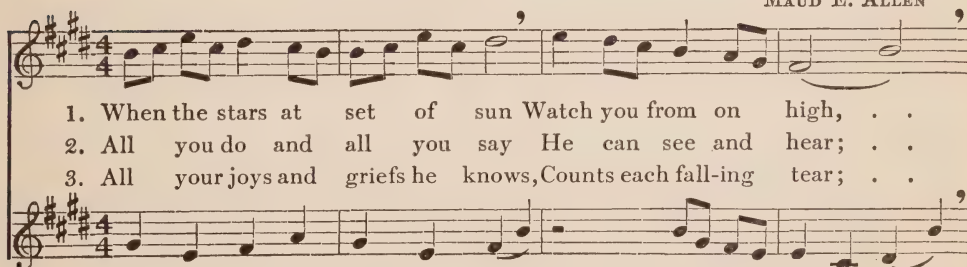


questions are more quickly heard If they be-gin with one small word.

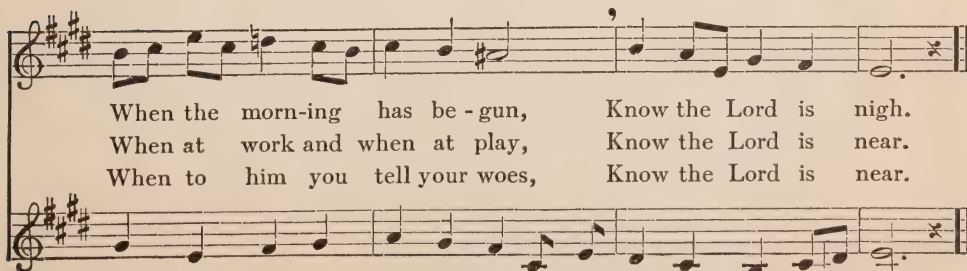


THE LORD IS NEAR

MAUD E. ALLEN



Watch you from on high,
 He can see and hear;
 Counts each fall-ing tear;



1. Know the Lord is nigh, is nigh.
 2. 3. Know the Lord is near, is near.

O MY!

PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

DONALD LACHLAN

1. A lit - tle boy made him a wee snow-ball, And
2. A lit - tle boy whisper'd a word one day, Un -
3. Two lit - tle red mit-tens the small ball roll'd, That

O my! O my! O my! O my!

roll'd it a - bout in the snow. It gath-er'd the crys - tals and
kind, of some one that he knew; And each one who heard it re -
grew in such mag-i - cal way; A lit - tle red tongue was the

O my! O my! O my!

clung to them all, And O, how that snow-ball did grow!
peat - ed, *his* way, The sto - ry till O how it grew!
one . . that told The tale that grew big in a day;

O my! O my! O my!

At end.

You've made one of course, so you know.

A heart-ache was caused by it, too.

Be care - ful, wee tongue, what you say!

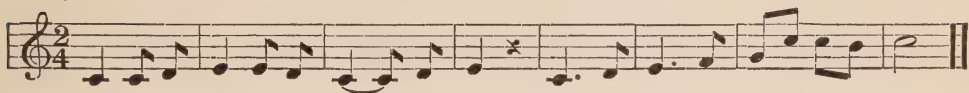
(Third Stanza, gradually slower and softer.)

O my! O my! O my! O my! O!

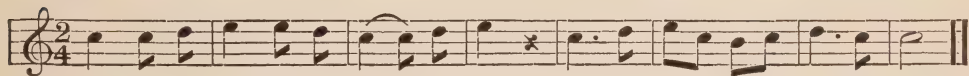
FOURTH SECTION

Elementary Study of the After-Beat Note. The Divided Beat with Easy Skips

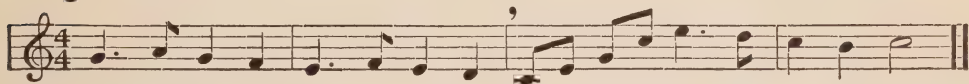
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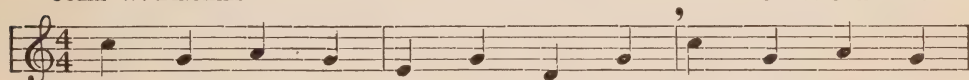
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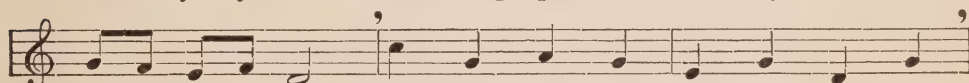
A BIRD SONG

JULIA W. BINGHAM

G. W. CHADWICK



1. Far a - way, in sun - ny south-lands, Are the birds of
 2. Dusk - y jun - cos, chat-t'ring spar - rows, Sau - cy black-birds,

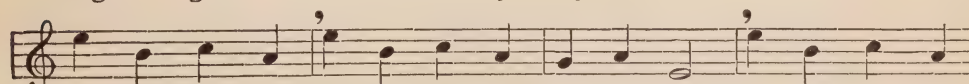


sum - mer time, Wait - ing for the spring-time breez - es
 noi - sy jays, Brave the win - ter's cold - est breez - es

End.

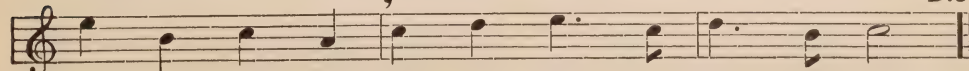


Ere they seek the north - ern clime. 2. Gath - ered there are
 Bright-'ning all the drear - y days.



wrens and thrush-es; Rob-ins, blue-birds, all have gone. Yet their haunts are

D.C.



not de - sert - ed, Tho' we hear no sum - mer song.

1



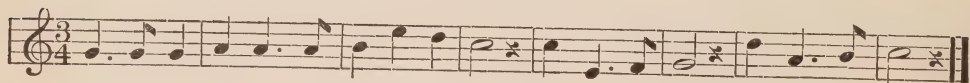
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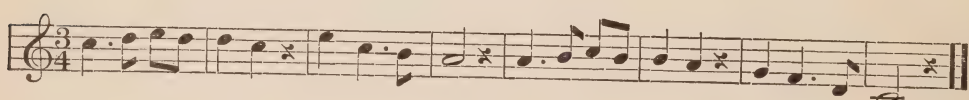
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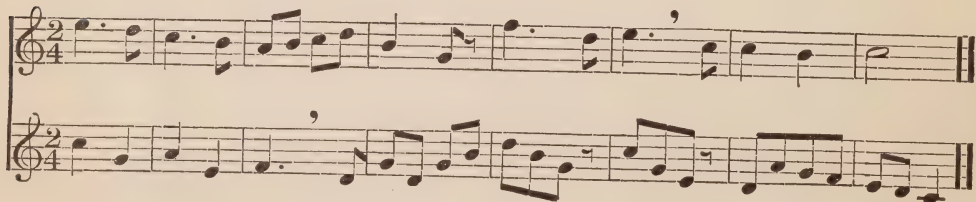
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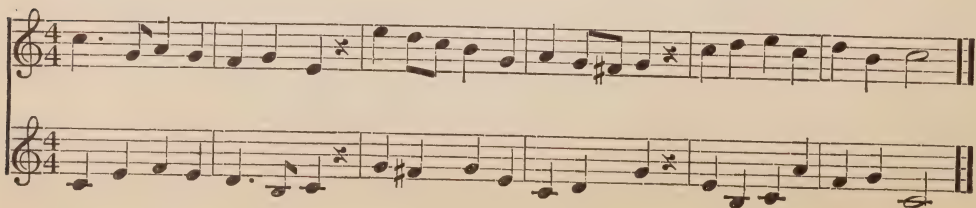
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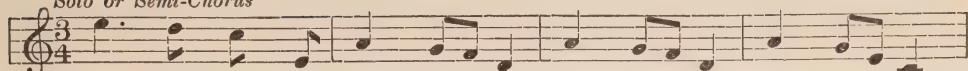


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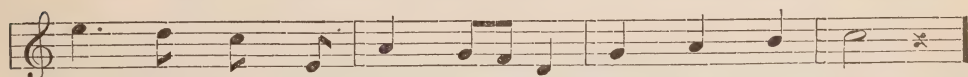


THE MOUNTAIN ROVER

Swabian Folksong

Solo or Semi-Chorus

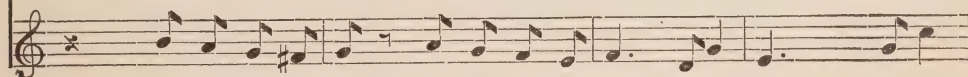
1. Yon - der, by the moun - tain-peak, Where clouds play hide - and - seek,
 2. Bright - er is the blue heav'n there, Sweet-er the clear, cool air,
 3. Gaz - ing on the earth be - low, O'er cliffs now white with snow,



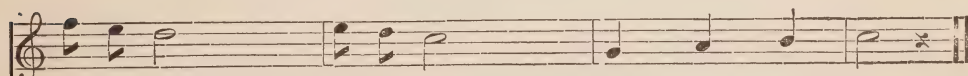
'Mid the flash - ing sun - shine free, There would I be.
 Gay - er is the brook - let's lay All the long day.
 Wan - d'ring in the paths I love, There would I rove.



La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la



La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

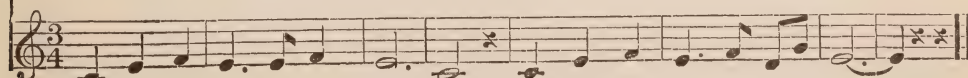
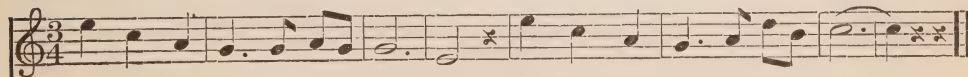


La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la



La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

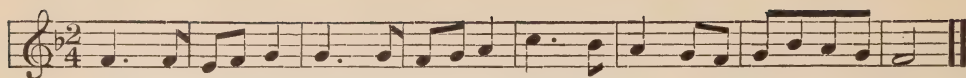
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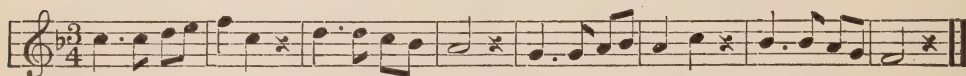
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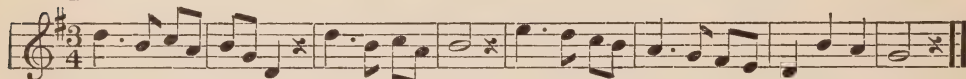
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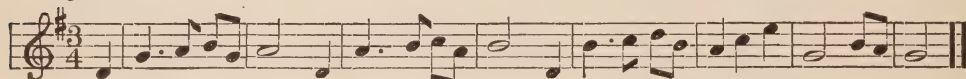
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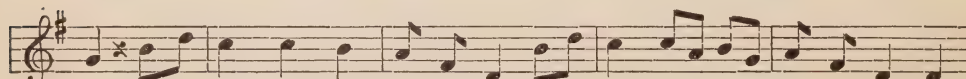


THE QUEEN OF THE ELVES

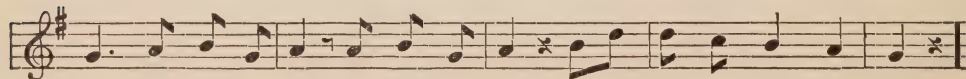
Folksong



1. Come, fol - low, fol - low me, come, fol-low me, Ye elves from bush and
2. Un - seen, in si - lence deep, in si-lence deep, Thro' key-holes then we'll
3. O'er tops of dew - y grass, o'er dew-y grass, Right nim-bly will we



tree; Now light trip-ping o'er the green, Come, come, fol - low Mab, your queen, For
creep. Where chil-dren are now a-sleep, Our watch we must o'er them keep. To
pass, The flow - ers and birds to wake; Then home our glad way we'll take. So



we must work to-night, must work to-night, Till morn-ing brings the light.
each we'll whis-per low, we'll whis-per low A dream of long a - go.
come, come fol-low me come fol - low me, Ye elves from bush and tree.

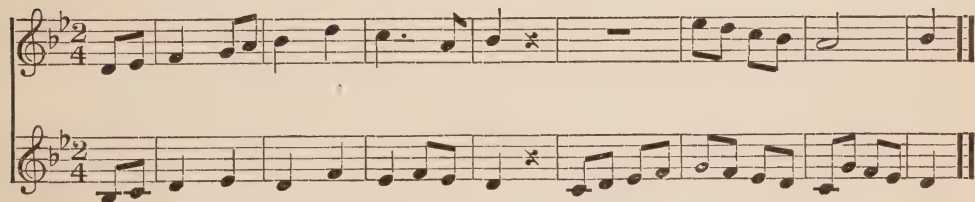
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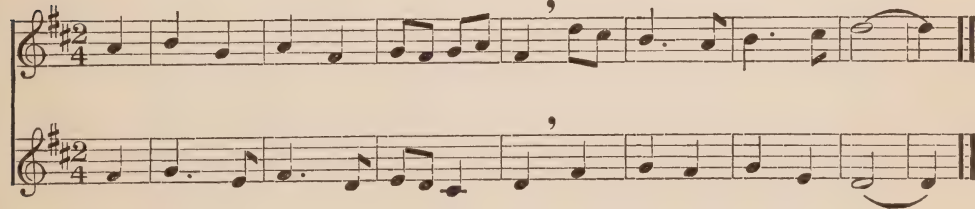
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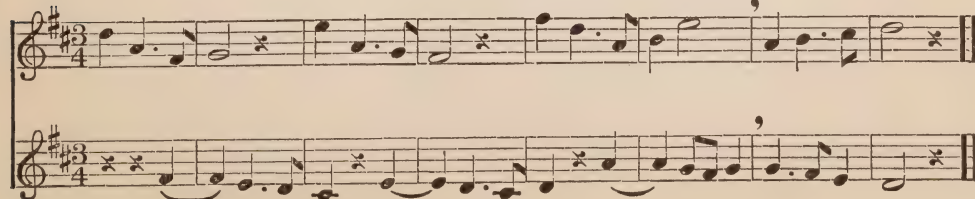
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THE PEDLAR'S CARAVAN

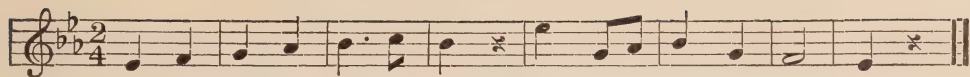
W. B. RANDS

1. I wish I lived in a car - a - van, With a
 2. His car - a - van . . has win - dows two, And a
 3. The roads are brown, and the sea is green, But his

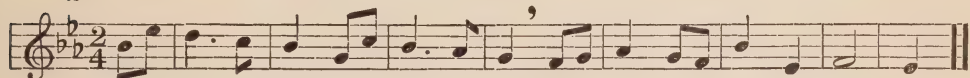
horse to drive like a ped - lar man! For where he comes from
 chimney of tin that the smoke comes thro'; He has a wife and a
 house is like . . a bath-ing ma-chine; The world is round, and

no-bod - y knows, Or where he goes to, but on he goes!
 ba - by brown, And they go rid - ing from town to town.
 he can ride And rum-ble and slash to the oth - er side!

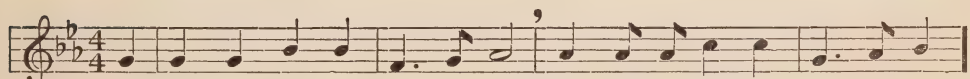
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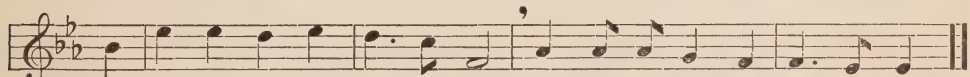
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STARS AND DAISIES

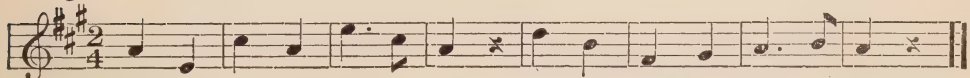


1. The stars are ti - ny dais - ies high, Op-'ning and shutting in the sky,
2. The star-buds blossom forth by night, Loving the calm moon's tender light,

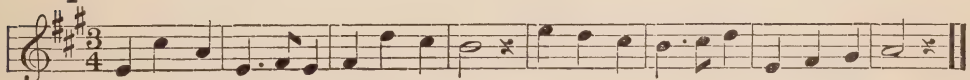


While dais-ies are the stars be-low, Twinkling and sparkling as they grow.
But dais - y - buds a - wait the day, Lov-ing the sun's more kindly ray.

3



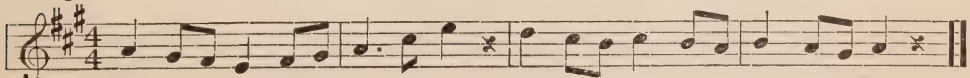
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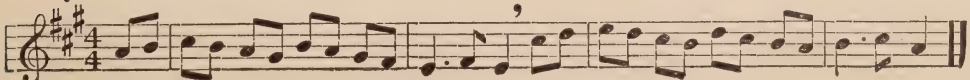
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6



7



The musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is presented on two staves. The first staff contains two measures, labeled '1' and '2'. Measure 1 is in 4/4 time, and measure 2 is in 3/4 time. The second staff continues the melody across several measures, ending with a double bar line. The notation includes various note values, rests, and a key signature of one flat.

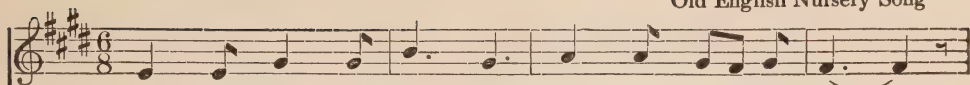
[illegible]

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented on two staves. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The melody begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps. The first measure is marked with a '6' above it. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line. The accompaniment also begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps. It features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with a '9' above the fifth measure. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

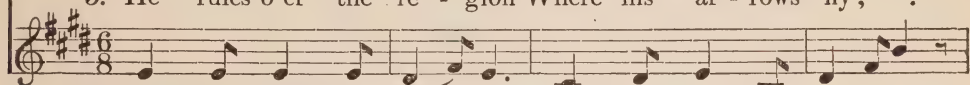
A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves, both in treble clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The music is in common time and features a simple, folk-like melody with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the bottom staff.

THE ARCHER

Old English Nursery Song



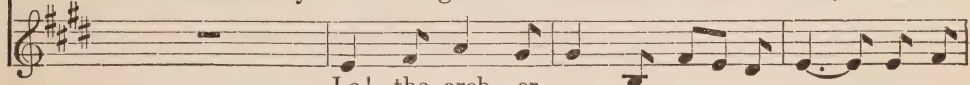
1. Bow and ar - row bear - ing O - ver hill and dale, .
2. As the ea - gle soar - ing Seems a King to be, . .
3. He rules o'er the re - gion Where his ar - rows fly; .

*(May also be sung in F or G)*

la la



Lo! the arch - er dar - ing Bids the morning hail! La la
 To the wilds ex - plor - ing Like a King goes he! . La la
 All the feath'ry le - gion Must be - ware or die, . La la



Lo! the arch - er
 Wilds ex - plor - ing
 Feath'ry le - gion

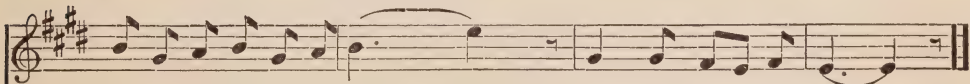


la la la la la la la! . . Bids the morning hail! . . La la
 la la la la la la la! . . Like a King goes he! . . La la
 la la la la la la la! . . Must be - ware or die, . . La la

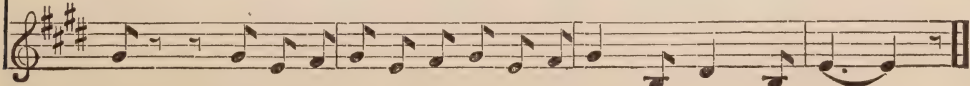


la la la la la la!

la la la la la

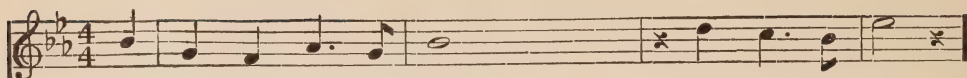


la la la la la la la! . . . Bids the morning hail! .
 la la la la la la la! . . . Like a King goes he! .
 la la la la la la la! . . . Must be - ware or die. .



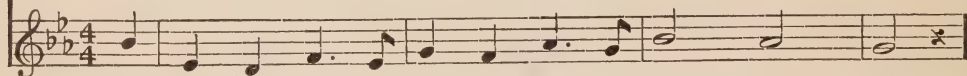
la la la la la la la la!

EVERY SUNNY HOUR

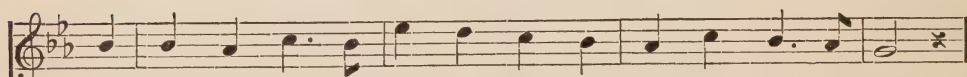


For ev - 'ry sun - ny hour

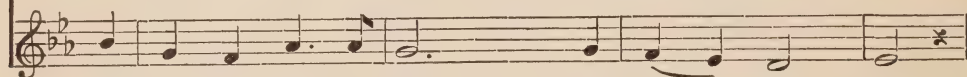
A drop of rain;



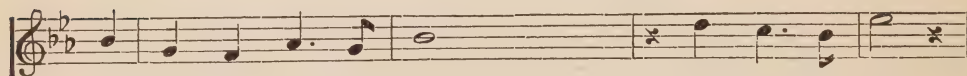
For ev - 'ry sun - ny hour A drop of rain, of rain;



For ev - 'ry cloud - y day The stars a - gain, the stars a - gain.

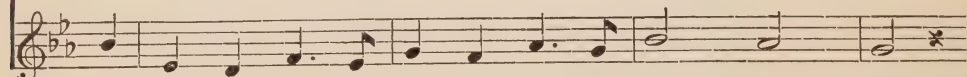


For ev - 'ry cloud - y day The stars a - gain.



For ev - 'ry pass - ing care

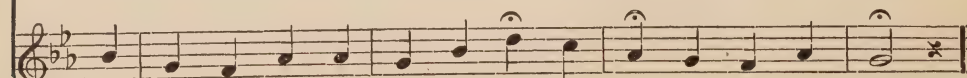
A moth - er's kiss;



For ev - 'ry pass - ing care A moth - er's kiss, a kiss;



And what could bet - ter be, my child, than this, — A moth - er's kiss?

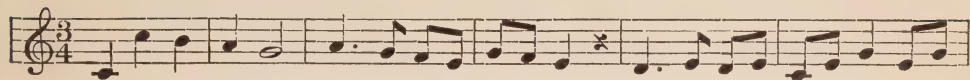


And what could bet - ter be, my child, than this, — A moth - er's kiss?

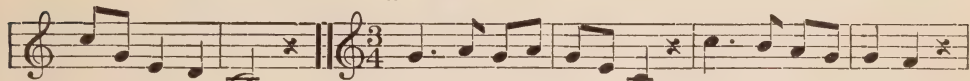
FIFTH SECTION

Further Study of the After-Beat Note, Rests, and Various Rhythm-Forms

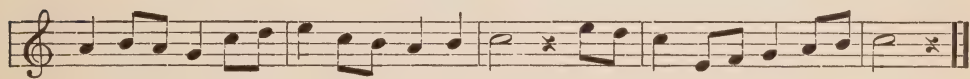
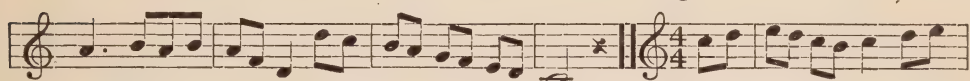
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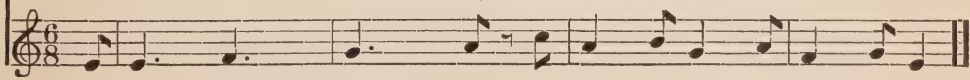
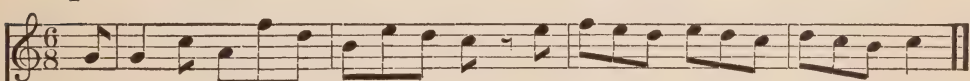
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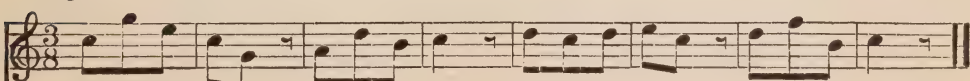
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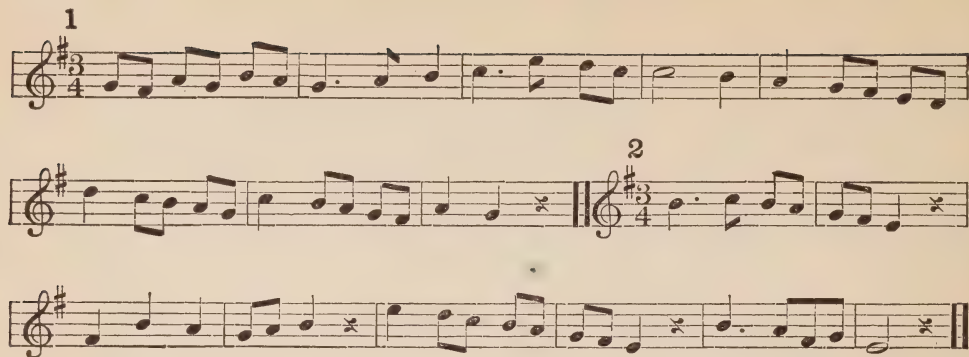


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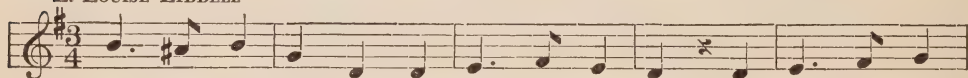
5





THREE LITTLE KITTENS

E. LOUISE LIDDELL



1. Three lit - tle kit - tens were doz - ing one day; A wee lit - tle
2. Up woke the kit - ties in sleep - y sur - prise, Quite still stood the
3. Mous - ie was one, and the kit - ties were three! He tho't to him -
4. "By - by," said mous - ie, "I'm off to my bed!" "We *ought* to have



mous - ie came creeping that way, A mous - ie came creeping that way.
 mous - ie with wide o - pen eyes, Stood mousie with wide o - pen eyes.
 self, "This is no place for me; No, no, this is no place for me."
 caught him," the three kit - ties said, "We *ought* to have caught him," they said.

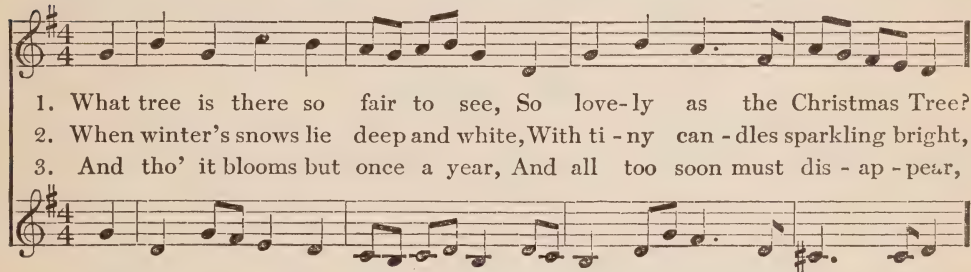


1

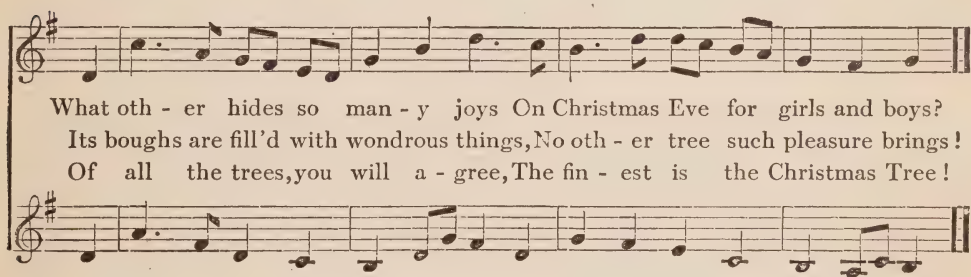


THE CHRISTMAS TREE

PAUL P. FOSTER



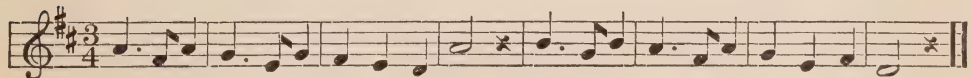
1. What tree is there so fair to see, So love-ly as the Christmas Tree?
2. When winter's snows lie deep and white, With ti - ny can - dles sparkling bright,
3. And tho' it blooms but once a year, And all too soon must dis - ap - pear,



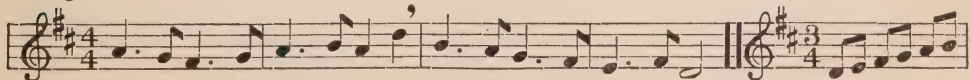
What oth - er hides so man - y joys On Christmas Eve for girls and boys?
 Its boughs are fill'd with wondrous things, No oth - er tree such pleasure brings!
 Of all the trees, you will a - gree, The fin - est is the Christmas Tree!



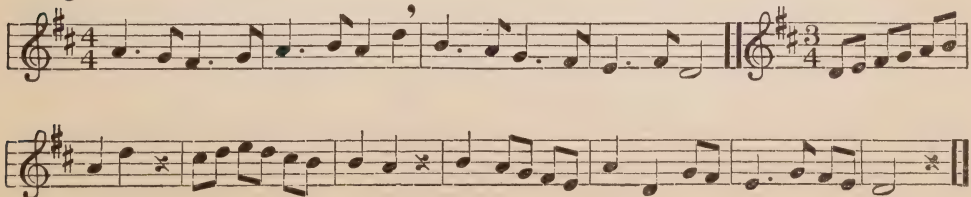
2



3



4



1

2

3

THE ROBIN

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA

AMY LEIGHTON

1. When fa - ther takes his spade to dig, Then Rob - in,
 2. Or, if the trees are rath - er far, He does not,

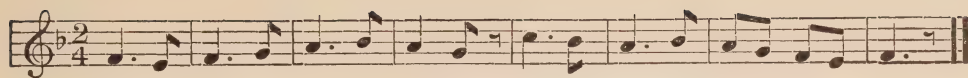
Then Rob - in comes a -
 He does not stay a -

Rob - in comes a - long, He sits up - on a
 does not stay a - lone, But comes up close to

long: He sits, he sits up - on a
 lone, But comes, but comes up close to

lit - tle twig And sings a lit - tle song. (*Whistle. . . .*)
 where we are And bobs up - on a stone.

1



2



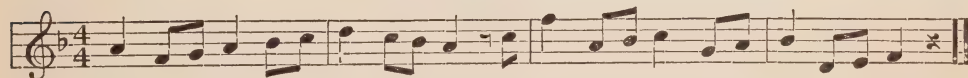
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4



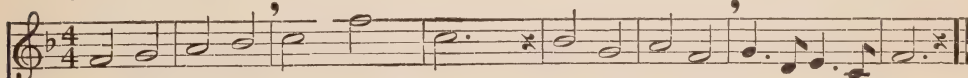
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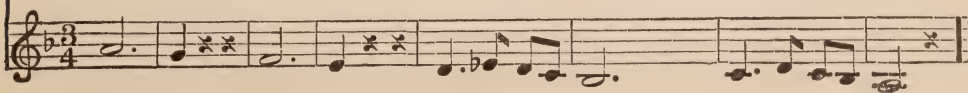
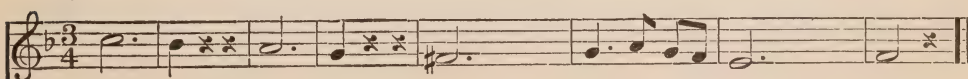
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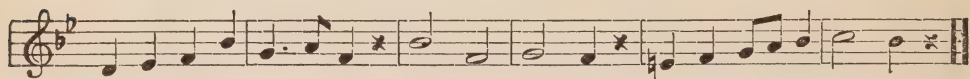
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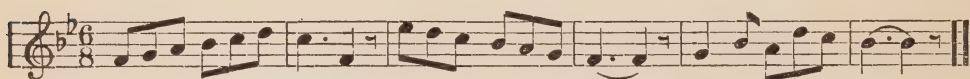
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1



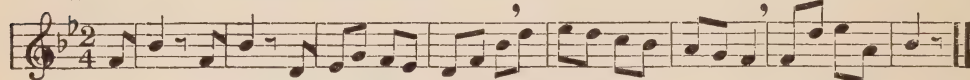
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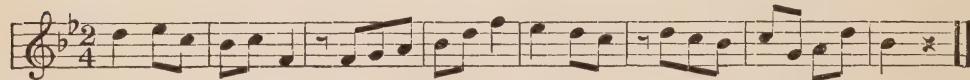
3



4



5



A MISTAKE

ROBERT ELLICE MACK

DONALD LACHLAN



1. "My dears, what-ev - er are you at? You ought to be at home;
2. "O dear! I'm sure you will be drown'd! I nev - er saw such tricks!
3. Now most of them were five days old, But one whose age was six—



I told you not to wet your feet—I told you not to roam.
 Come home at once, and go to bed, You naught-y, naught-y chicks!"

"Please, ma'am," said he, "I think we're ducks; I don't be-lieve we're chicks."

WINTER RAIN

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

MAXWELL LITTLETON

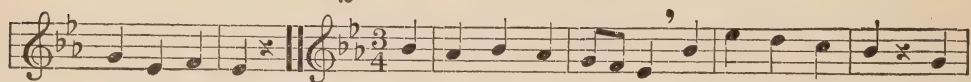
1. Ev-'ry val - ley drinks, Ev'ry dell and hol - low ; Where the kind rain
2. Yet a lapse of weeks, Buds will burst their edg - es, Strip their wool-coats,
3. But for patt'ring rain, We should have no flow - ers, Ne'er a bud or

sinks and sinks, Green of spring will fol - low, will fol - low.
 glue-coats, streaks. In the woods and hedg - es, the hedg - es.
 leaf a - gain But for soak - ing show - ers, the show - ers.

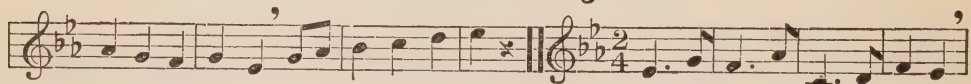
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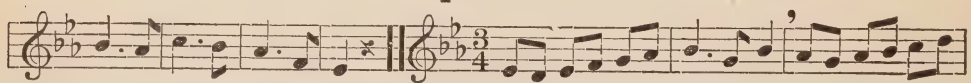
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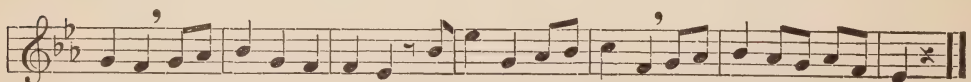
3



4



5



6



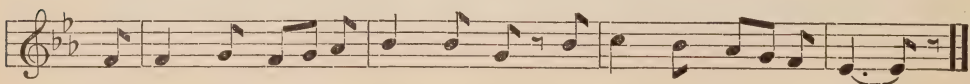
LITTLE AND GREAT

C. MACKAY

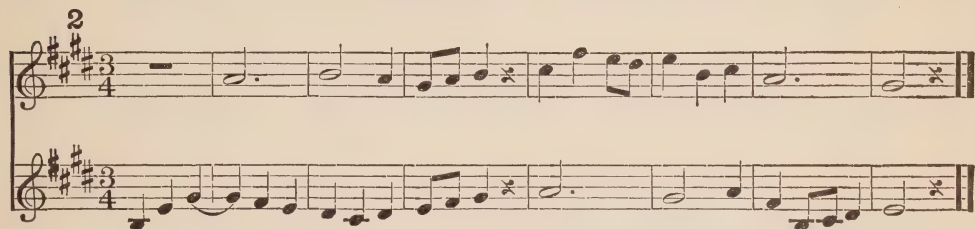
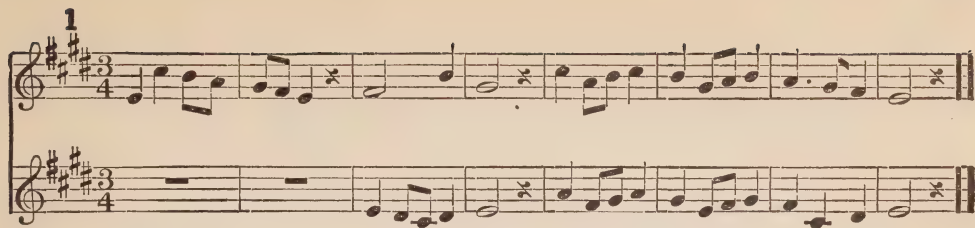
FRANZ LISZT



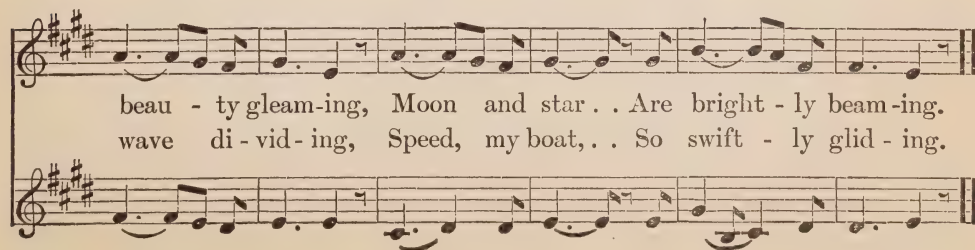
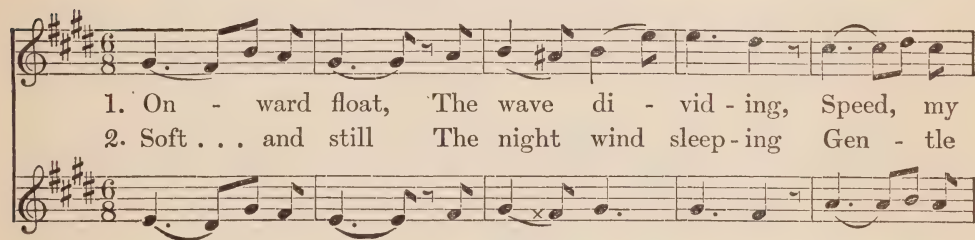
1. A lit - tle spring had lost its way A - mid the grass and fern;
2. He wall'd it in, and hung with care A la - dle at the brink;
3. He passed a - gain, and lo! the well, By sum-mers nev-er dried,



A pass - ing strangerscooped a well, Where wea - ry men might turn.
 He tho't not of the deed he did, But judg'd that toil might drink.
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, And saved a life be - side.



ONWARD FLOAT



1

2

3

A MAPLE LEAF

JAMES GEDDES

mf Moderato

p

1. A ma - ple leaf, whose gown was red, Glanc'd gai-ly at her fel - low,
 2. "Oh! what a night to dance the lea," She said in ac - cents sprightly;
 3. The au-tumn breez - es pipe a jig, The brooklet humm'd a dit - ty;
 4. I heard, de-part - ing down the glen, Their tripping steps and laughter;

mf *p*

f

A birch - en leaf with or - ange cap And doub-let trimm'd with yel-low.
 He straight-way doff'd his silk - en cap, In - vit - ing her po - lite - ly.
 As swift and swift-er flew their feet, They grew more gay and wit - ty.
 But where they went, I do not know; I did not fol - low aft - er.

f

f

1

2

3

4

5

SWING AWAY

LUCY LARCOM

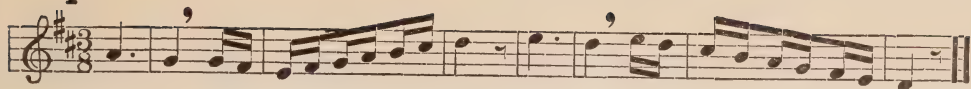
SARAH SPENCE

1. Swing a-way, swing a-way, From the great cross beam, Hid in heaps of
2. High-er yet, high-er yet, Up be-tween the eaves, Where the gray doves
3. Here we go, here we go, Whis-tle, mer - ry wind! 'Tis a long day

clo-ver hay Scent-ed like a dream, Scent - ed like a dream.
 coo-ing flit Thro' the sun - gilt leaves, Thro' the sun - gilt leaves.
 you must blow, Light-er hearts to find, Light-er hearts to find.

6

1



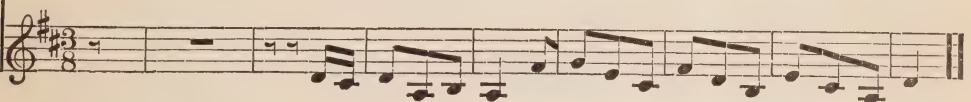
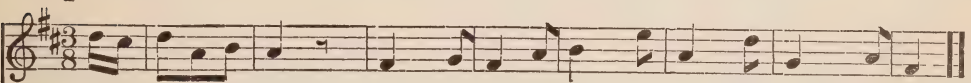
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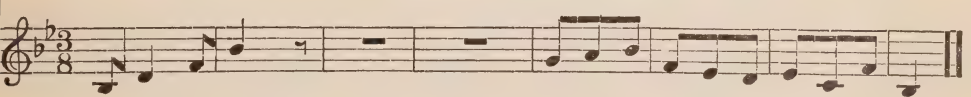
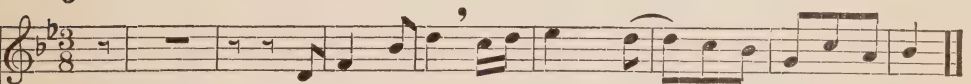
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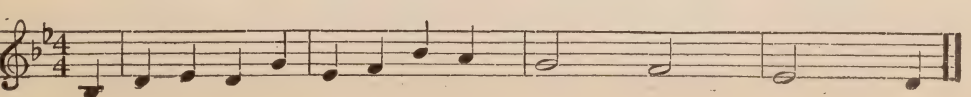
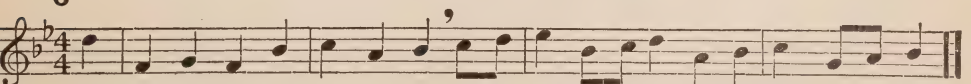
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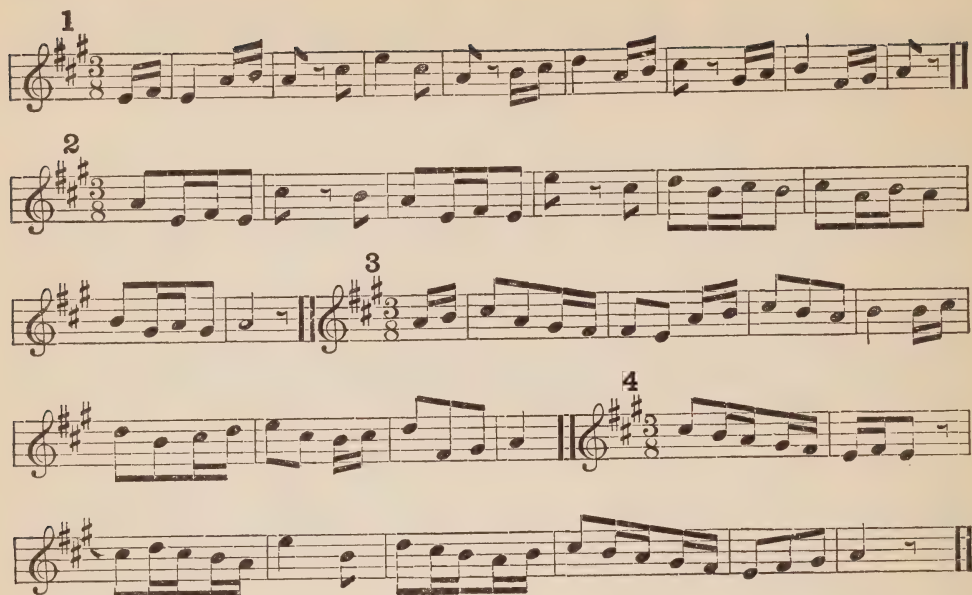


5



6





A CHANGE OF MIND

DONALD LACHLAN



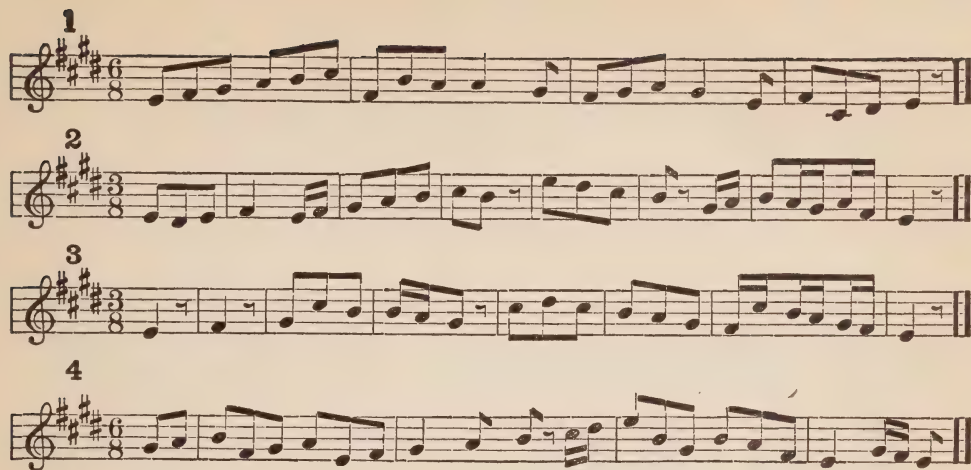
1. How of - ten have I wish'd to fly Be -
 2. And yet should an - y fair - y say: "Come,
 3. I think I'd hes - i - tate to go And



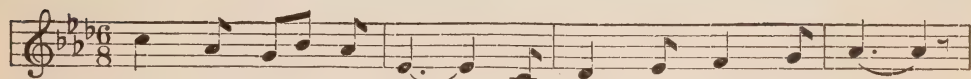
yond the fluf - fy clouds, and sigh, And sigh! . And
 be a bird, and fly a - way, A - way! . A -
 leave my peo - ple here be - low. O no! . O



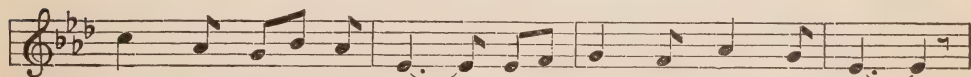
sigh! Be - cause I'm not a bird, O my! .
 way! Be - yond the clouds with me to - day," .
 no! In fact, I think I'd say, "O no!" .



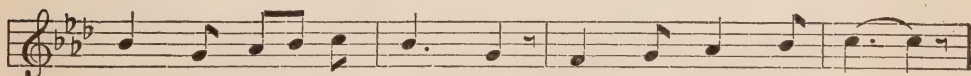
GIVE



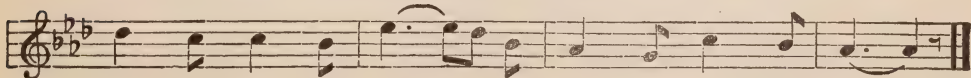
1. See the riv - ers, flow - ing Down - ward to the sea,
2. Watch the princely flow - ers Their rich fra - grance spread,
3. Give thy heart's best treas - ures! From fair na - ture learn;



Pour - ing all their treas - ures Boun - ti - ful and free.
 Load the air with per - fumes, From their beau - ty shed;
 Give thy love—and ask not, Wait not a re - turn!

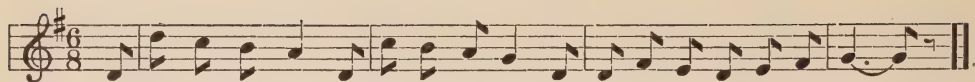


Yet to help their giv - ing, Hid - den springs a - rise;
 Yet their lav - ish spend - ing Leaves them not in dearth,
 And the more thou spend - est From thy lit - tle store,



Or, if need be, show - ers Feed them from the skies.
 With fresh life re - plen - ished From their moth - er earth!
 With a dou - ble boun - ty God will give thee more.

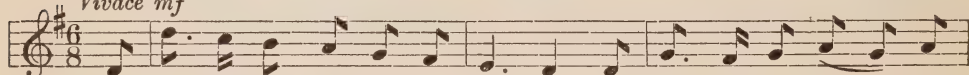
A STUDY



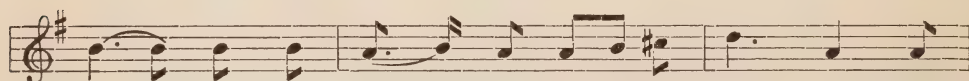
WINTER SONG

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

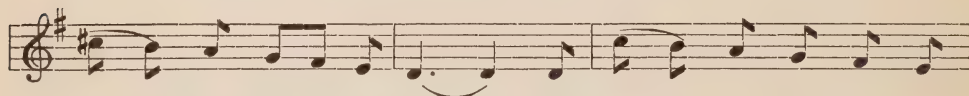
G. W. CHADWICK

Vivace mf

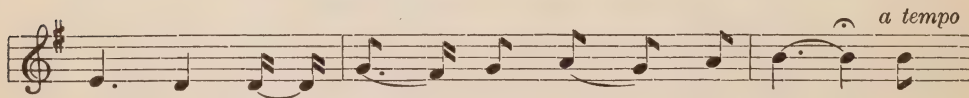
1. Hur-rah for the jol-ly old Win-ter! The king of the sea-sons is
 2. Hur-rah for the jol-ly old Win-ter! He shouts at the door by



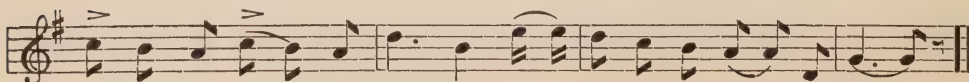
he; . Though his breath . is cold and i - cy, His
 night: "Come out where the ice is gleam - ing Like



heart is full of glee. . He piles up the beau - ti - ful
 steel in the cold moon - light." Like swal - lows o - ver the



snow - flakes On the ap - ple trees bare and brown, And
 wa - ter The ska - ters mer - ri - ly go: There's



laughs when the north-wind shakes them, Like a shower of blossoms, down.
 health in the blus-ter-ing breez-es, And joy in the beau-ti-ful snow.

SEVENTH SECTION

Whole-Step Progressions through Sharp-Four and Flat-Seven

1

2

3

4

5

IN TIME'S SWING

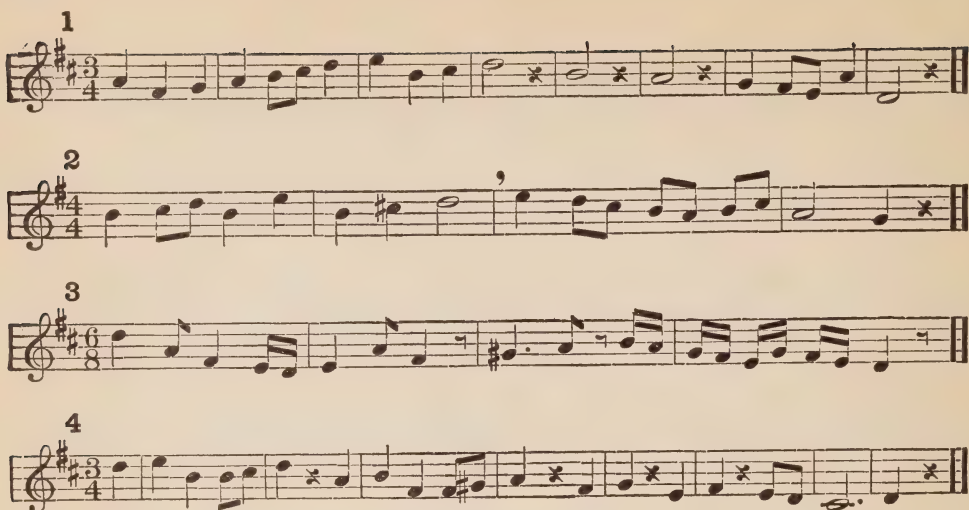
LUCY LARCOM

From the Swedish

1. "Fa - ther Time, your foot - steps go Light - ly as the fall - ing snow.
 2. "Winds thro' withered sedg - es hiss; Mead-ow green I sad - ly miss.
 3. "Frost - y beard - ed Fa - ther Time, Stop your foot - fall on the rime!
 4. "Nay, no stop - ping," say you? "Well, some of your best sto - ries tell,

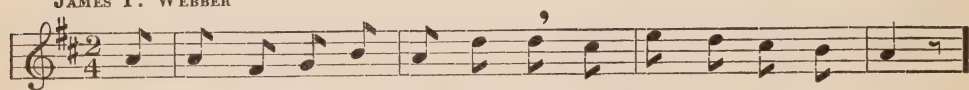
In your swing I'm sit - ting, see! Push me soft - ly, one, two, three!
 O, 'tis snow - ing; swing me fast, While De-cem - ber shiv - ers past!
 Hard your push, your hand is rough; Have you swung me long e - nough?
 While you swing me gent - ly, do! From the Old Year to the New.

Come, come and swing me, Fa - ther Time, come, swing me!"

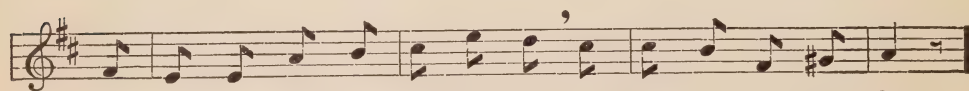


THE SILVER MOON

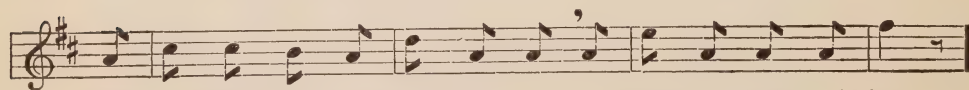
JAMES P. WEBBER



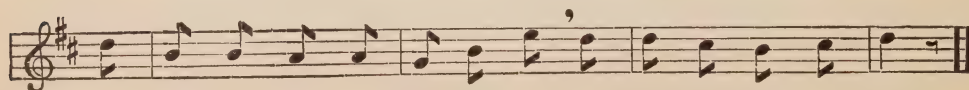
1. I won - der how they fix the moon! I tho't, in days gone by,
2. Then, too, I saw it shin - ing once, All in the broad day-light,



That some one took a great high chair And hung it in the sky;
As if the Moon-Man had for - got It was no lon - ger night.



But, now that I have tho't it out, I know no chair could be
But soon some fleec - y cloud - lets came, Like lit - tle lambs at play,



Made high e - nough to bring one up A - bove the cher - ry tree.
And when I looked for it a - gain, The moon had flown a - way.

TAKING WORK AS PLAY

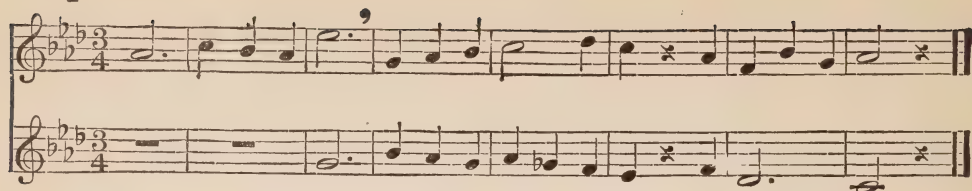
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

GEORGE L. CUTLER

1. Bees in the mead-ow, Birds on the bough, Bloom on the hill - side,
2. Stones in the pas-ture, Weeds in the bed; Hay-ing and har - vest,
3. Loud sings the rob - in, "If you'd be gay, Take to the work, lad,

Bloom on the hill - side,—Play - time, play - time is now.
 Hay - ing and har - vest,—Hard work, hard work a - head.
 Take to the work, The heart, the heart of the play."

1



EIGHTH SECTION

Easy Chromatic Progressions. Further Study of the After-Beat Note

1

2

3

4

5

THE WATER-MILL

SARAH DOUDNEY

AMY LEIGHTON

The first staff of music is in 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some notes beamed together. The staff is part of a larger musical score for 'The Bird Song'.

1. Lis - ten to the Wa - ter Mill; Thro' the live - long day
2. Flows the ruf - fled stream-let on, Tran - quil, deep, and still,
3. Learn to make the most of life, Lose no hap - py day;
4. Work while yet the day - light shines, Man of strength and will!

How the	click - ing	of its wheel	Wears the	hours a - way!
Nev - er	glid - ing	back a - gain	To the	wa - ter - mill.
Time will	nev - er	bring thee back	Chan - ces	swept a - way.
Nev - er	does the	stream-let glide	Use - less	by the mill.

THE ECHO

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

1. Fair Ech - o, they say, Fair Ech - o, they say, Is
 2. She will not come near, She will not come near, O

hid - ing a - way. Come near - er! (Come near - er!) O
 what can she fear? Come hith - er! (Come hith - er!) O

(The Echo may be sung by one or several Sopranos.)

hear her! (O hear her!) O where does she hide, And why will she hide?
 whith - er! (O whith - er!) The Ech - o is there, But who can say where?

1

2

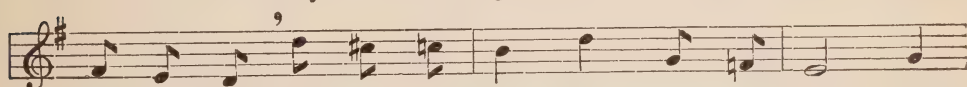
3

GOLDENROD

ROBERT L. EVERETT



1. Spring is the morn - ing of the year, And sum - mer is the
 2. And in the eve - ning, ev - 'ry - where A - long the road - side,
 3. I think the but - ter - fly and bee, From dis - tant mead - ows
 4. But those who stay too late get lost; For when the dark - ness

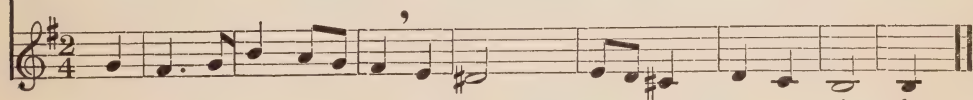


noon - tide bright; The Au - tumn is the eve - ning clear That
 up and down, I see the gold - en torch - es flare Like
 com - ing back, Are quite con - tent - ed when they see These
 falls a - bout, Down ev - 'ry light - ed street the Frost Will

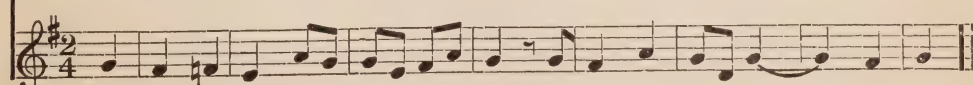


comes be - fore the win - ter's night, Be - fore the win - ter's night.
 light - ed street lamps in the town, Like street lamps in the town.
 lamps a - long the home - ward track, A - long the home - ward track.
 go and put the torch - es out, Will put the torch - es out.

1

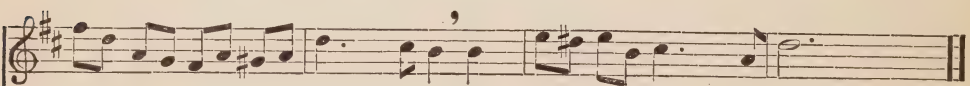
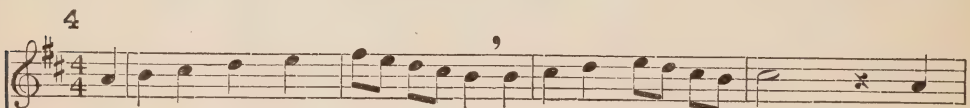
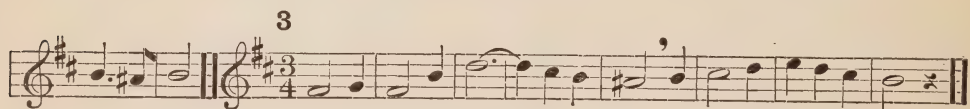
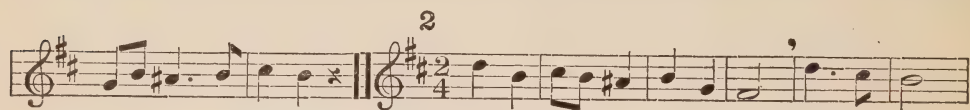


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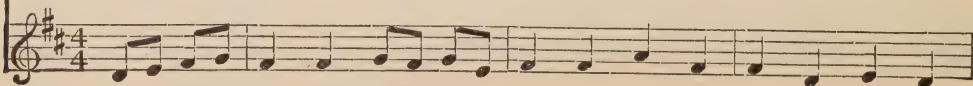
THE SECRET OF THE SEA

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

V. RIGHINI



1. Ah! what pleas-ant vis - ions haunt me As I gaze up - on the
2. Sails of silk and ropes of sen - dal, Such as gleam in an-cient
3. Till my soul is full of long-ing For the se - cret of the





sea ! All the old ro - man - tic leg - ends, All my
lore ; And the ring - ing songs of sail - ors, And the
sea, And the heart of grand old O - cean Sends a



dreams come back to me, All my dreams come back to me.
an - swer from the shore, And the an - swer from the shore.
thrill - ing pulse thro' me, Sends a thrill - ing pulse thro' me.



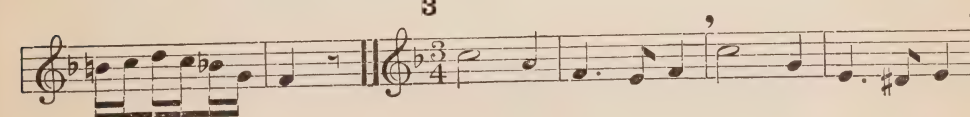
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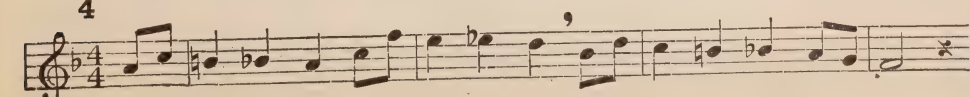
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3



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1 2

3

GOD'S LOVE

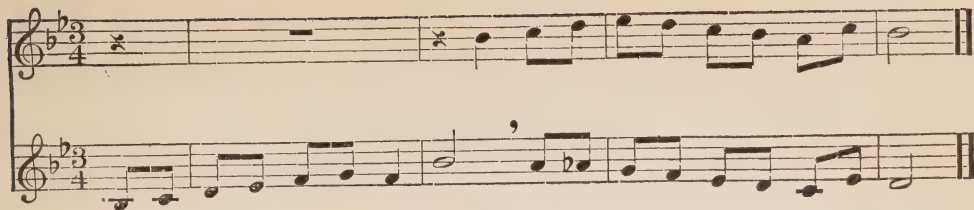
ELIZA GRAVES

L. VAN BEETHOVEN

1. O let the chil-dren ev - 'rywhere Each morning bow their heads in prayer,
 2. For ev - en chil-dren un - der-stand That God, who keeps with loving hand

And ask that God may with them stay, And keep them safe-ly thro' the day.
 Each lit-tle bird, each blos-som fair, Will keep his chil-dren ev-'ry-where.

1



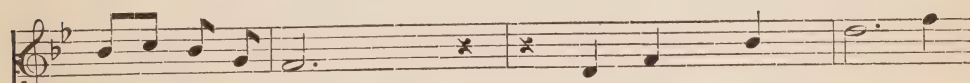
THE SOWER

MARY F. BUTTS

DONALD LACHLAN

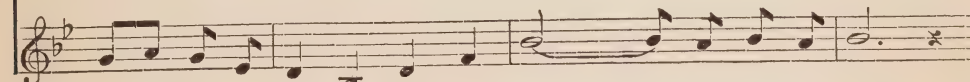


1. "Come, come, wild Wind," said the Cat - kin folks, "And loi - ter
2. The jol - ly wild Wind whisked mer - ri - ly by, And ne'er a



not on the way.
word did he say,

To plant our seeds, We
And al - der trees He

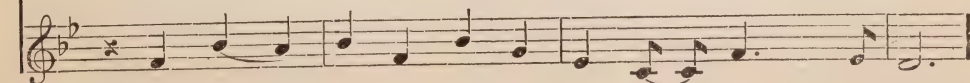


'Tis time for us . . . to plant our seeds,
But birch and wil - low and al - der trees



need . . . your help,
plant - ed by scores,

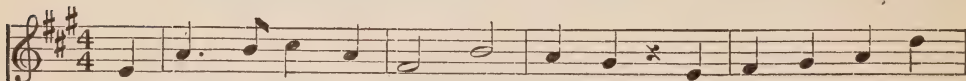
We need your help to - day."
He plant - ed by scores that day.



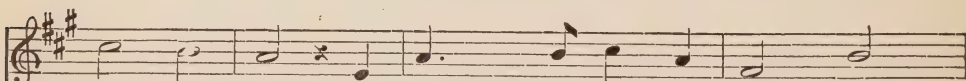
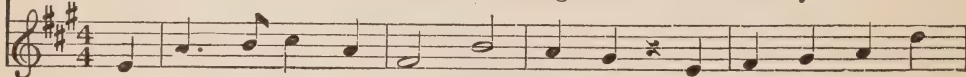
We need, we need your help, We need your help to - day."
He plant - ed by scores, He plant - ed by scores that day.



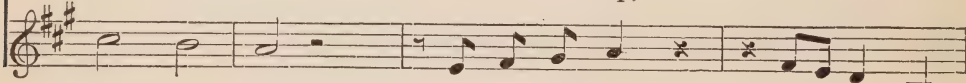
CONFIDENCE



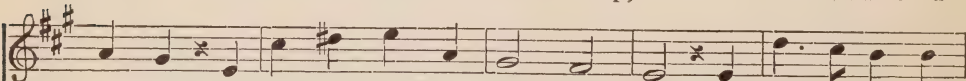
1. If thou but suf-fer God to guide thee, And hope in him thro'
2. All are a-like be-fore the High-est: 'Tis eas-y for our



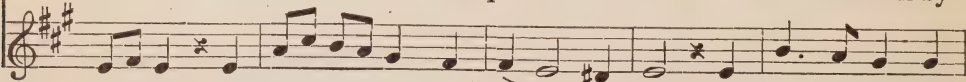
all thy ways, He'll give thee strength, what e'er be -
God, we know, To raise thee up, tho' low thou



He'll give thee strength what e'er be -
To raise thee up, tho' low thou



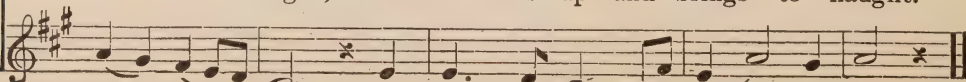
tide thee, And bear thee thro' the e - vil days. Who trusts in God's un-
li - est, To make the rich man poor and low: True won-ders still by



tide thee,
li - est,

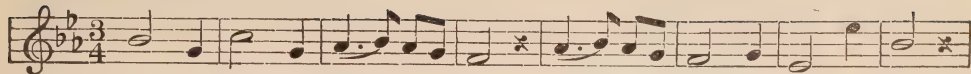


chang - ing love, Builds on the rock that naught can move.
him are wrought, Who set - teth up and brings to naught.

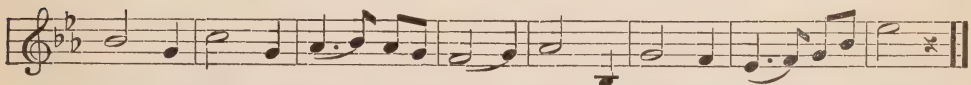


WHO AM I?

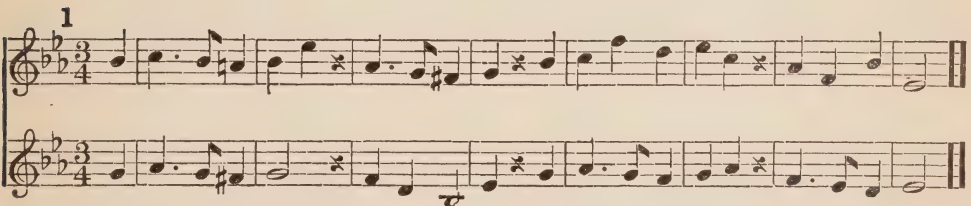
ANN and JANE TAYLOR



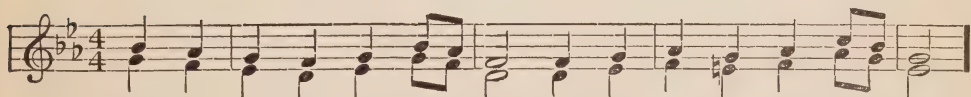
1. Who am I that shine so bright With my pret - ty yel - low light,
2. When the sun is gone I rise In the ver - y si - lent skies;
3. All the lit - tle stars do seem Hid - den by my bright - er beam;



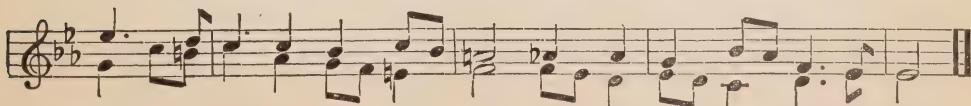
Peep - ing through your cur - tains grey? Tell me, lit - tle girl, I pray.
 And a cloud or two doth skim Round a - bout my sil - ver rim.
 And a - mong them I do ride, Like a queen in all her pride.



EVENING PRAYER

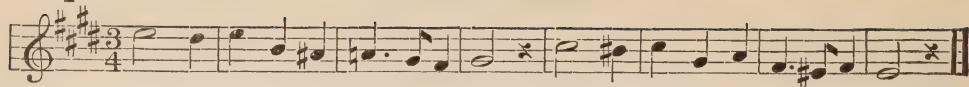


1. Wea - ri - ly, at day - light's close, Drooping eye - lids seek re - pose;
2. Par - ents, broth - ers, sis - ters dear, Have them in thy heav'n - ly care;
3. Sick and wea - ry, all who weep, Fa - ther, close their eyes in sleep;

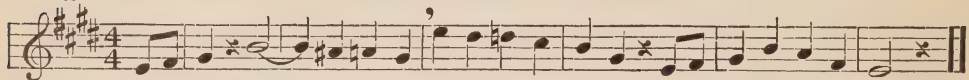


Lord, as here in bed I lie, Watch me with a fa - ther's eye.
 All man - kind, who - e'er they be, Let them find re - pose in thee.
 Let the great moon from the sky O'er the world shine si - lent - ly.

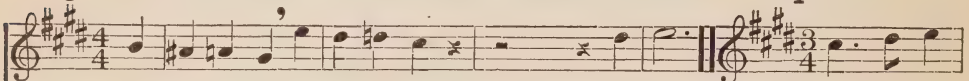
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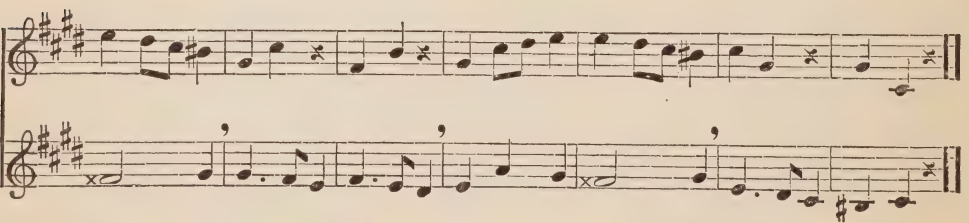
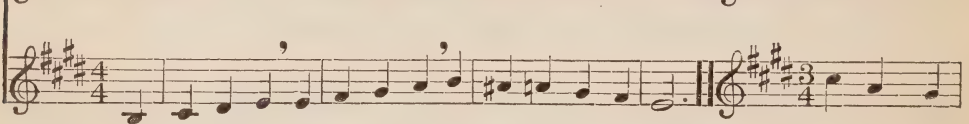
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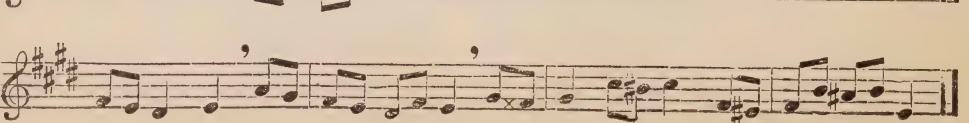
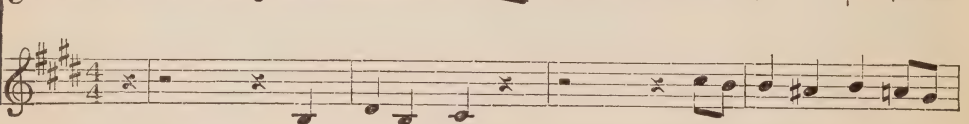
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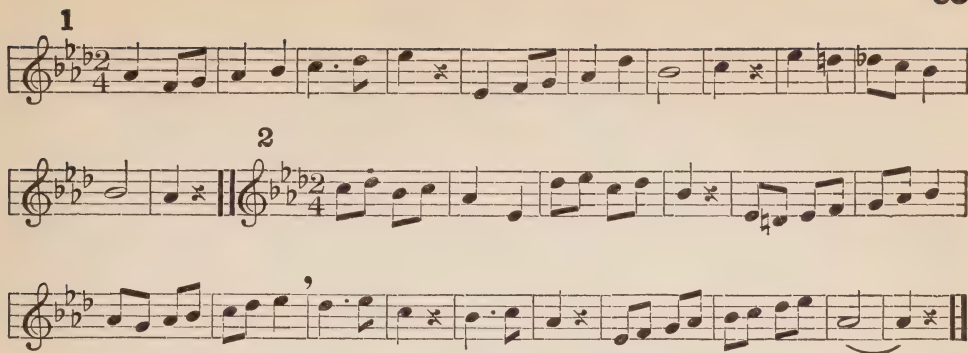


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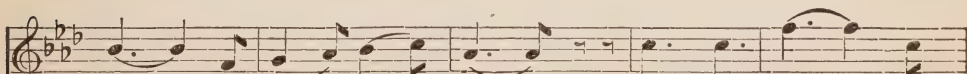


ARBOR DAY

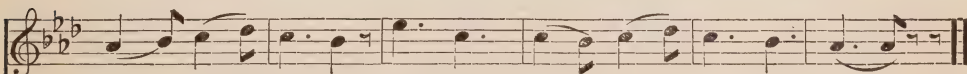
MAUD E. ALLEN



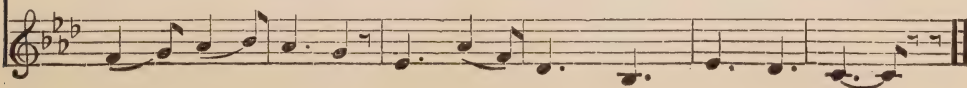
1. Here we plant the tree whose branch - es Warmed by
 2. Gen - tle winds will mur - mur soft - ly, Zeph - yrs
 3. 'Neath its shel - t'ring arms shall child-hood, Wea - ry,



breath of sum - mer days, Fed by dew's and
 float on noise - less wing 'Mid its boughs shall
 shun the noon - day heat, In its cool in -



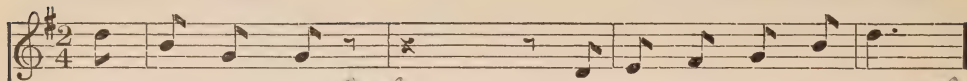
gen - tle show - ers, Soon shall wake in leaf - y sprays.
 thrush and rob - in Build their nests and sweet - ly sing.
 vit - ing shad - ow Find a pleas - ant, safe re - treat.



JACK AND JILL

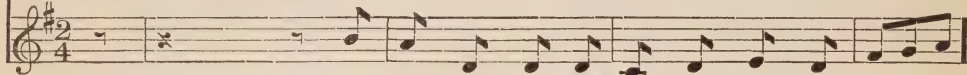
HARRIET F. BLODGETT

MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG

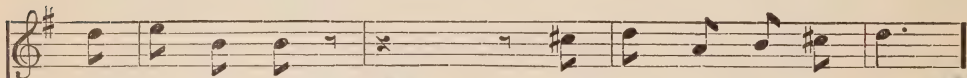
1. Poor lit - tle Jack! *Girls*He stum-bled on the hill, *all*

2. Just why the shame

Of fall - ing down the hill

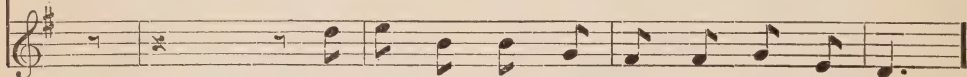
1. A - las, a - lack! *Boys*

2. And why the blame

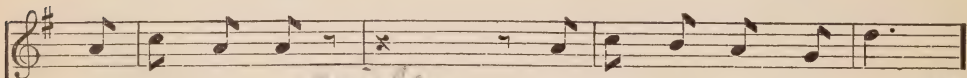
And hurt his crown *Girls*All thro' the fault of Jill. *all*

Should al - ways be,

The fault a - lone of Jill.

When he came down, *Boys*

E - ter - nal - ly,

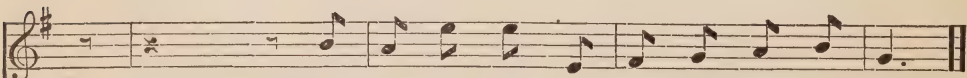
It must be so *Girls*That's how the old tale goes, *all*

The fall was said

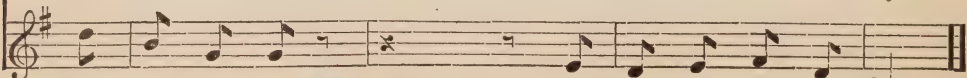
Jill laughed a-bout it,—why?

Be-cause, you know, *Boys*

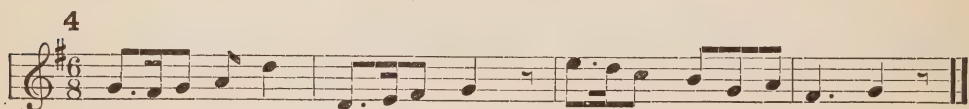
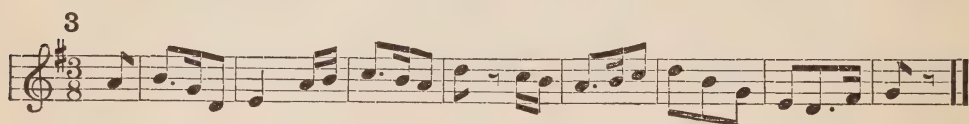
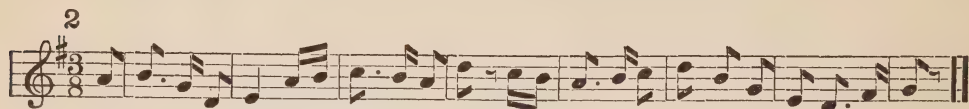
To hurt his head.

Nor you nor I Nor an - y - bod - y knows; *Girls*

I do be - lieve For fear she'd have to cry.

The rea - son why *Boys*

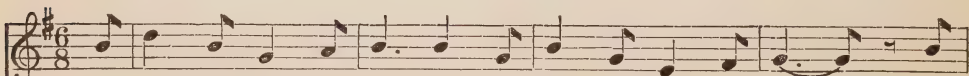
Just to de - ceive,



A SKY-VOYAGE

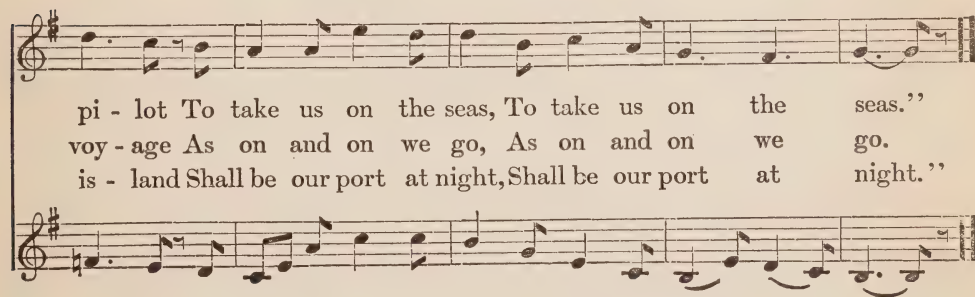
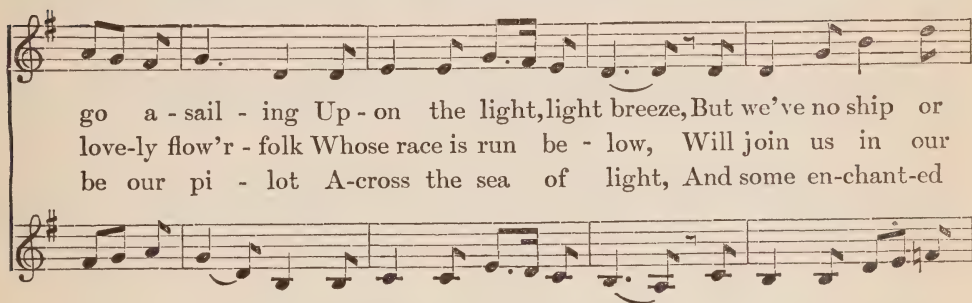
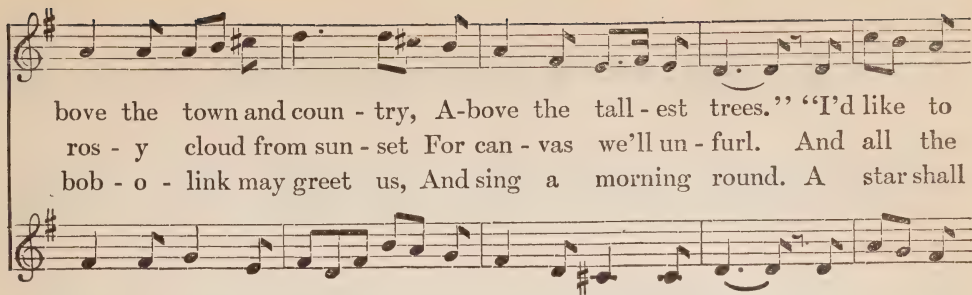
EDITH M. THOMAS

J. G. CONRADI

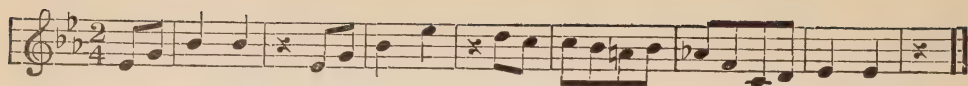


1. "O would you go a-sail - ing Up-on the light, light breeze? A -
2. "The new moon's boat we'll borrow Made all of moth-er-o'- pearl, A
3. "No trou - ble shall o'er-take us, No drear-y sight nor sound; The





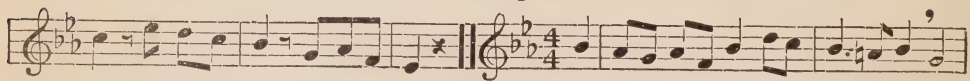
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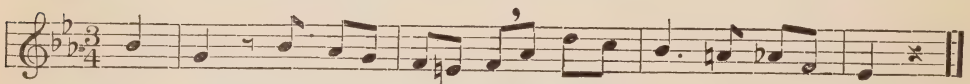
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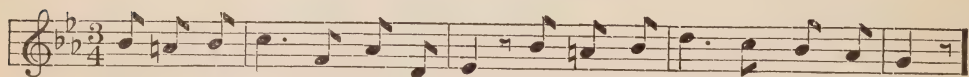
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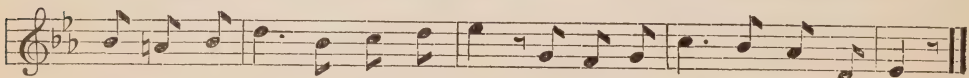
4



A LITTLE WORKER

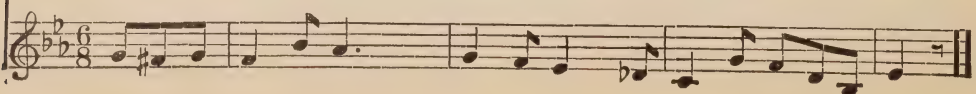
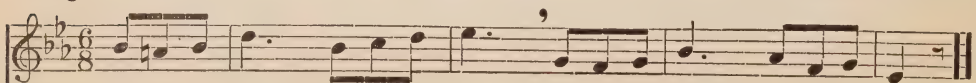


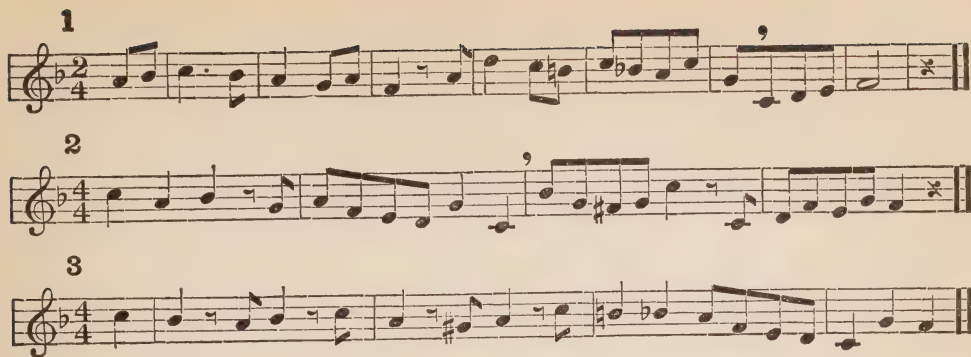
1. Sweet summer breeze, so soft and low, That swings my hammock to and fro,
2. You car-ry all the winged seeds From blooming flow'rs and swaying weeds,
3. You help the lit - tle clouds to make Their journeys o - ver land and lake;
4. You bring a les - son, too, for me, For I am quite ashamed to see



You're such a bus - y lit - tle thing, I won - der you have time to sing.
 And plant your gar - den fresh and fair Along the road - side ev - 'ry - where.
 You rock the o - riole's nest and keep Her downy ba - bies fast a - sleep.
 How you are toil - ing far and near, While I am i - dly swing - ing here.

5





A SUMMER DAY

C. E. A.

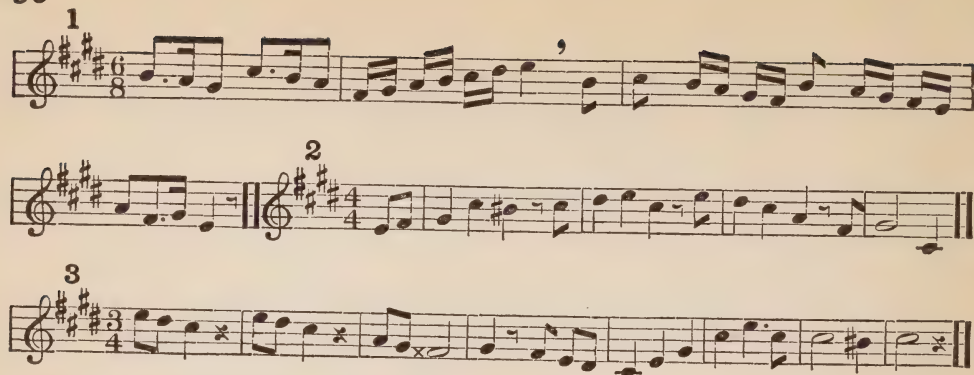
1. Tra la! There's some - thing in the air to - day That
2. Tra la! The earth smells brown, the brook runs free, The

Tra la! There's some-thing
Tra la! The earth smells

makes me want to run and play, To jump and sing and shout and call,
grass - es bend and bow to me; And all the world just seems to say,

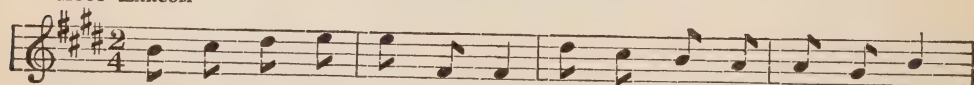
Tra la! I seem to feel so light and tall.
Tra la! "Be thank - ful for this per - fect day."

Tra la! I seem to
Tra la! Be thank - ful

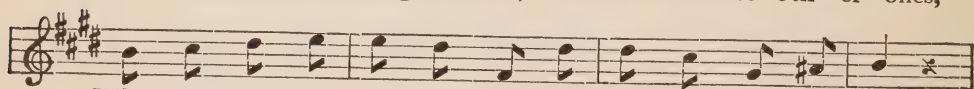


THE CLOCK-TINKER

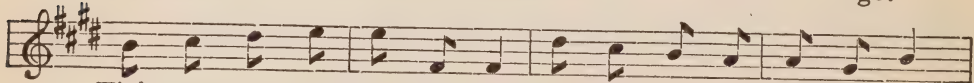
LUCY LARCOM



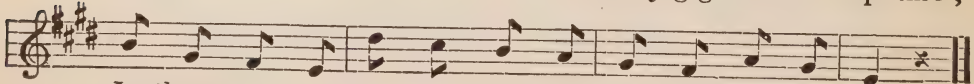
1. Tink - er, may I learn the trick How to cure a clock that's sick,
2. Is there, up a - mong the suns, Fa - ther of these oth - er ones,



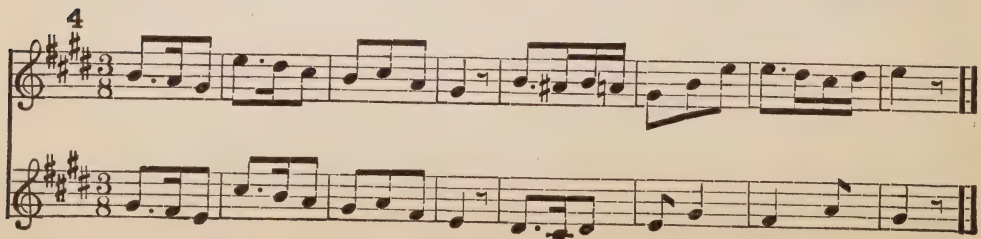
When her puls - es do not go, Quite reg - u - lar and slow?
Some great time-piece that can show All small clocks how to go?



Tink - er, have you learn'd Time's trick, How it is he makes clocks tick?
Tink - er, where's the loos - en'd screw That the jug - gler Time creeps thro',



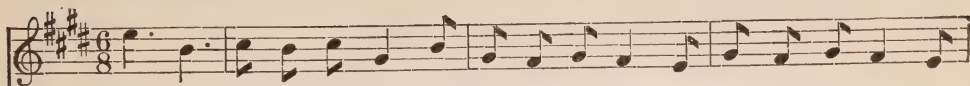
Is there an - y way to know What made them first to go?
When he slips in - to his place Be - hind the old clock's face?



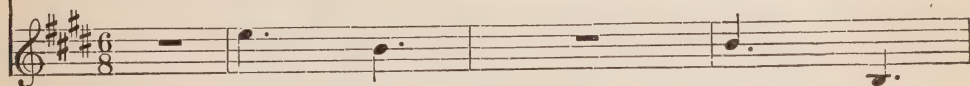
PRAISE JUNE

EDITH M. THOMAS

WILLIAM L. GLOVER, Arr.



1. Praise June, morning and noon ; And when the day closes, Praise her for ros - es,
2. Praise June, morning and noon ; And when the day's over, Praise for the clo - ver,



Praise

June!

Praise

June!



Praise her for ros - es, The tame and the wild, Queen of the gar - den, and
Praise for the clo - ver, The nurse of the bee, Nod - ding a greet - ing by



Praise



sweet bri - ar's child! Praise June! Praise June! Praise, praise June!
way-side and lea. Praise June! Praise June! Praise, praise June!



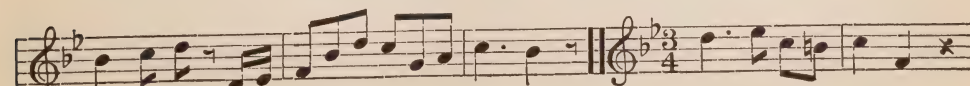
June!

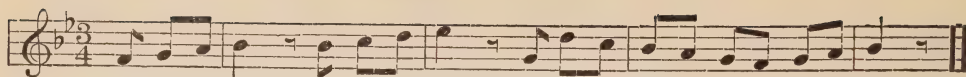
Praise, praise June!

1



2

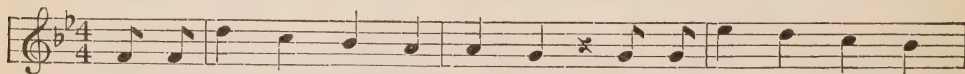




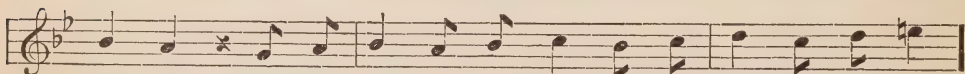
SONG OF THE TREES

ADELE MARIE SHAW

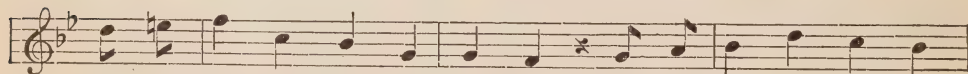
CHARLOTTE F. FUREY



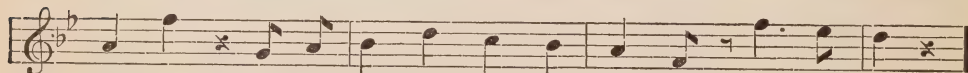
1. Where the lit - tle leaves are call - ing, Where the sum - mer sun - light's
2. In the jol - ly mist - y weath - er, When it rains and shines to -
3. Might - y oaks so strong and ten - der, Ba - by birch - es young and
4. In the fall when red and yel - low Glow the ap - ples ripe and



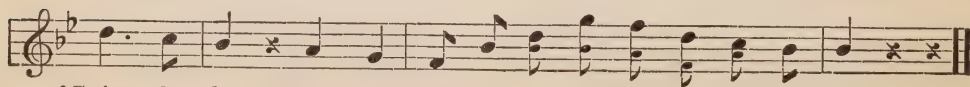
fall - ing, O we'll fly, you and I, Laugh and fly, You and I,
geth - er, Wil - lows tell, all is well; Willows know, South winds blow,
slen - der, Speak to me cheer - i - ly; Whis - per low, As I go,
mel - low, Brave with cheer, far and near, Hillsides blaze In the haze,



To the woods so green - ly grow - ing, Sun and shad - ow gai - ly
Wav - ing wil - lows green and sway - ing; Where the A - pril winds are
Se - crets of the elm so state - ly. Sing - ing pines that stir se -
And the pret - ty leaves are turn - ing; And I love the su - mac

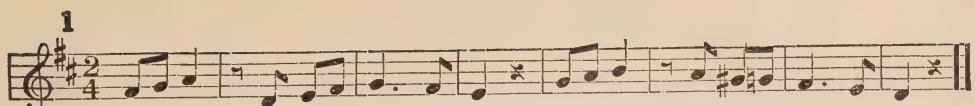


show - ing, And we'll learn all they are know - ing. Tree - tops high,
play - ing, Wav - ing wil - low leaves are say - ing: "Look, my dear,
date - ly, Sil - v'ry ma - ples stand - ing straightly— These, you know,
burn - ing When the chest - nut's lore I'm learn - ing, But heigh - ho—

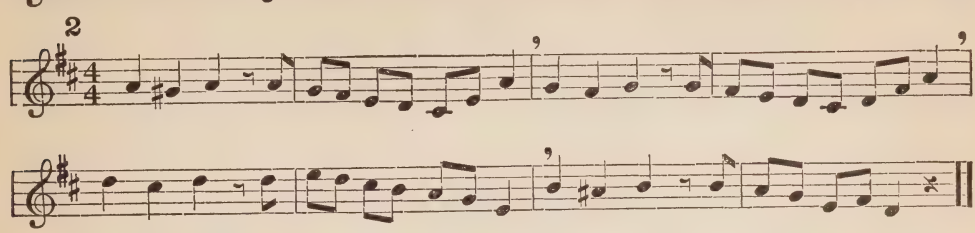


'Gainst the sky, Wave and beck - on us to find them, you and I.
Spring is here! 'Tis the mer - ry, mer - ry birthtime of the year."
Love me so That I learned to love them tru - ly long a - go.
With the snow Comes the tree with Christmas ta - pers all a - glow!


1




2



3



4

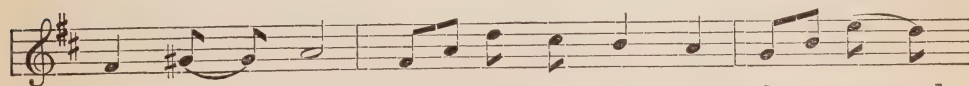


THE SKYLARK

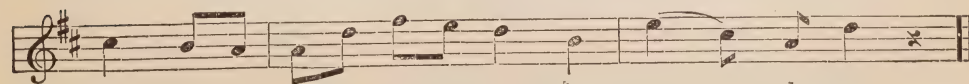
MAY I. TAYLOR



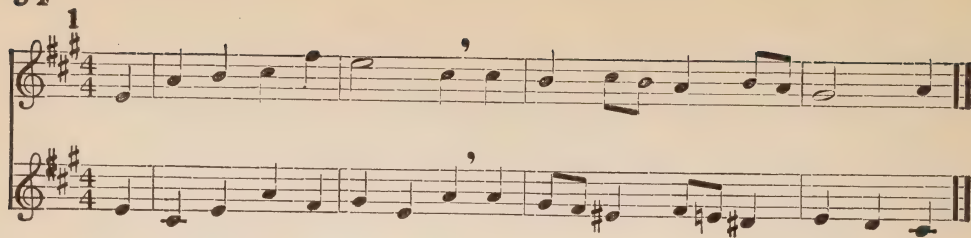
1. Lark, lark, sing - ing so high, Lost in the sun - shine
 2. Lark, lark, would I could fly, Would I were with you
 3. Lark, lark, where would you be? You I can hear, but



up in the sky. Dim - ly I see you, hap - py and
 there in the sky. Ah! but that were the dear - est
 can - not . . . see. Seek now the blue sky, seek now the



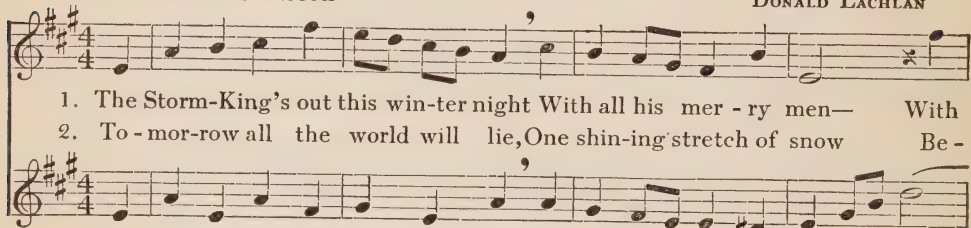
free, 'Mid white clouds float - ing o - ver the sea.
 thing To fly so high and ev - er to sing.
 sun, And spurn the white clouds, ev - 'ry one.



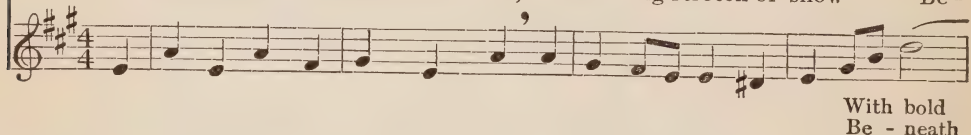
THE STORM-KING

ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH

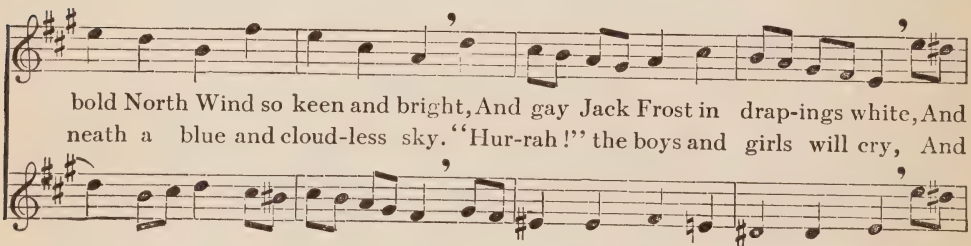
DONALD LACHLAN



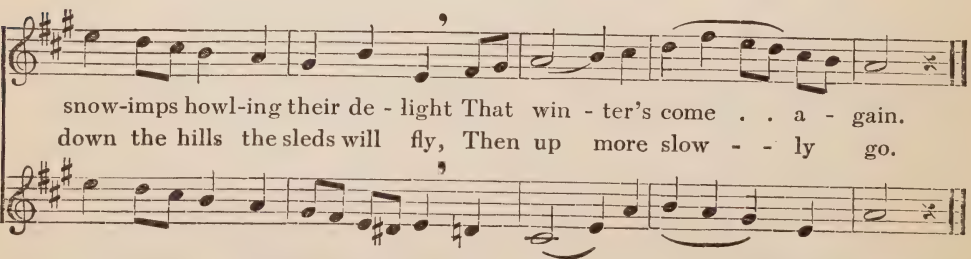
1. The Storm-King's out this win-ter night With all his mer - ry men— With
2. To - mor - row all the world will lie, One shin-ing stretch of snow Be -



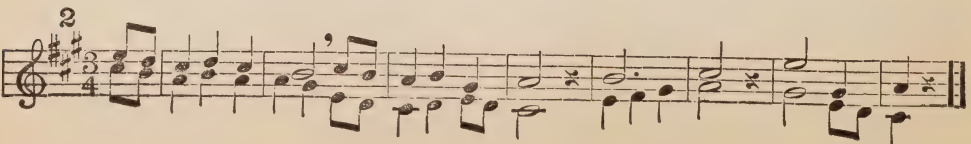
With bold
Be - neath



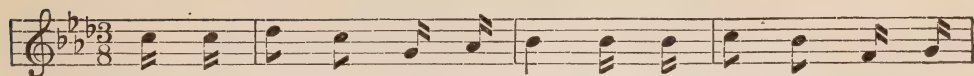
bold North Wind so keen and bright, And gay Jack Frost in drap-ings white, And
neath a blue and cloud-less sky. "Hur-rah!" the boys and girls will cry, And



snow-imps howl-ing their de - light That win - ter's come . . a - gain.
down the hills the sleds will fly, Then up more slow - - ly go.

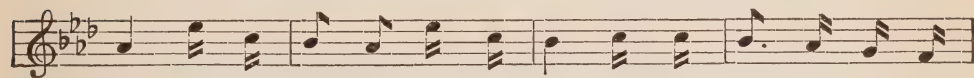


THE FIELD DAISY

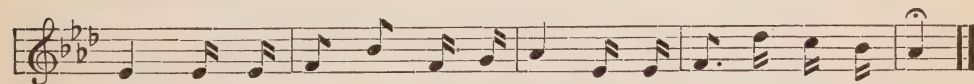


1. I'm a pret - ty lit - tle thing, Al - ways com - ing with the

2. Lit - tle la - dy, when you pass Light - ly o'er the ten - der



Spring; In the mead - ows green I'm found, Peep - ing just a - bove the
grass, Skip a - bout, but do not tread On my neck and mod - est



ground, And my stalk is cov - ered flat With a white and yel - low hat.
head, For I al - ways seem to say, "Sure - ly Win - ter's gone a - way."

1



2

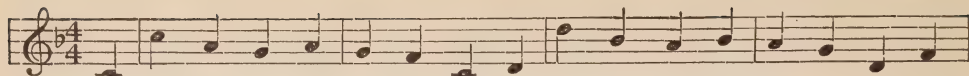


3



GOOD MORNING

CHARLOTTE F. FUREY



1. A-wake and rub your clouded eyes! A-wake to greet the ro - sy skies; The
2. The East-ern sun in splendor glows, And dewdrops glisten on the rose; The
3. The wak - ing world is fresh and fair, The stir of life is ev - 'ry-where; All



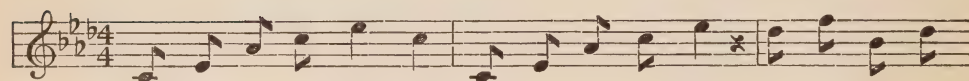
swallows twit - ter with de-light, The lark soars high in warb-ling flight, The
pi-geons flut-ter coo-ing round, The woods are filled with sweetest sound, The
things to heav'n their voices raise, Come forth to join the song of praise, Come



lark soars high in warb-ling flight, As he wish - es you "good morning."
woods are filled with sweetest sound, And are wish - ing you "good morning."
forth to join the song of praise, And to wish us all "good morn-ing."

THE SUN-SHOWER

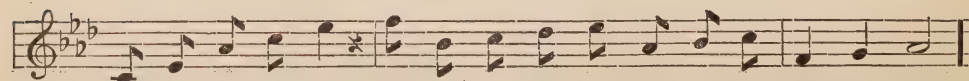
CHARLOTTE F. FUREY



1. Spark-ling in the sunlight, Danc - ing on the hills, Tapping at my
2. Clouds are fly - ing swift - ly, Sunlight breaking through; Ev'ry thing is



win-dow, singing, Sing - ing in the rills, Comes the pleas-ant sun-show'r
shin - ing, shin-ing, As with morning dew; Fall - ing on the moun-tain



Like a glad surprise, While I gaze with won-der At the changeful skies.
And the fer - tile plain, Giv - ing joy and gladness, Comes the gentle rain.

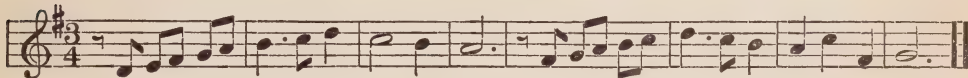
TENTH SECTION

Miscellaneous Exercises and Songs

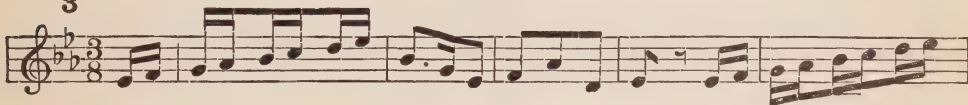
1



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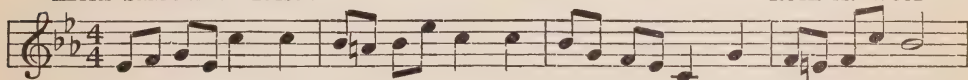
4



ALL ABOARD

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON

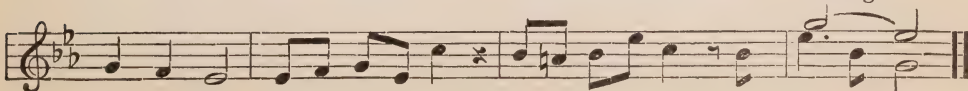
RUTH A. WOOD



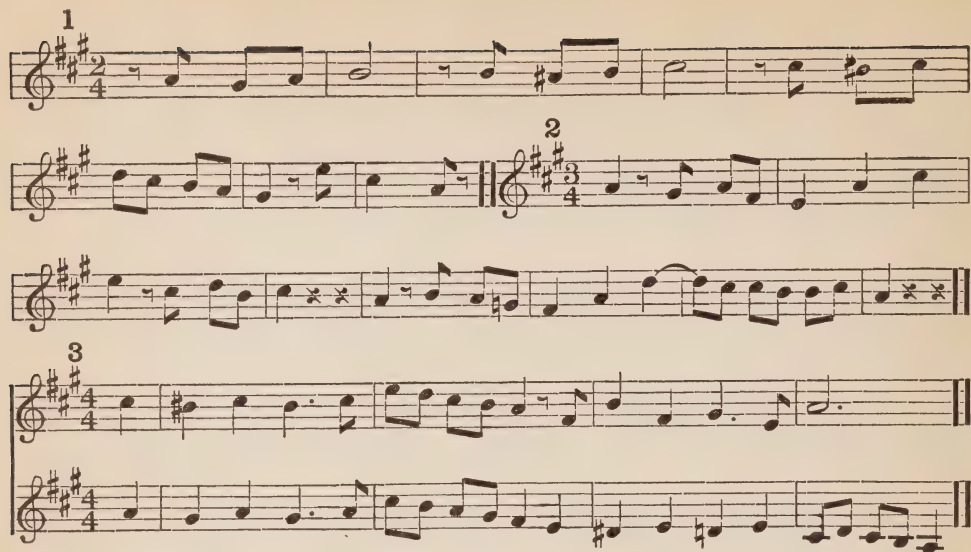
1. All a-board for Tree-top Manor, Blossomhurst and Cherry - ville,
2. All a-board for Breez-y Cor-ners, Orchardtown and Wil-low-vale,



Leaf - y - wood and Sha - dy - bor-ough, Rob - in Dell, And
Hap - py Heights and Mer - ry Mead-ows, Laugh-ter Land And
Swing.

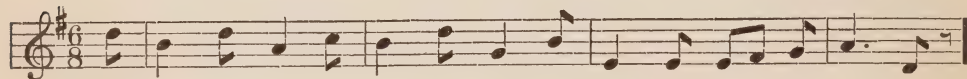


Sun-ny Hill, All a - board! All a - board the Swing, the Swing.
Dai - sy - dale, All a - board! All a - board the Swing, the Swing.

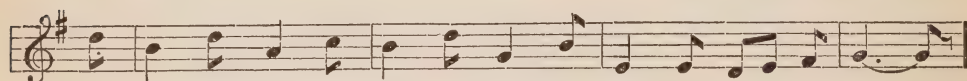


A FANTASTIC TRIP

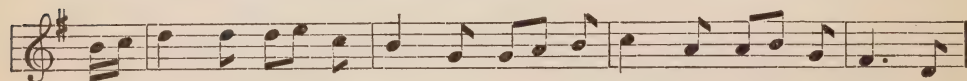
JAMES HOOK



1. I love to watch the fluf - fy clouds Go slow - ly drift-ing by, .
 2. O what a nov - el - ty to see The hawks and ea - gles go, .



Like gi - ant lumps of ei - der-down, A - way up there so high.
 To watch them from a - bove, like that, In - stead of from be - low!



And would it not be won - der - ful To lie on one and view
 And when a man in a bal - loon Came sail-ing up to you,

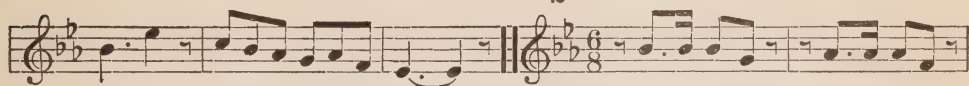


The great, wide world, so full of things, A-roll-ing un - der you?
 My! wouldn't he be frighten'd when You call'd out, "How-de-do?"

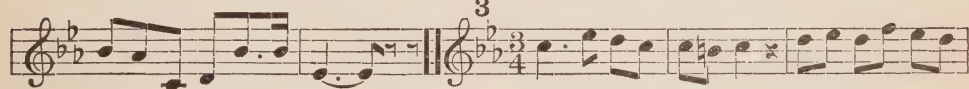
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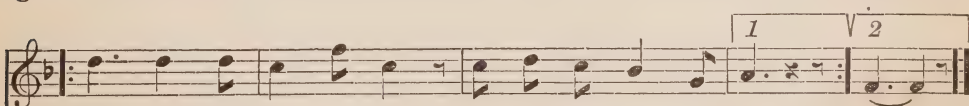
UNDER THE MAY-POLE GAY

R. A. GATTY

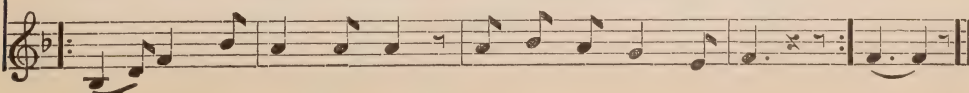
A. S. GATTY



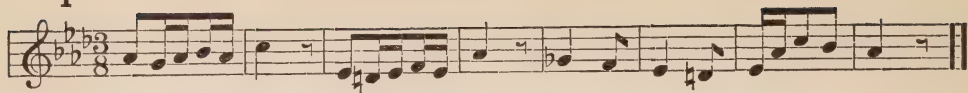
1. Un - der the May - pole gay, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we;
 2. All round to - gether we go, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we;
 3. Old folks are sit - ting by, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we;
 4. Fast - er as sun - light fades, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we;



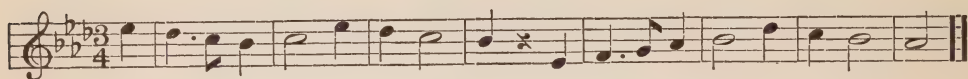
- Lads here with lass - es play, O - ver the grass - y lea - lea. .
 Blossoms to each we throw, O - ver the grass - y lea - lea. .
 Bright shines the May-day sky O - ver the grass - y lea - lea. .
 Heed not the eve - ning shades, O - ver the grass - y lea - lea. .



1

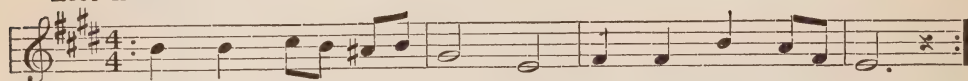


2

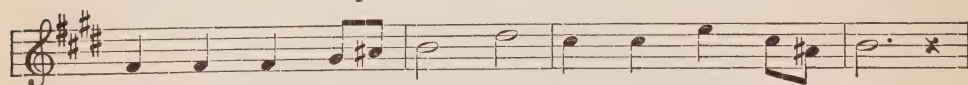


ON THE BIRCH TREE

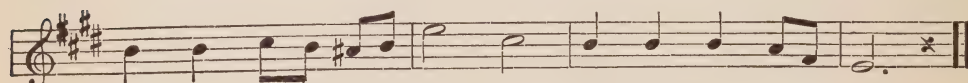
LUCY LARCOM



1. { Swing-ing on a birch tree To a sleep-y tune,
Humm'd by all the breez-es In the month of June!
2. { Up and down we see-saw; Up in-to the sky;
How it o-pens on us, Like a wide blue eye!

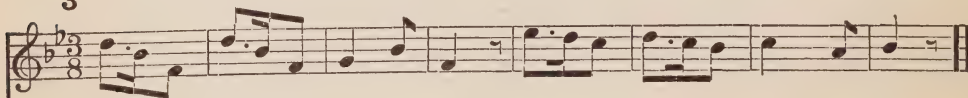


Lit-tle leaves a-flut-ter, Sound like danc-ing drops
You and I are sail-ors Rock-ing on a mast;

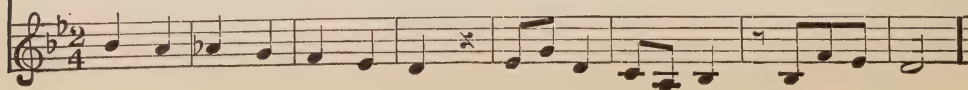


Of a brook on peb-bles,—Song that nev-er stops.
And the world's our ves-sel: Ho! she sails so fast.

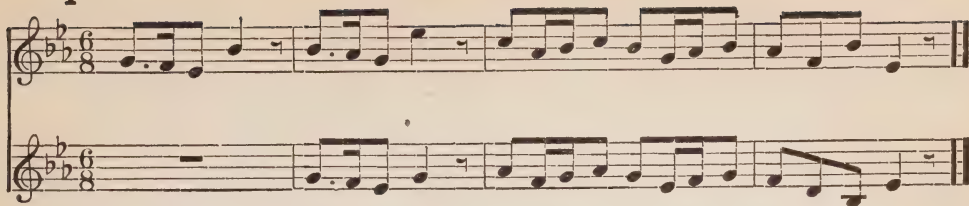
3



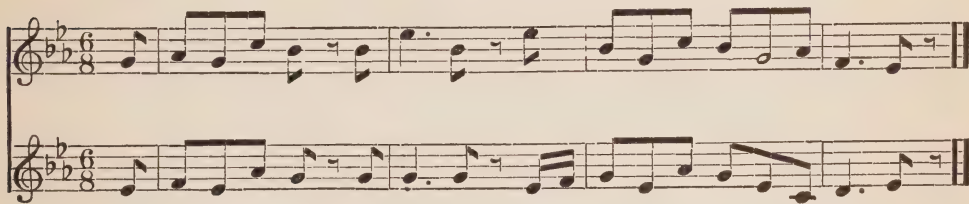
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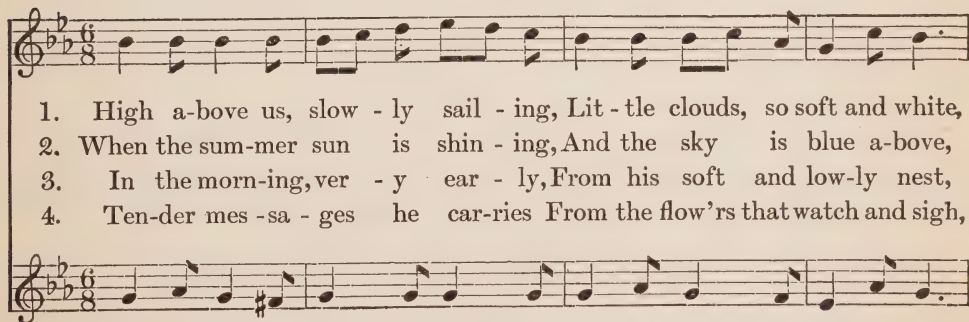
1



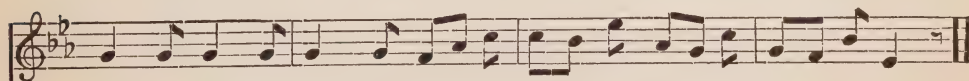
2



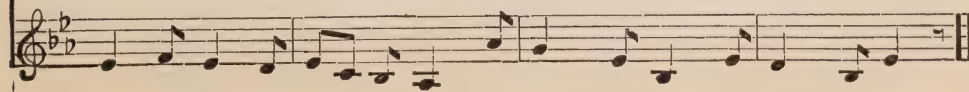
THE CLOUDS

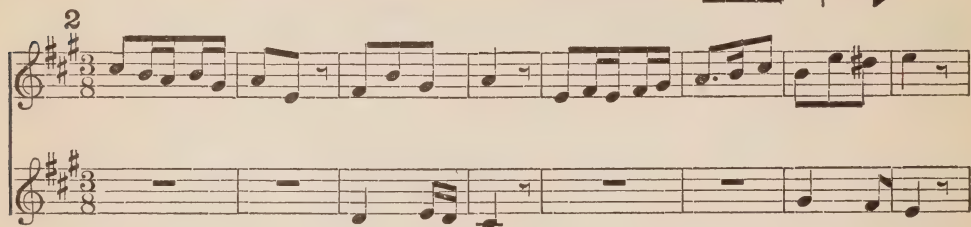


1. High a-bove us, slow - ly sail - ing, Lit - tle clouds, so soft and white,
2. When the sum-mer sun is shin - ing, And the sky is blue a-bove,
3. In the morn-ing, ver - y ear - ly, From his soft and low-ly nest,
4. Ten-der mes - sa - ges he car-ries From the flow'rs that watch and sigh,



You are like the wings of an-gels, Watching o'er us day and night.
 Then you look at us and send us Ra-diant smiles of joy and love.
 Soars the lark with joy - ous car - ol, Till he nes - tles in your breast.
 As they gaze up - on you sail - ing, Slow - ly sail - ing thro' the sky.





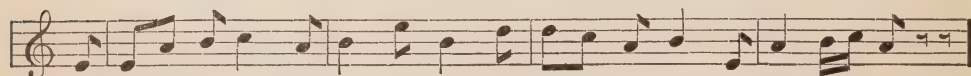
THE WIND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

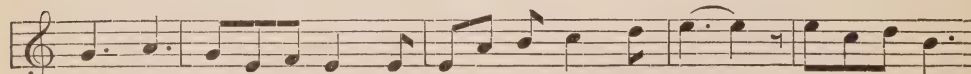
GEORGE A. BURDETT



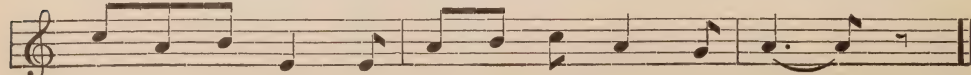
1. I saw you toss the kites on high, And blow the birds a-bout the sky;
2. I saw the diff'rent things you did, But al - ways you yourself you hid;



And all a-round I heard you pass Like la - dies' skirts a-cross the grass.
I felt you push, I heard you call, I could not see your-self at all.



O wind, O . . wind, a - blow - ing all day long! O . . wind,

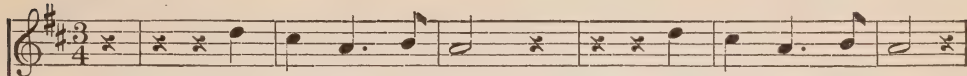


O . . . wind, that sings so loud a song!

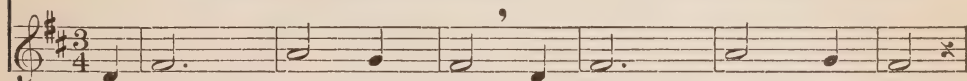
THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

ROBERT BROWNING

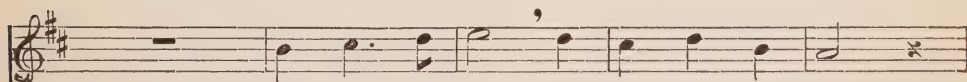
MAXWELL LITTLETON



The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn;



'The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn;



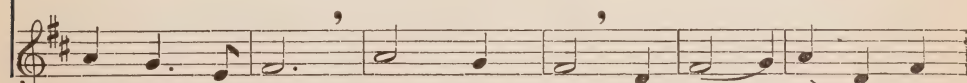
Morn-ing's at sev'n; The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;



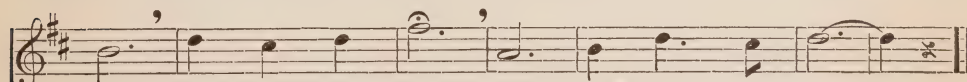
Morn-ing's at sev'n, at sev'n; The hill-side's dew-pearl'd; The



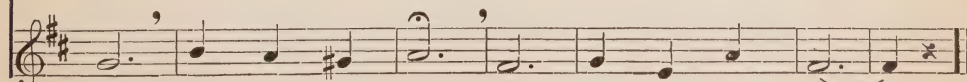
The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the



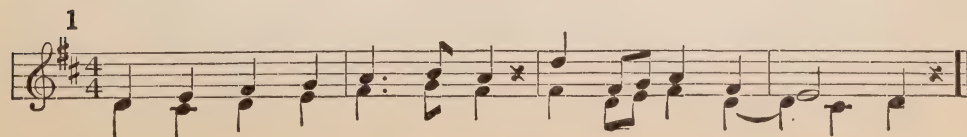
lark's on the wing, on the wing; The snail's on . . the



thorn: God's in his heav'n, All's right with the world.



thorn: God's in his heav'n, All's right with the world.



THE PLOWMAN TAR

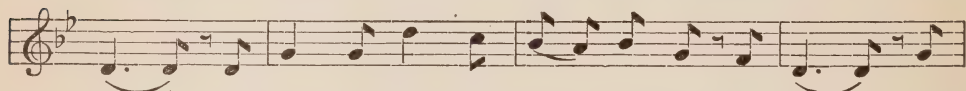
G. A. BURDETT

G. A. BURDETT



1. A skip - per bold once on a time, Jo - ho! . . jo -

2. He plowed the sea from Chi-na to Maine, Jo - ho! . . jo -



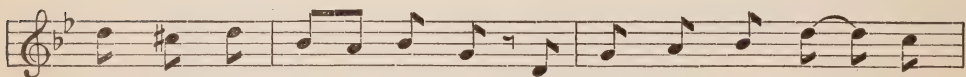
ho! . . Did sail the sea to man - y a clime, Jo - ho! . . jo -

ho! . . In gales and calms and tor-rents of rain, Jo - ho! . . jo -



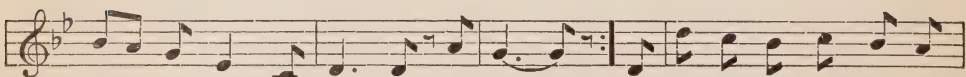
ho! He plowed the sea in man - y a ship, But nev - er will

ho! He plowed for fun, he plowed for gain, Till in-t'rest in



plow it an - oth - er trip; That skip - per has skipped his

plow - ing be - gan to wane; And now he is run-ning an

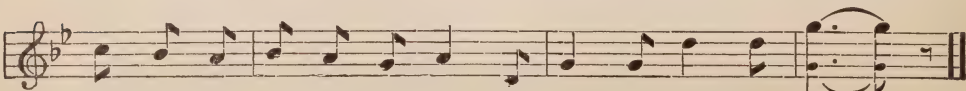


fi - nal skip, Jo - ho! . . jo - ho! .

Ae - ro-plane, Jo - ho! . . jo - ho! . 3. So this is the tale of the



Plow - man Tar, Jo - ho! jo - ho!! jo - ho!!! jo-ho!!!! He's smit-ten with



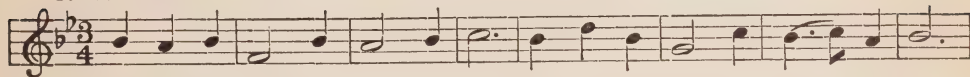
fly - ing by gas - o - line car; Jo - ho! jo - ho!! jo - ho!!!

ELEVENTH SECTION

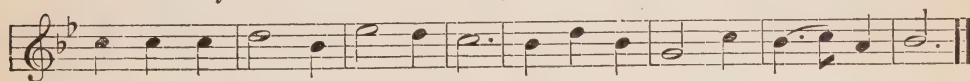
Devotional and Patriotic Songs

LORD OF ALL BEING, THRONED AFAR

O. W. HOLMES



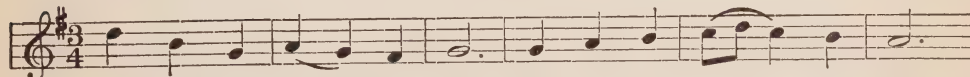
1. Lord of all be - ing, thron'd a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
2. Sun of our life, thy quickening ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3. Grant us thy truth to make us free, And kindling hearts that burn for thee,



Cen - tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
 Star of our hope, thy soft - ened light Cheers the long watches of the night.
 Till all thy liv - ing al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heav'n - ly flame.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

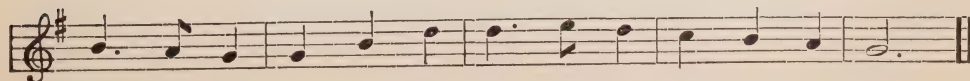
C. WESLEY



1. Come, thou Al - mighty - y King, Help us thy name . . to sing,
2. Come, thou all - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth . . a - dored,
3. Nev - er from us . . de - part; Rule thou in ev - 'ry heart,

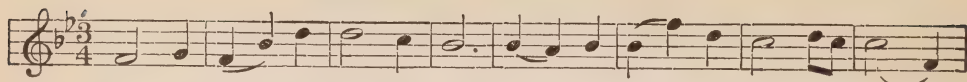


Help us to praise! Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend! Come, and thy chil - dren bless; Give thy good
 Hence, ev - er - more. Thy sov'-reign maj - es - ty May we in

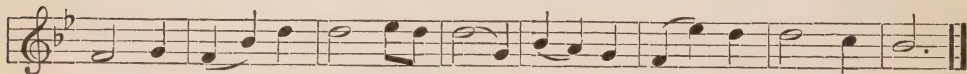


to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
 word suc - cess; Make thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

PRAISE TO GOD, IMMORTAL PRAISE



1. Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
2. For the bless-ings of the field, For the stores the gar-dens yield,
3. All that Spring, with bounteous hand, Scat-ters o'er the smil-ing land;
4. These to thee, O God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow;



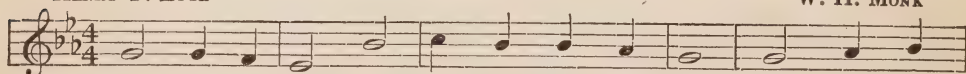
Boun-teous Source of ev-'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em-ploy!
 For the fruits in full sup-ply, Rip-ened 'neath the Sum-mer sky;
 All that lib-'ral Au-tumn pours From her o-ver-flow-ing stores;
 And for these my soul shall raise Grate-ful vows and sol-emn praise.

ABIDE WITH ME!

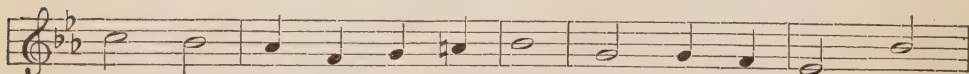
(EVENTIDE)

HENRY F. LYTE

W. H. MONK



1. A-bide with me! fast falls the e-ven-tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour; What but thy
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no



deep-ens; Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers
 dim; its glo-ries pass a-way: Change and de-cay in
 grace can foil the tempt-er's power? Who like thy-self my
 weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness: Where is death's sting? where



fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a-bide with me!
 all a-round I see; O thou who chang-est not, a-bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a-bide with me!
 grave, thy vic-to-ry? I tri-umph still, if thou a-bide with me!

HENRY RUSSELL

The first four measures may be played as a prelude

1. Bri-tan-nia, the pride of the o-cean, The land of the brave and the free, The
 2. When war with its wide des-o-lation, Now threatened the land to de-form, The

mf *fz* *fz*

- shrine of the sailor's de-vot-ion, There's none can com-pare un-to thee! Thy
 ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Bri-tan-nia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her

fz

- man-dates make he-ros as-sem-ble, With the garlands of glo-ry in view, Thy
 lau-rels of vic-to-ry round her, When so no-bly she bore her brave crew, With her

ban-ners make ty-ran - ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue! When
 flag float-ing proud - ly be-fore her, The . boast of the Red, White and Blue! The

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

borne by the Red, White and Blue! When borne by the Red, White and Blue! Thy
 boast of the Red, White and Blue! The boast of the Red, White and Blue! With her

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter rest followed by a half note G4, then continues with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern with chords and a bass line.

* ban-ners make ty-ran-ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue.
 flag floating proud-ly be-fore her, The . . boast of the Red, White and Blue.

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a quarter note G4 and a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a half note in the left hand.

A cup of good wine then bring hith-er, And fill it right full to the brim,

mf *fz* *fz*

May the glo-ry of Nel-son ne'er with-er, Nor the star of our na-tion grow dim;

fz

May the Ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, And both to their col-ours prove true,

fz *fz*

The Ar-my and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue !

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue ! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue !

The Army and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

mp *fz* *mp* *f*

cres. *fz* *f*

f *fz* *ff*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song, page 110. It features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first line of the song. The second system contains the second line. The third system contains the third line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in both the right and left hands. Dynamics include *mp* (mezzo-piano), *fz* (forzando), *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), and *cres.* (crescendo). There are also markings for *fz* and *f* in the piano part. The vocal line has lyrics written below it. The piano part has various musical notations including slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

MY OWN CANADIAN HOME

E. G. NELSON

MORLEY McLAUGHLIN

Tempo di marcia

1. Tho' oth - er skies may be as bright, And oth - er lands as fair:
 2. Thy lakes and riv - ers, as "the voice Of ma - ny wa - ters" raise
 3. A no - ble her - i - tage is thine, So grand and fair and free:
 4. Did kind - ly heav'n af - ford to me The choice where I would dwell,

Tho' charms of oth - er climes in - vite My wand'ring footsteps there.
 To him who planned their vast ex - tent, A sym - pho - ny of praise:
 A fer - tile land, where he who toils Shall well re - ward - ed be;
 Fair Can - a - da that choice should be, The land I love so well.

Yet there is one, the peer of all, Be - neath bright hea - ven's dome:
 Thy moun - tain peaks o'er - look the clouds—They pierce the az - ure skies:
 And he who joys in Na - ture's charms, Ex - ult - ing, here may view—
 I love thy hills and val - leys wide; Thy wa - ters flash and foam;

Of thee I sing, O hap - py land, My own Ca - na - dian home.
 They bid thy sons be strong and true, To great achievements rise.
 Scenes of enchantment strange - ly fair, Sub - lime in form and hue.
 May God in love o'er thee pre - side, My own Ca - na - dian home.

OUTLINE OF STUDY-MATERIAL, PART ONE

IN GENERAL

One and two-part exercises and songs in the nine common major keys and in the commoner rhythm-forms; sharped scale-degrees (except sharp-six) approached stepwise from above; whole-step and half-step progressions through sharp-four and flat-seven; easy skips to sharp-four and to flat-seven; the dotted quarter-note followed by the eighth-note (the after-beat note); the after-beat note after rests and at the beginning of a piece; development of a sense of minor tonality in songs and exercises which do not involve the study of minor keys as such.

IN DETAIL

ABBREVIATIONS: 12-2 means page 12, exercise 2; 12-S means song on page 12

SEC. I, pages 5 to 20, One-part and Two-part Exercises and Songs; Simple Chromatics—Graded review of leading topics of Book I; introductory exercises in two parts, 6; strongly contrasted parts, 7-S; three-eighth time, 8; sharp-four, 10; flat-seven, 11, 14; two parts written on one staff, 19-1.

SEC. II, pages 21 to 32, The Divided Beat in Five keys—Various measure-divisions and notations, 21; eighth-notes of beat-length contrasted with divided beat, 24; the effect of an independent second part clearly exemplified in association with a well-known folk-song.

SEC. III, pages 33 to 42, Sharp (except sharp-six) Stepwise from Above—Characteristic minor effects not involving teaching of minor scale as such, 34-4, 36-2, 39-4; the same exercise in one part and in two parts, 38-3 and 39-3; increasing freedom of skip in divided beat, 41-2, etc.

SEC. IV, pages 43 to 52, Elementary Study of the After-Beat Note; the Divided Beat with Easy Skips—The after-beat note compared with the effect of a tie, 43-1-2; characteristic rhythm-types in three-four measure illustrated in a well-known folk-song, 45; three-four and six-eight sharply contrasted, 45-1-2; the musical value of dissonance emphasized, 47-2-5, etc.

SEC. V, pages 53 to 62, Further Study of the After-Beat Note, Rests, and Various Rhythm-Forms—Liberal use of rests; the after-beat note as the first note of a piece, 58-4, 58-S; simple problems attacking dissonant tones, 61-1-2.

SEC. VI, pages 63 to 68, The Divided Beat in Three-Eight and Six-Eight Time—In three-eighth time, 63; in six-eighth time, 64; in various rhythm-combinations, 65 to 68.

SEC. VII, pages 69 to 72, Whole-step Progressions through Sharp-Four and Flat-Seven—At various points in the measure, 69; in divided beat, 70, 71, etc.

SEC. VIII, pages 73 to 84, Easy Chromatic Progressions; Further Study of the After-Beat Note—Half-step progressions through sharp-four and flat-seven compared, 73; the same in less simple rhythms, 75.

SEC. IX, pages 85 to 96, Further Study of Rhythm—The after-beat note following a rest, 85; the sixteenth as an after-beat-note, 86; liberal variety in rhythm-forms and note-values, 88 to 95.

SEC. X, pages 97 to 104, Miscellaneous Exercises and Songs—Tests, recreation, review.

SEC. XI, pages 105 to 111, Devotional and Patriotic Songs.

BOOK TWO, PART TWO

FIRST SECTION

Review-Study of Rhythm-Forms and Chromatics

1

2

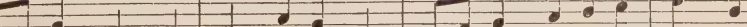
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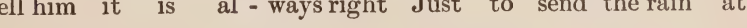
JANUARY

HARRIET F. BLODGETT

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY



1. Comes a ba - by year to you; Sweetheart, tell him what to do
 2. Tell him—for of course you know—When to sprinkle down the snow;
 3. Tell him it is al - ways right Just to send the rain at night—



In this world, where he must live; What to keep, and what to give.
How to light the mead - ows up With the shin - ing but - ter - cup.
Nev - er in the sum - mer day, When the chil - dren want to play.

1 2 3 4

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

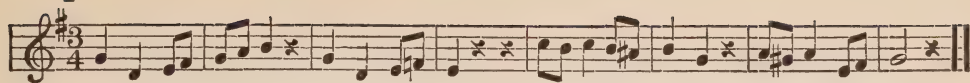
HARRIET H. PIERSON

HENRY R. GILLET

1. You'll think it strange, but real-ly, I al - ways used to think
2. Like milk I tho't the White Sea, Tho' not quite fit for use;
3. I thought the Or-ange Riv - er Was just like or-ange - ade;
4. But Un - cle Jack says: "Non-sense! They all look just the same;

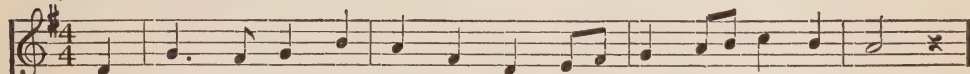
The wa - ter in the Black . . Sea Was just as black as ink.
 The Yel - low Sea like cus - tard, The Red like cher - ry juice.
 The Blue Nile just like blu - ing—The kind our laun - dress made.
 They're noth - ing but plain wa - ter, No mat - ter what the name!"

1

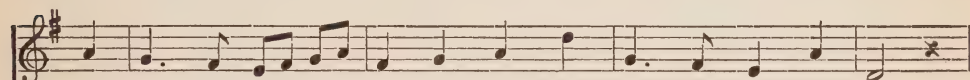


THE CORN-SONG

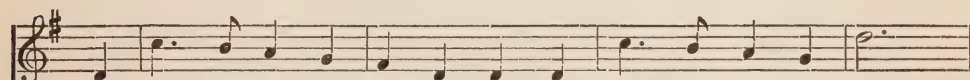
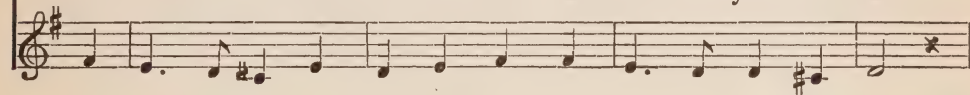
JOHN G. WHITTIER



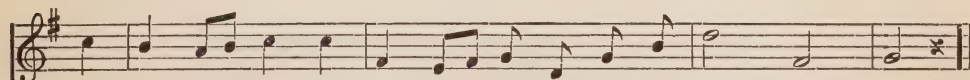
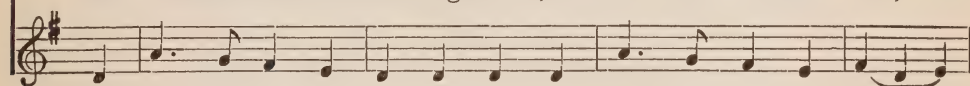
1. Heap high the farm-er's win-try hoard, Heap high the gold-en corn!
2. Thro' vales of grass and meads of flow'rs Our ploughs their furrows made,
3. All thro' the long, bright days of June Its leaves grew green and fair,



No rich - er gift has au-tumn poured From out her lav - ish horn!
 While on the hills the sun and show'rs Of change-ful A - pril played.
 And waved in hot mid-summer's noon Its soft and yel - low hair.



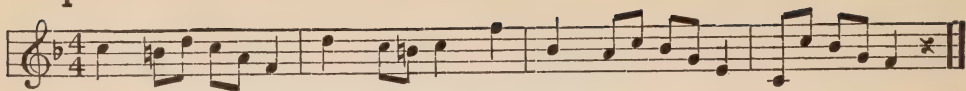
We bet - ter love the har - dy gift Our rug - ged vales be - stow,
 We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain, Be - neath the sun of May,
 And now with autumn's moonlight eves, Its har - vest time has come,



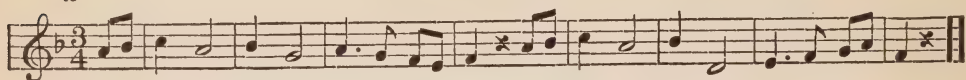
To cheer us when the storm shall drift Our har-vest-fields with snow.
 And frightened from our sprout-ing grain The rob-ber crows a - way.
 We pluck a - way the frost - ed leaves, And bear the treas - ure home.



1

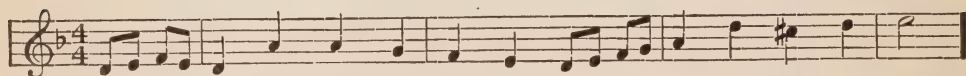


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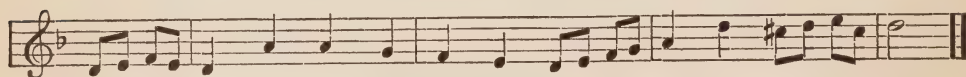


PANTRY SHIPS

J. P. RAMEAU



1. Did you ev - er make a vis - it To the fa-mous pan-try docks,
2. Here stand ti - ny lit - tle ves - sels Ful - ly load - ed to their tips
3. And up - on their hulls are writ - ten Names like Jam and Mar - ma - lade;



Where trim ves-sels stand full load - ed Midst the glass-es, pans and crocks?
 With the queerest, sweet-est car - goes That have ev - er passed your lips.
 Some are called Preserves or Jel - ly, Just ac-cord - ing to their grade.

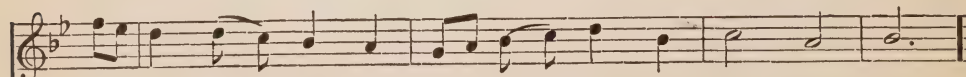
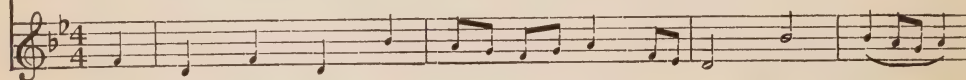
THE NEW YEAR

MARY MAPES DODGE

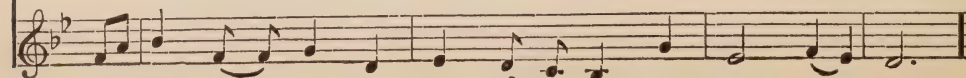
B. CRUSELL

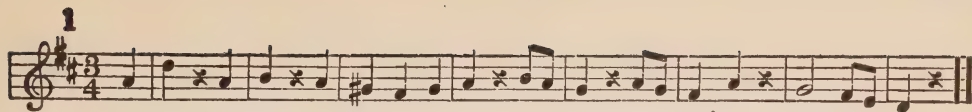


GIRLS. It's com - ing, boys, It's al - most here, The grand New Year!
 BOYS. It's com - ing, girls, O hold it dear, A bright New Year!



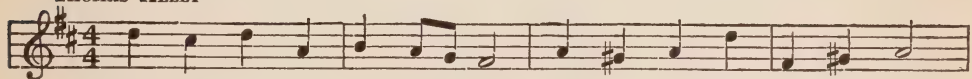
ALL. A year to be glad in, Not to be bad in! Hail New Year!
 ALL. A year for try - ing, Not for sigh - ing! Hail New Year!



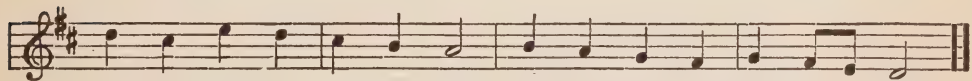


TRUSTFUL OBEDIENCE

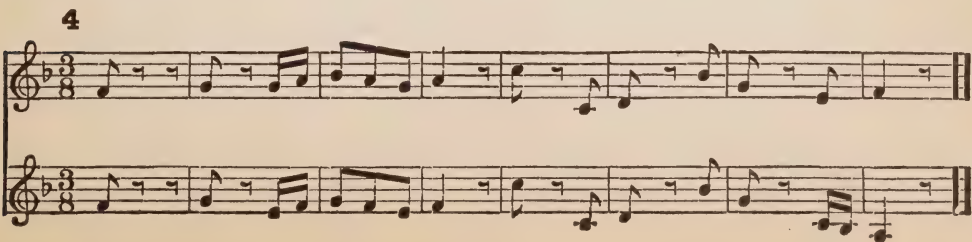
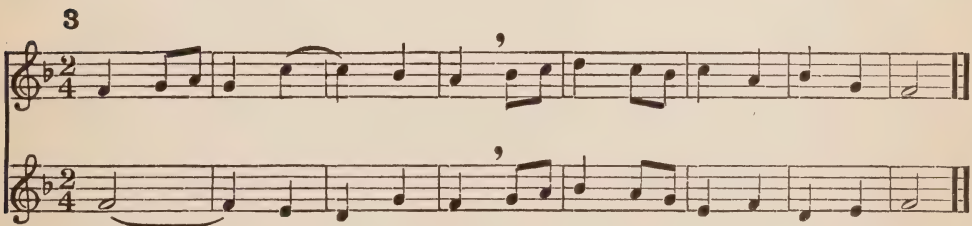
THOMAS KELLY



1. When we can not see our way, Let us trust and still o - bey;
2. Tho' it seems the gloom of night, Tho' we see no ray of light,
3. Night with him is nev - er night; Where he is, there all is light;



He who bids us for-ward go, Can not fail the way to show.
 Fear-less let us still pro-ceed, Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.
 When he calls us, why de-lay? They are hap-py who o - bey.



1

2

A BASQUE LULLABY

FLORENCE HOARE

1. Lul - la - by! twi-light is spread-ing Sil - ver wings o - ver the sky;
2. Lul - la - by! day-time is wea - ry, Tired of work, tired of play,

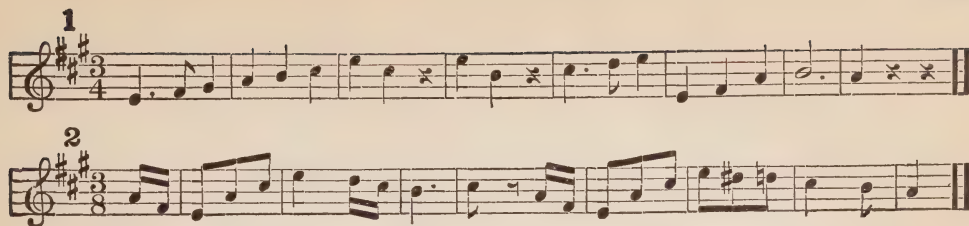
Lul - la - by! Lul - la - by!

Fai - ry elves are soft - ly tread-ing, Fold-ing buds as they pass by,
Sleep, my ba - by, sleep, my dear-ie, Now you are as tired as they.

Lul - la - by! Lul - la - by!

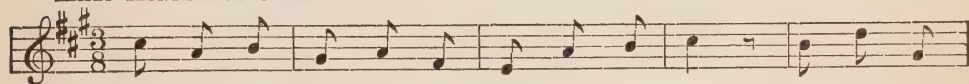
Lul - la - by, whis-per and sigh, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by!

Lul - la - by! Lul - la - lul - la - by!

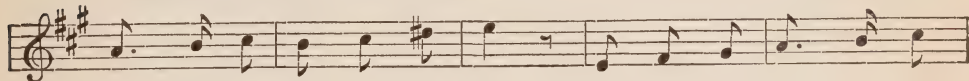


MY NEIGHBORS

EMILY HUNTINGTON CLARK



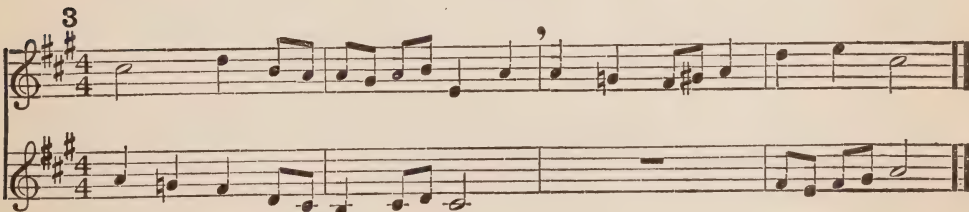
1. Up in the ap - ple tree o - ver the way, Rob - in, my
2. Un - der my win - dow, where ros - es en - twine, Lives the brown
3. Swal - lows are twit - ter - ing un - der my eaves, Thrush - es are

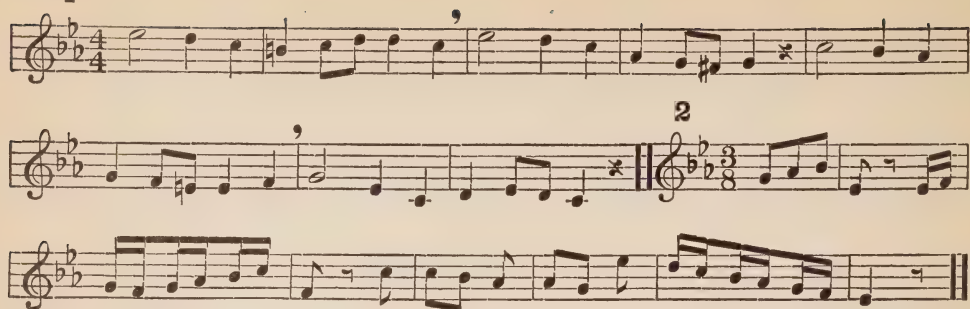


neigh - bor, is bus - y all day. When the sweet morn is be -
spar - row, a neigh - bor of mine. Close by the lat - tice, a -
sing - ing a - mong the green leaves, Blithe lit - tle neigh - bors, so



gin - ning to gleam, Thro' the white blos - soms he flits like a dream.
mong the green boughs, Rocks, like a cra - dle, her snug lit - tle house.
mer - ry and free, Spar - row and Rob - in and Swal - low and Bee.



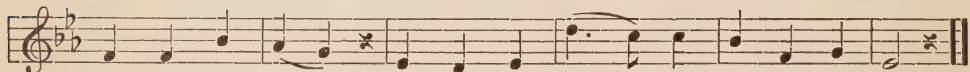


THE WIND

A. POLENZ



1. I am the wind And I come ver - y fast; Thro' the tall wood I
2. Sometimes I'm soft As a sweet gen - tle child; I play with flowers, Am
3. Loud and more loud All at once I can roar; If you'd be qui - et, Close



blow a loud blast, Thro' the tall wood I blow a loud blast.
 qui - et and mild, I play with flow - ers, Am qui - et and mild.
 win - dow and door, If you'd be qui - et, Close win - dow and door.

TO THE RIVER

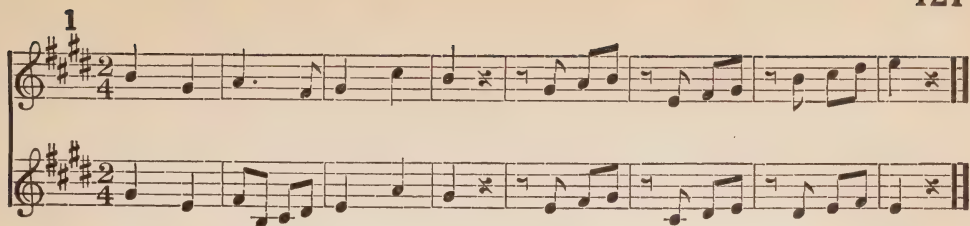
SUSAN JEWETT



1. Gen - tle riv - er, gen - tle riv - er, Tell me, whith - er do you glide
2. You for man - y a mile must wan - der Man - y a love - ly pros - pect see;
3. Tell me, if you can re - mem - ber Where your hap - py life be - gan,



Thro' the green and sun - ny meadows, With your sweetly murm'ring tide?
 Gen - tle riv - er, gen - tle riv - er, O how hap - py you must be!
 When at first from some high mountain Like a sil - ver thread you ran.



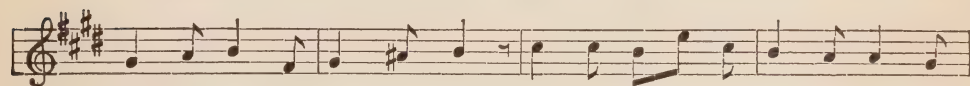
THE HEAVENLY FATHER



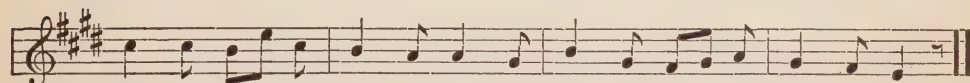
1. Can you count the stars that bright-ly Twin - kle in the
 2. Do you know how man - y chil - dren Rise each morn - ing,



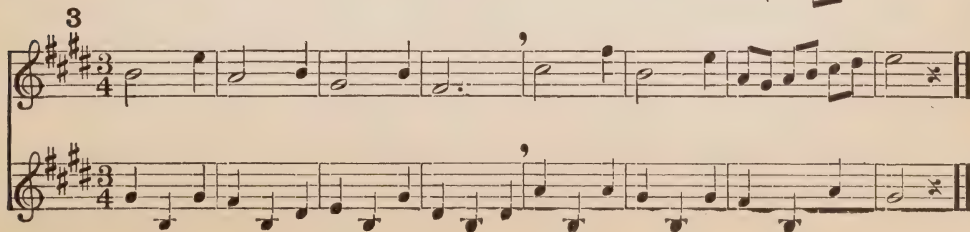
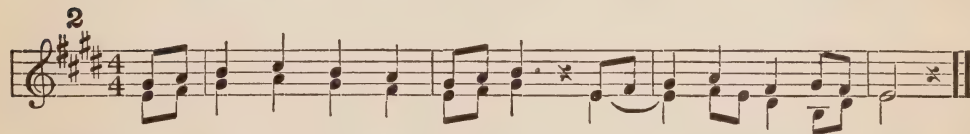
mid - night sky? Can you count the clouds so light - ly
 blithe and gay? Can you count the myr - iad voic - es



O'er the meadows float-ing by? God the Lord doth mark their number
 Sing-ing sweet-ly day by day? God hears all the youthful voic-es,

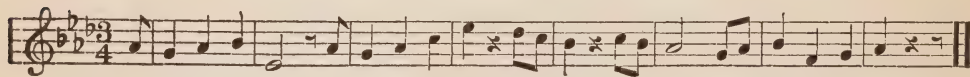


With his eyes, that nev - er slum-ber; He hath made them, ev - 'ry one.
 In their blithesome songs rejoic - es; He doth love them, ev - 'ry one.

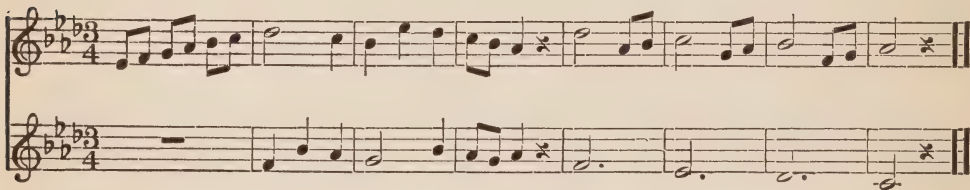




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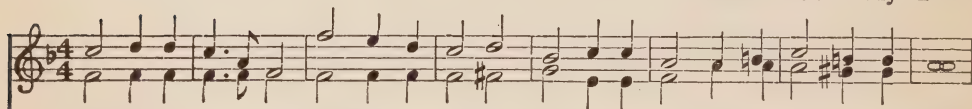


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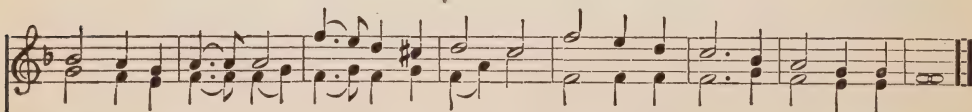
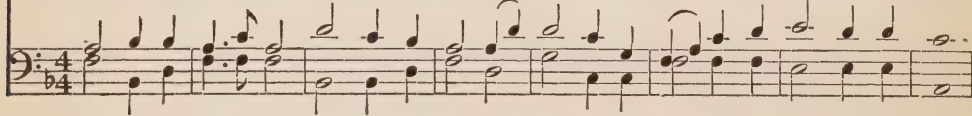


GOD EVER GLORIOUS

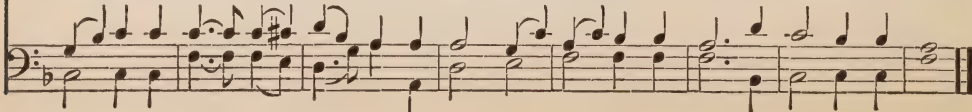
Russian National Hymn



1. God ev-er glo-ri-ous, Sov'reign of na-tions, Wav-ing the ban-ner of peace o'er the land,
2. Still may Thy blessings rest, Father most ho-ly, O-ver each mountain, rock, river, and shore.



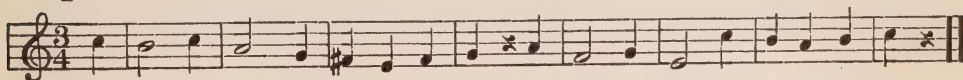
- Thine is the vic-to-ry, Thine the sal-va-tion, Strong to de-liv-er, Own we Thine hand.
Sing hal-le-lu-jah, Shout in ho-san-nas, God keep our coun-try Free ev-er-more.



SECOND SECTION

Progressions through Flat-Seven and Sharp-Four. The Half-Note as a Beat-Unit

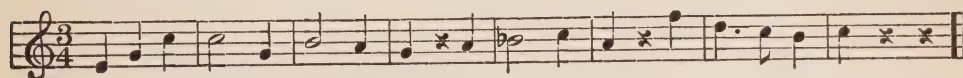
1



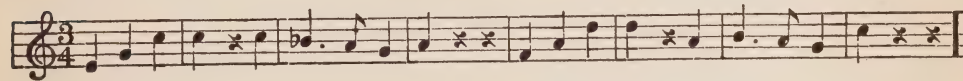
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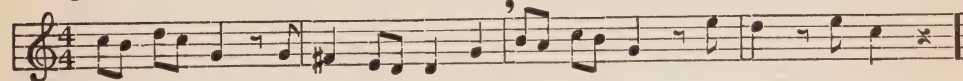
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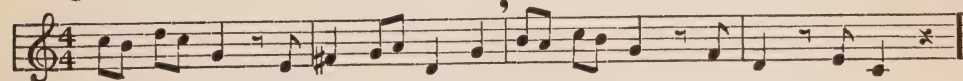
4



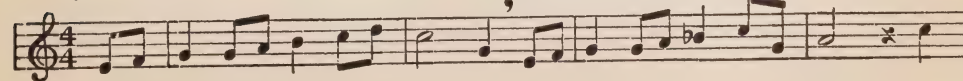
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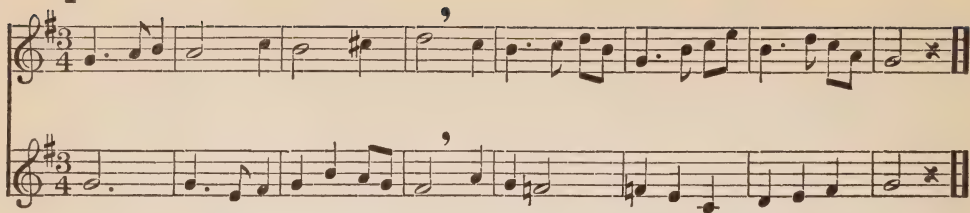


6



7

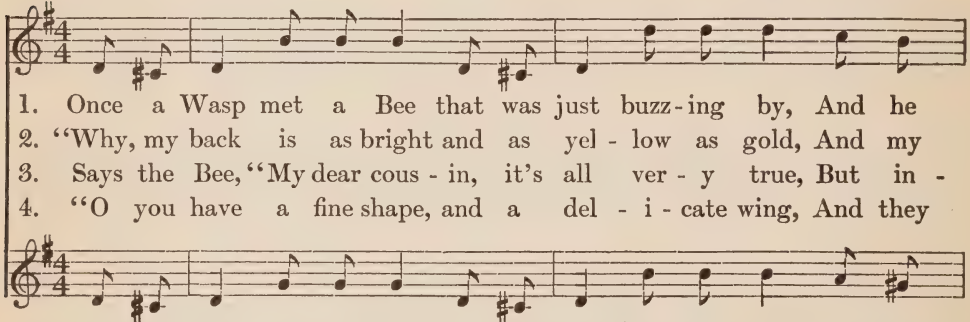




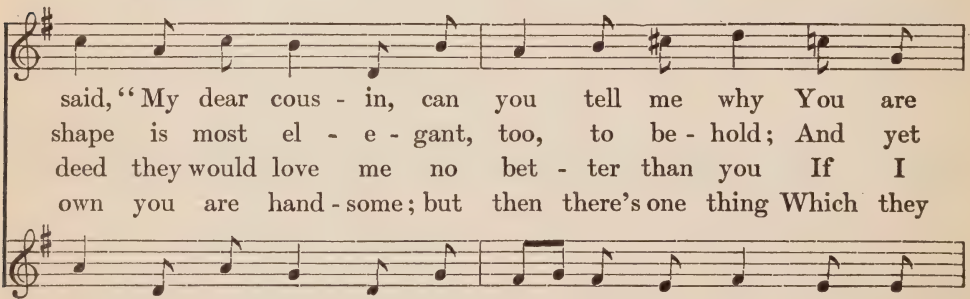
THE WASP AND THE BEE

ANN and JANE TAYLOR

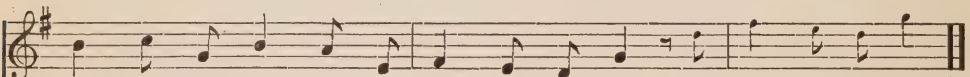
HENRY R. GILLET



1. Once a Wasp met a Bee that was just buzz-ing by, And he
2. "Why, my back is as bright and as yel-low as gold, And my
3. Says the Bee, "My dear cous-in, it's all ver-y true, But in-
4. "O you have a fine shape, and a del-i-cate wing, And they



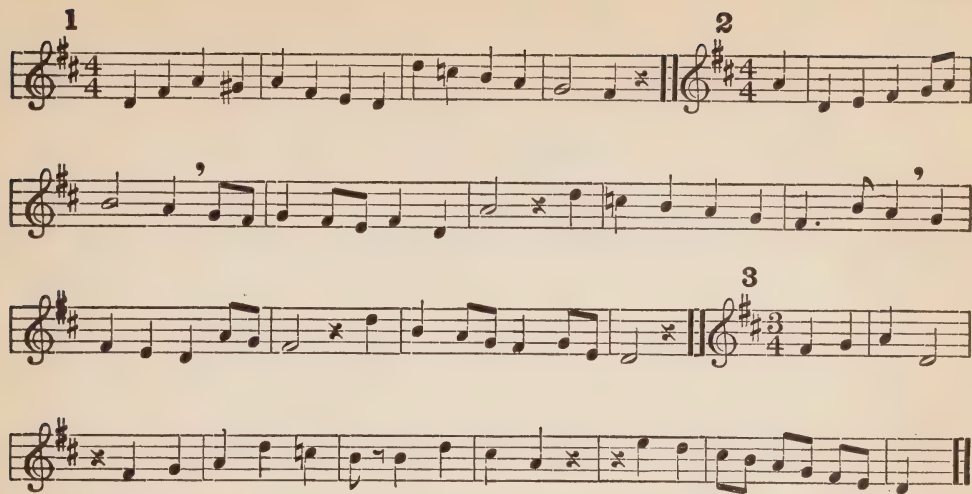
said, "My dear cous-in, can you tell me why You are
shape is most el-e-gant, too, to be-hold; And yet
deed they would love me no bet-ter than you If I
own you are hand-some; but then there's one thing Which they



loved so much bet-ter by peo-ple than I?" Z - z - z - z - z!
no-bo-dy likes me for that, I am told." Z - z - z - z - z!
found on-ly half as much mis-chief to do!" Z - z - z - z - z!
can not put up with, and that is your sting!" Z - z - z - z - z!

(or an octave lower)





FATHER IN HEAVEN, WE THANK THEE

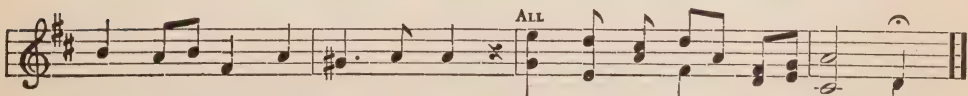
CHARLES E. MATHER



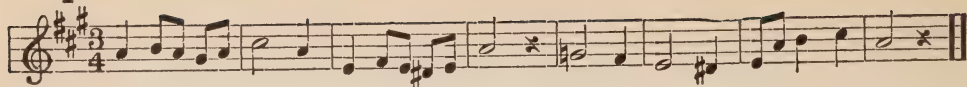
1. For flowers that bloom a - bout our feet, For ten - der grass, so
2. For blue of stream and blue of sky, For pleas - ant shade of
3. For moth - er - love and fa - ther - care, For broth - ers strong and
4. For this new morn - ing with its light, For rest and shel - ter



fresh, so sweet, For song of bird and hum of bee, For
 branch - es high, For fra - grant air and cool - ing breeze, For
 sis - ters fair, For love at home and here each day, For
 of the night, For health and food, for love and friends, For

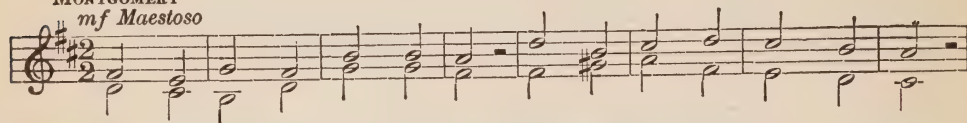


all things fair we hear or see, Fa - ther in Heav'n, we thank thee.
 beau - ty of the blooming trees, Fa - ther in Heav'n, we thank thee.
 guid - ance lest we go a - stray, Fa - ther in Heav'n, we thank thee.
 ev - 'ry - thing thy good - ness sends, Fa - ther in Heav'n, we thank thee.



PRAISE SONG

MONTGOMERY

mf Maestoso

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jah's rang,
2. Heav'n and earth must pass a - way, Songs of praise shall crown that day,
3. Here be - low with heart and voice We in songs of praise re - joice,

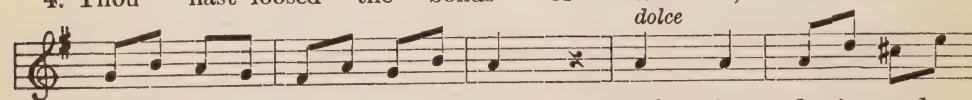


When Je - ho-vah's work be - gun, When He spoke and it was done.
 God will make new heav'ns and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 Learn-ing thus by faith and love Songs of praise to sing a - bove.

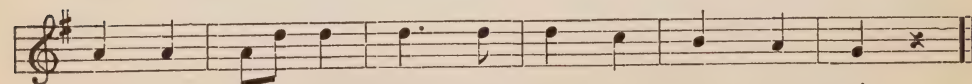
SPRING RAIN

Allegro

1. Soft spring rain is light - ly fall - ing O'er the
2. Breez - es blew, and sun - shine coax - ing Called the
3. Wood and mead - ow, now re - joic - ing, Robes of
4. Thou hast loosed the bonds of win - ter, Ah! so



wood - land, on the plain, Wak - 'ning flow'rs, and
 blos - soms, but in vain; For thy sil - v'ry
 gay - est em - 'rald wear, And with spring's de -
 gen - tly, soft spring rain; Now the free world



grass - es long - ing Stretch glad arms to you a - gain.
 voice they wait - ed, And thy tap - ping, soft spring rain.
 light - ful mu - sic Ti - ny war - blers fill the air.
 wak - eth, sing - eth, And the sun - shine smiles a - gain.

1

2

3

4

5

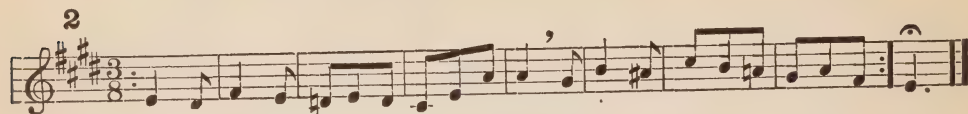
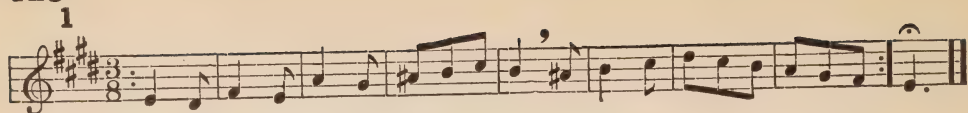
ANOTHER YEAR IS DAWNING

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

M. VULPIUS

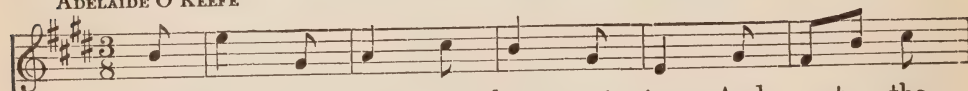
1. An - oth - er year is dawn - ing; Dear Mas - ter, let it be .
2. An - oth - er year of prog - ress, An - oth - er year of praise;
3. An - oth - er year of serv - ice, Of wit - ness for thy love;

In work - ing or in wait - ing, An - oth - er year with thee.
 An - oth - er year of prov - ing, Thy pres - ence all the days.
 An - oth - er year of train - ing For ho - lier work a - bove.



SOMETHING

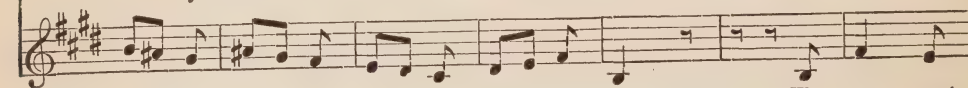
ADELAIDE O'KEEFE



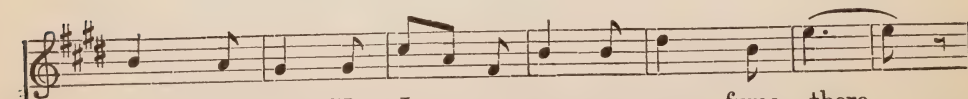
1. The wind blows down the larg - est tree, And yet the
2. Blithe Rob - in's notes how sweet, how clear! From his small
3. When I would do what is for - bid, By some - thing



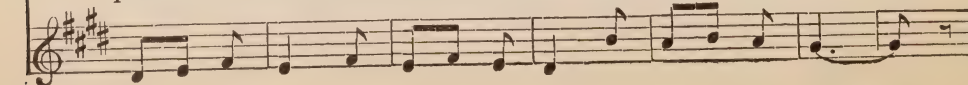
wind I can not see!	The charm-ing rose scents
bill they reach my ear,	And while up - on the
in my heart I'm chid;	When good I think, then



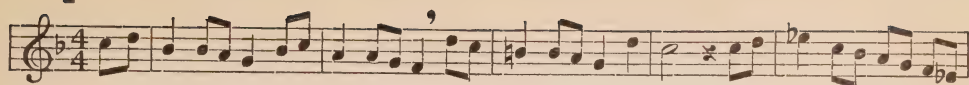
can not see, I can not see!	The rose scents
reach my ear, they reach my ear,	As on the
heart I'm chid, I'm al - ways chid;	When good then



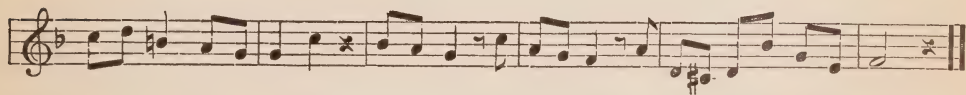
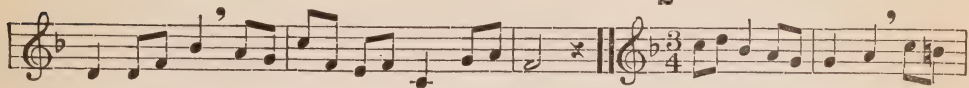
all the air, Yet I can see no per - fume there.
 air they float, I hear, yet can not see a note.
 quick and pat, That some - thing says, "My child, do that!"



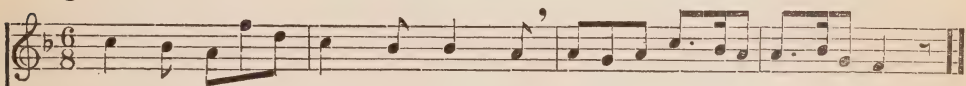
1



2

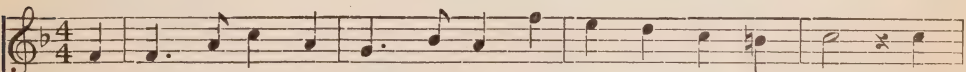


3



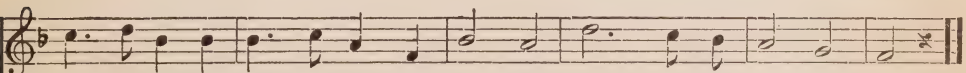
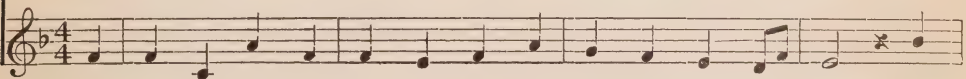
THE NORTHERN SEAS

WILLIAM HOWITT



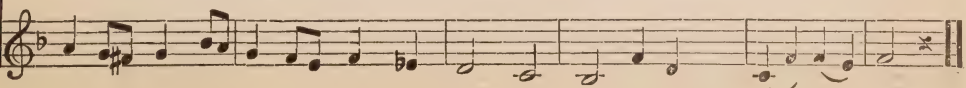
1. Up! up! let us a voy - age take; Why sit we here at ease? Let's

2. I long to see the North-ern Lights With rushing splendors fly, Like

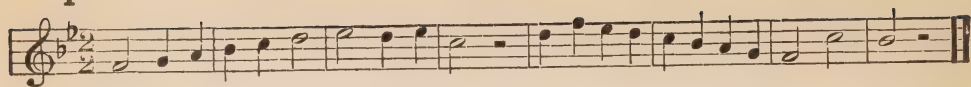


find a ves - sel tight and strong, A ves - sel bound for the Northern Seas.

liv - ing things, with flaming wings, With flaming wings o'er the wondrous sky.



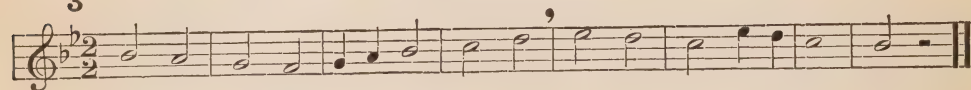
1



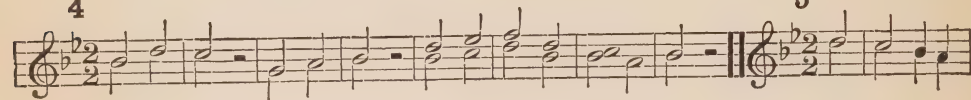
2



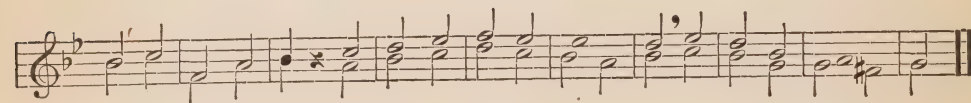
3



4



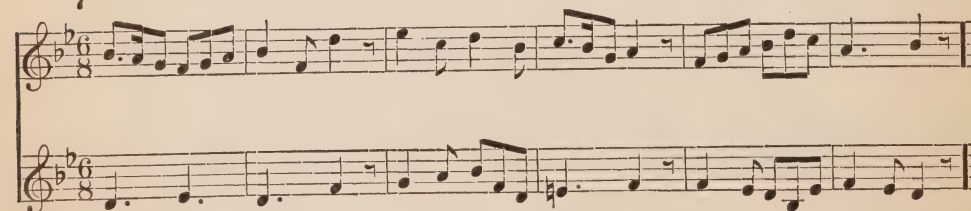
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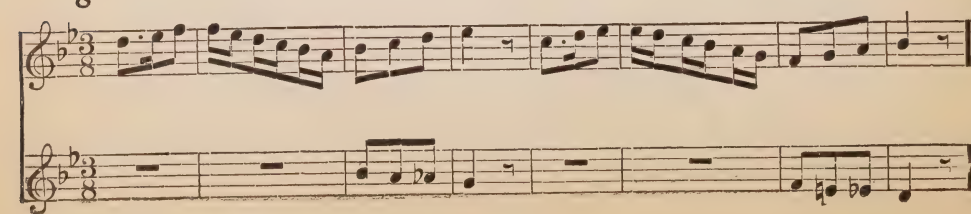
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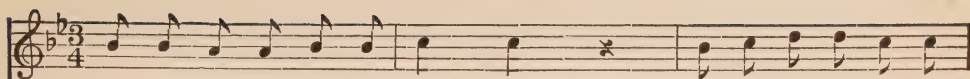
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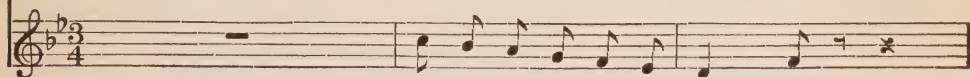
8



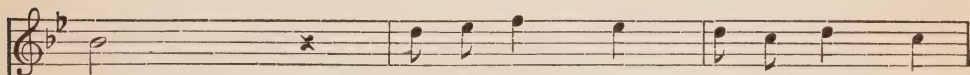
DISTANT BELLS



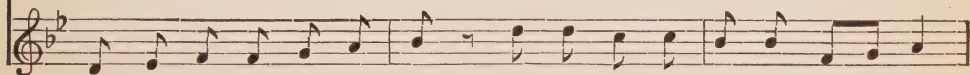
1. Distant bells are soft - ly peal - ing, Peal-ing o'er the az - ure
 2. As we lis - ten to their meas - ures, Like the flow of ves-per



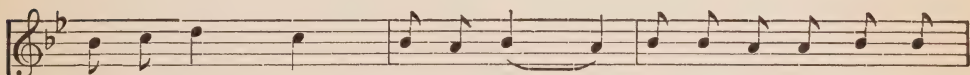
Dis-tant bells are soft - ly peal - ing,
 As we lis - ten to their meas - ures,



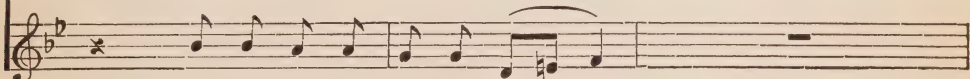
deep; Seem they like sweet voi - ces steal - ing
 chimes, Voi-ces which the mem'ry treas - ures



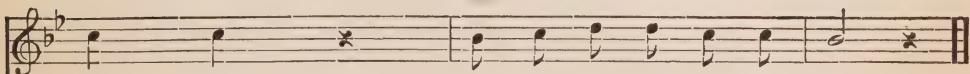
Peal - ing o'er the az - ure deep; Seem they like sweet voi - ces steal - ing
 Like the flow of ves - per chimes; Voi - ces which the mem'ry treas - ures



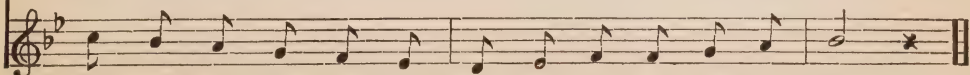
From the shores of night and sleep; Seem they like sweet voices
 Seem to float from hap - pier climes; Voi - ces which the mem'ry



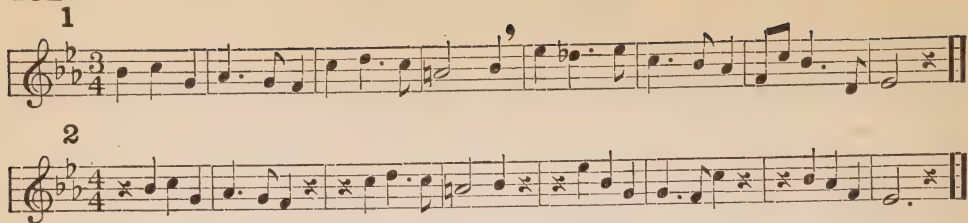
From the shores of night and sleep; . . .
 Seem to float from hap - pier climes; . .



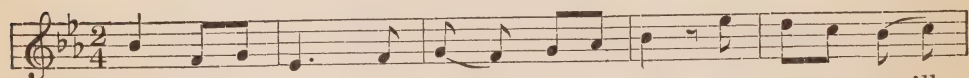
steal - ing From the shores of night and sleep.
 treas - ures Seem to float from hap-pier climes.



Seem they like sweet voi - ces From the shores of night and sleep.
 Voi - ces which it treas - ures Seem to float from hap - pier climes.



THE WEATHER-COCK'S COMPLAINT



1. "Creak, creak, creak," we hear him say, "To - mor - row 'll
2. "Creak, creak, creak," the tin bird cries, "In some few
3. "Creak, creak, creak," the weath-er - cock growls, "I am the

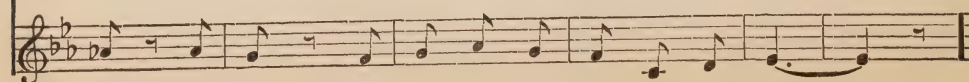
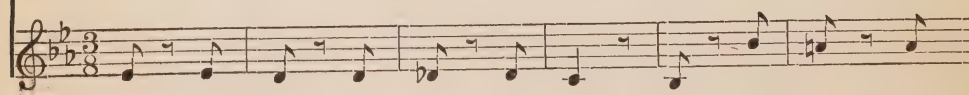
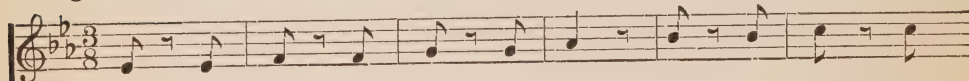


be like yes - ter - day, — It's now to the east, and
signs the se - cret lies; When wind's from the west, there's
most ill - used of fowls; I nev - er fore-told bad



now to the west—One nev - er has an - y qui - et or rest."
noth-ing to fear; When wind is east, then a storm must be near."
weath-er yet But you went in, while I got wet."

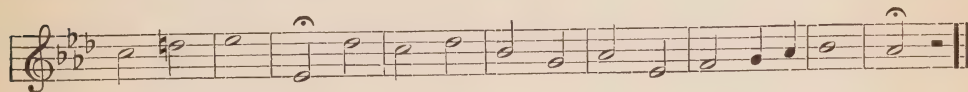
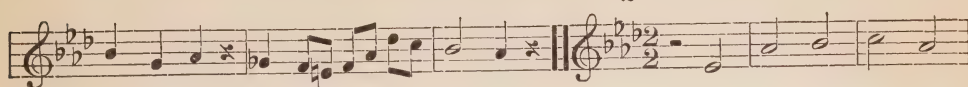
3



1



2



3



THE HUMMING BIRD

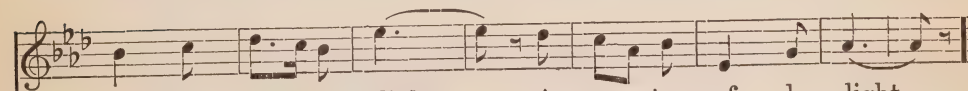
MARY HOWITT



1. The Hum - ming bird! the hum-ming bird! So fai - ry -
2. In ra - dian - is - lands of the East, Where fra - grant
3. Like liv - ing fires they flit a - bout, Scarce lar - ger

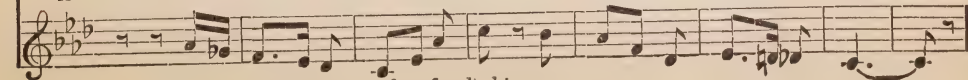


like and bright; It lives a - mong the sun - ny flow'rs, A
 spic - es grow, A thou-sand, thou-sand hum-ming birds Go
 than a bee, A - mong the broad pal - met - to leaves And



crea - ture of de - light, . . A crea-ture of de - light. .
 glanc - ing to and fro, . . . Go glanc-ing to and fro. . .
 through the fan-palm tree, . . And thro' the fan - palm tree. .

II



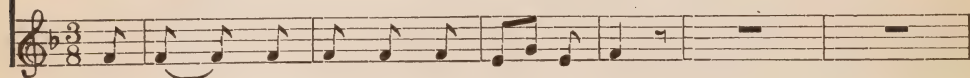
A crea-ture of de - light,
 Go glanc - ing to and fro,
 And through the fan-palm tree,

HUSH-A-BYE, HUSH!

W. B. RANDS

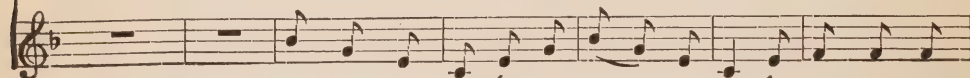


1. The wind whis-tled loud at the win-dow pane, Go a-way, wind, and
2. The i - vy tapped at the win-dow pane, Si - lence, i - vy, and
3. A dream-show rode in on a moonbeam white, Go a-way, dreams, and

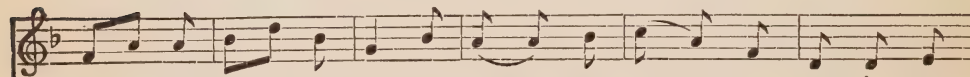


let me sleep!
let me sleep!
let me sleep!

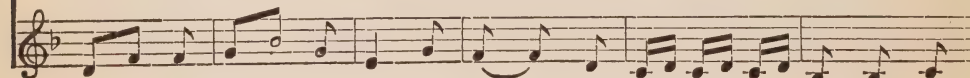
Ruf - - fle the plain! Hush - a - bye,
Pat - - ter like rain? Hush - a - bye,
You . . . are too bright! Hush - a - bye,



Ruf - fle the green grass bil-low-y plain!
Why do you pat-ter like drops of rain?
You are too gay and gold - en bright!



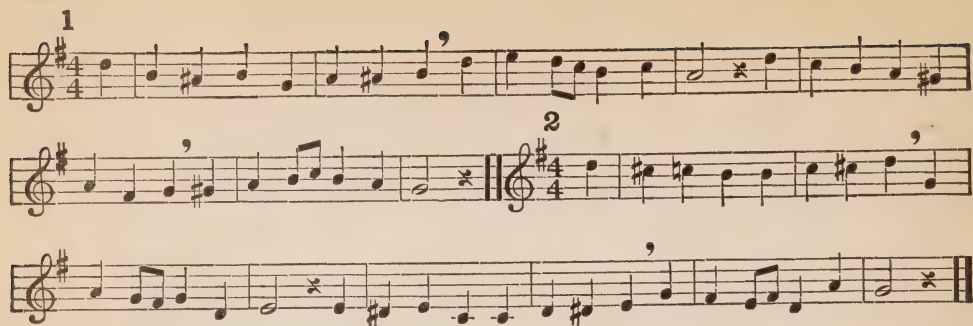
hush! The wind is fled, The wind can-not ruf-fle the soft, smooth
hush! The leaves lie still, The moon is walk - ing o - ver the
hush! The dream is fled, A shin - ing an - gel guards the



bed! Now sleep! . . . Hush thee, my dar - ling, hush thee, sleep!
hill! Now sleep! . . . Hush thee, my dar - ling, hush thee, sleep!
bed! Now sleep! . . . Hush thee, my dar - ling, hush thee, sleep!

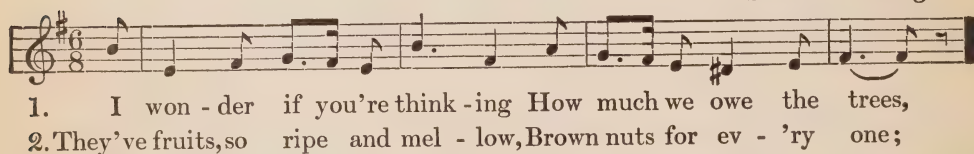


Now sleep, sleep!



THE TREES

Swedish Folksong



1. I won - der if you're think - ing How much we owe the trees,
2. They've fruits, so ripe and mel - low, Brown nuts for ev - 'ry one;



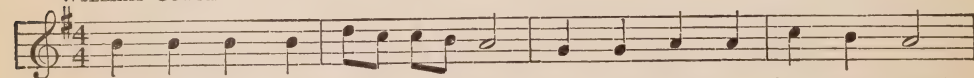
With green leaves light - ly danc - ing And whisp - 'ring, to the breeze.
And shel - ter from the win - ter's cold And sum - mer's burn - ing sun.



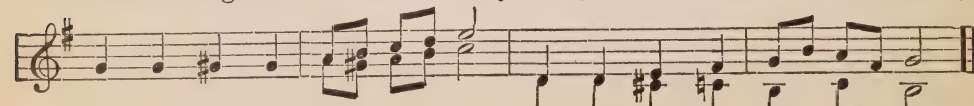
THE CRICKET

WILLIAM COWPER

W. A. MOZART

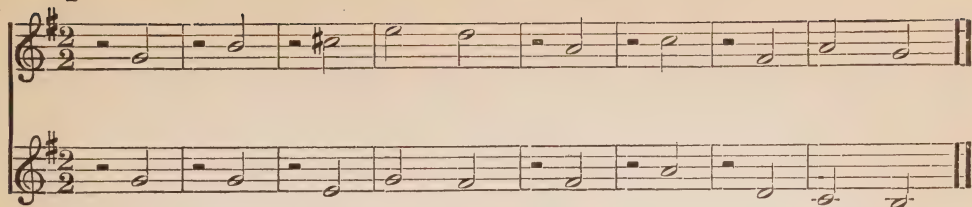


1. Lit - tle in - mate, full of mirth, Chirp - ing on my kit - chen hearth,
2. Pay me for thy warm re - treat With a song more soft and sweet;
3. Nei - ther night nor dawn of day Brings an end - ing to thy play!



Where - so - e'er be thine a - bode, Al - ways har - bin - ger of good.
In re - turn thou shalt re - ceive Such a strain as I can give.
Sing then, and ex - tend thy span Far be - yond the date of man.

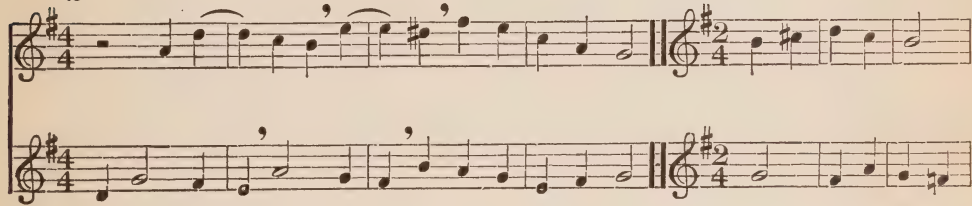
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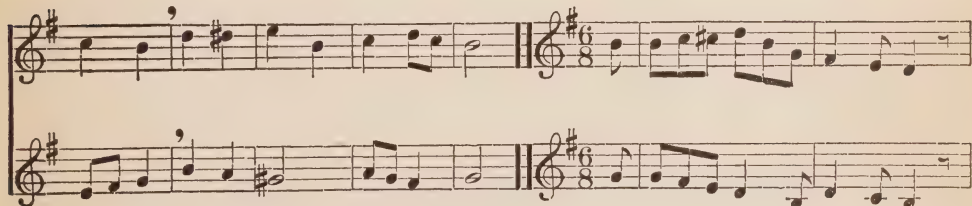
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3



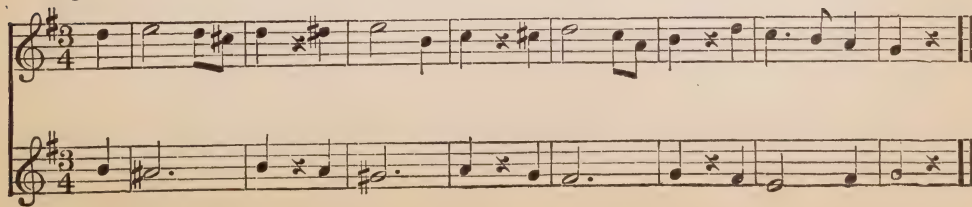
4



5



6



A TREE TOP DUET

MARSHALL BARTHOLOMEW

Animato *mf*

A bob-o - link and a

poco piu lento

chick-a - dee - dee Sang a sweet du - et in an ap- ple tree; "When I'm

in good voice," said the chick-a-dee - dee, "I can sing like you to high

mf doloroso

C, high C. But I've caught such a cold, that for love or for gold, I can

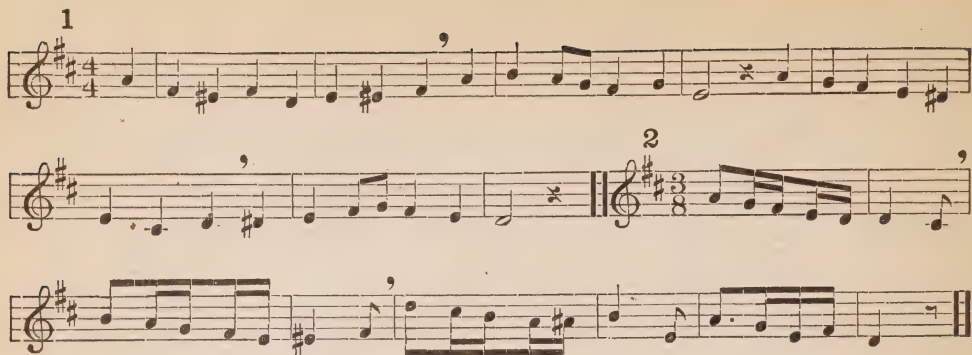
mf

molto rit. *f Animato*

on - ly sing chick - a - dee chick-a-dee, I can on - ly sing chick-a -

dee - dee - dee!"

f



WE SHOULD BE SATISFIED



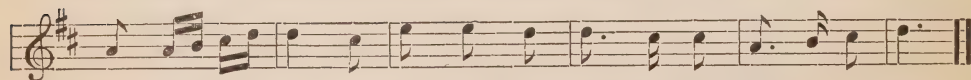
1. We should be sat - is - fied when it is rain - ing; We should be comforted
2. We should be grat - i - fied when it is rain - ing; We should sing mer - ri - ly



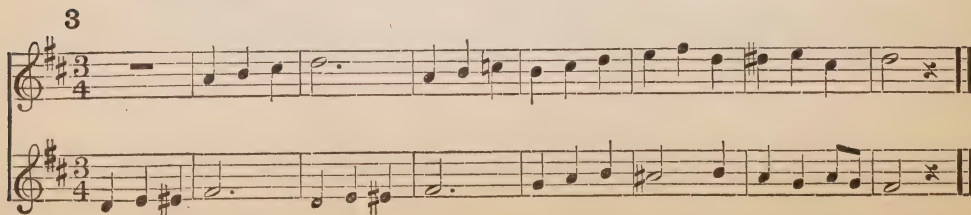
when it is wet—Think of the glo - ry the riv - ers are gain - ing;
when the winds blow—Ships on the o - cean de - pend for their go - ing;



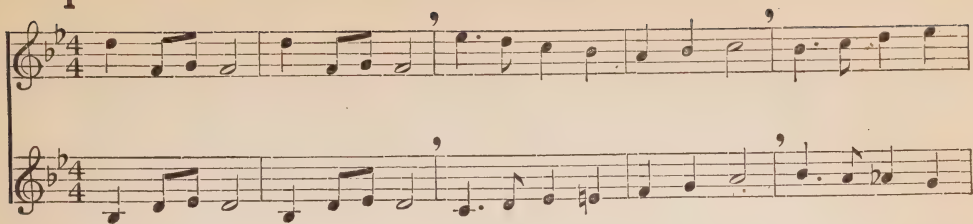
Think of the good that the gar - dens will get. We should sigh thankfully
For - ests a - rise from the seeds that they sow. Noth - ing in na - ture is



when it is sun - ny; We should judge thoughtfully when it is dry.
awk - ward or fun - ny; All is to hon - or the Ma - ker on High.



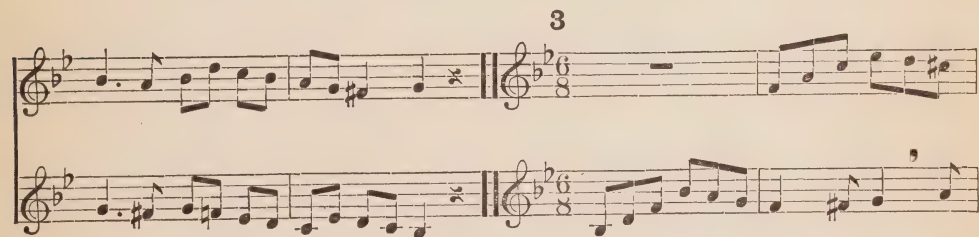
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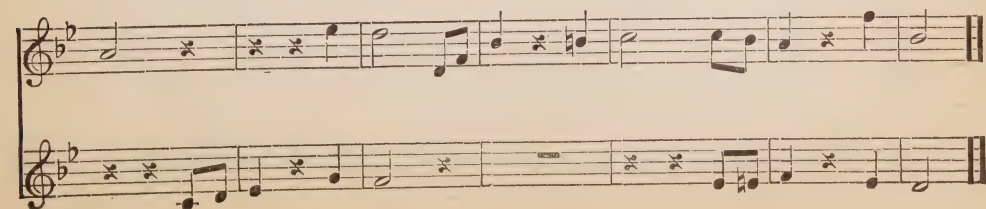
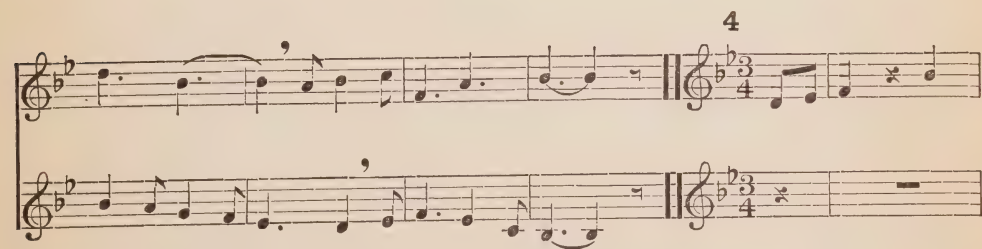
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3

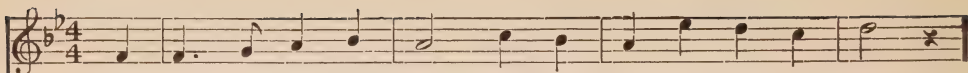


4



SPRING SONG

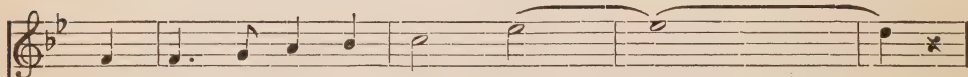
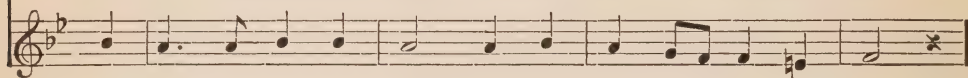
CELIA L. THAXTER



1. The al - der by the riv - er Shakes out her pow-d'ry curls;
2. The gay green grass comes creep-ing So soft be-neath their feet;
3. And just as ma - ny dai - sies As their soft hands can hold,



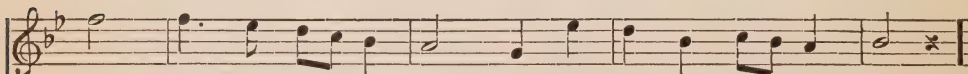
The wil - low buds in sil - ver For lit - tle boys and girls.
 The frogs be - gin to rip - ple A mu - sic clear and sweet;
 The lit - tle ones may gath - er, All fair in white and gold.



The lit - tle birds fly o - ver,
 And but - ter-cups are com - ing,
 Here blows the warm, red clo - ver,



And O how sweet they sing!
 And scar - let col - um - bine,
 There peeps the vio - let blue;

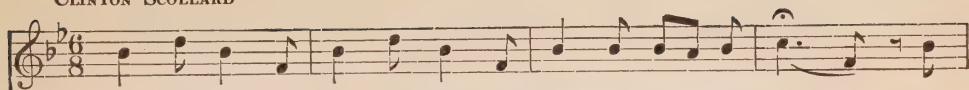


To tell the hap - py chil - dren That once a - gain 'tis spring.
 And in the sun - ny mead - ows The dan - de - li - ons shine.
 O hap - py lit - tle chil - dren, God made them all for you.

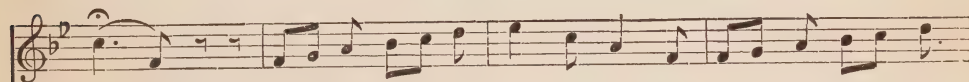
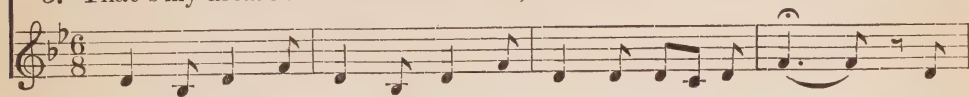


A RAIN SONG

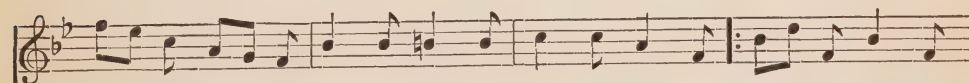
CLINTON SCOLLARD



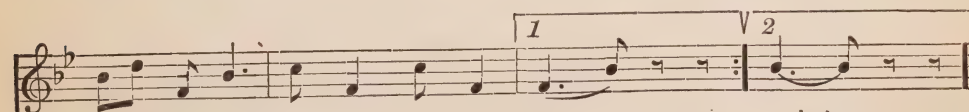
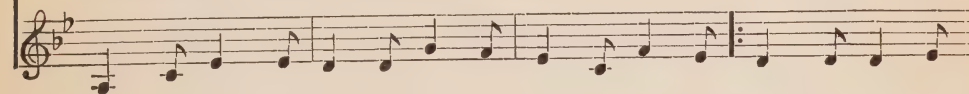
1. Don't you love to lie and lis - ten, Lis - ten to the rain, the
2. Yes, I love to lie and lis - ten, Lis - ten to the rain, the
3. That's my dream the while I lis - ten, Lis - ten to the rain, the



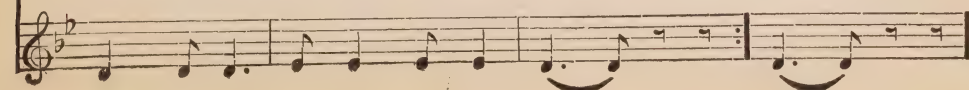
rain? With its lit - tle pit - ter, pat - ter, And its ti - ny
 rain. It's the fair - ies, Pert and Pluc - ky, Nib and Nim - ble -
 rain. I can see them run - ning ra - ces, I can watch their

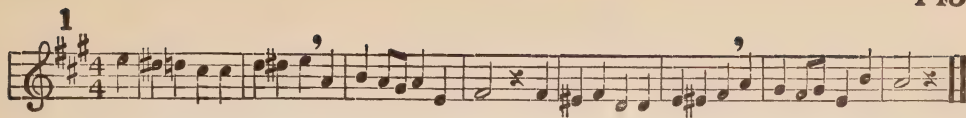


clat - ter, clat - ter, And its sil - v'ry spat - ter, spat - ter, On the roof and
 toes and Luck - y, Trip and Thimble - nose and Tuck - y — On the roof and
 laughing fa - ces At their glee - ful games and gra - ces, On the roof and



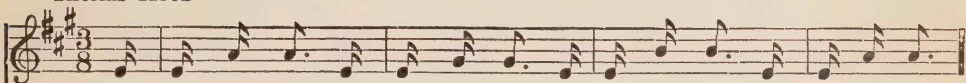
on the pane? Pat - ter, pat - ter, rain! rain!
 on the pane. Pat - ter, pat - ter, rain! rain!
 on the pane. Pat - ter, pat - ter, rain! rain!





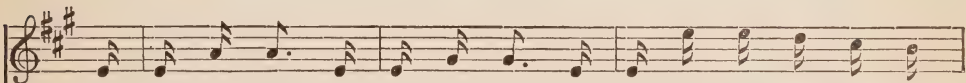
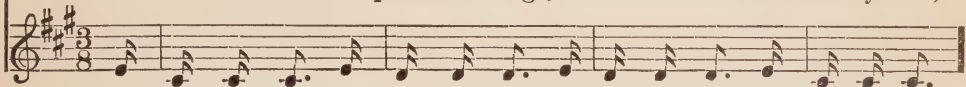
QUEEN MAB

THOMAS HOOD

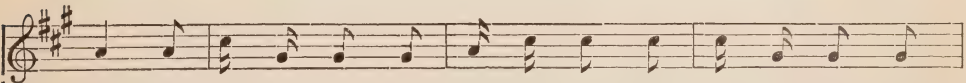
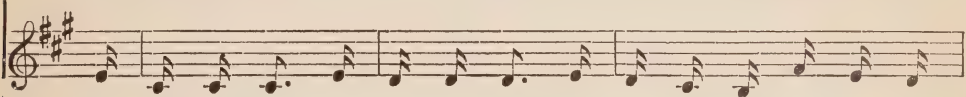


1. A lit - tle fair - y comes at night, Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,

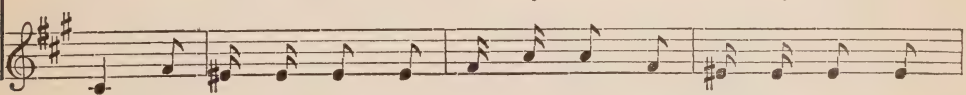
2. And then it dreams of pleasant things, Of fountains fill'd with fairy fish,



With sil - ver spots up - on her wings, And from the moon she flut - ters
And trees that bear de - li-cious fruit And bow their branches at a



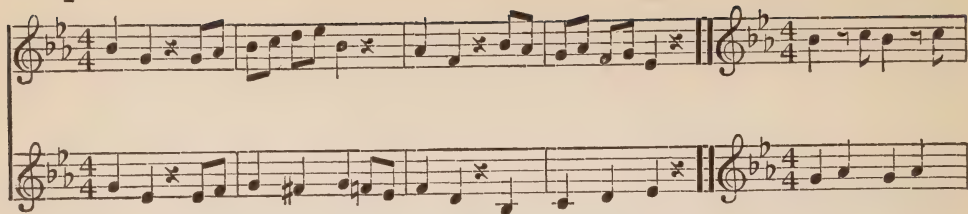
down. She has a lit - tle sil - ver wand, And when a good child
wish: Of ar - bors fill'd with dain - ty scents From love - ly flow'rs that



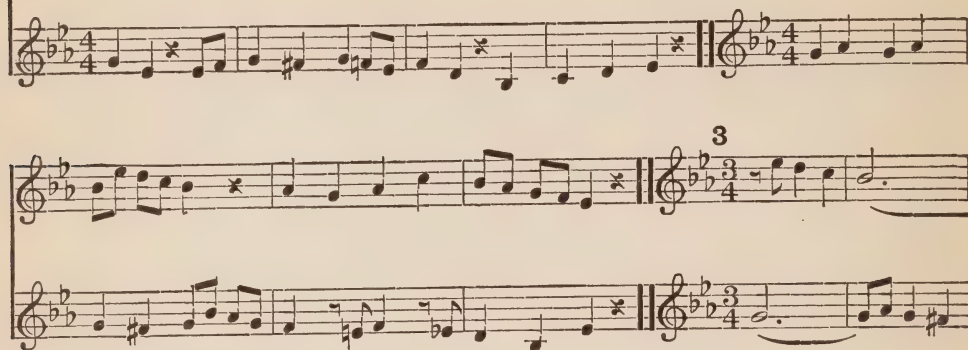
goes to bed She makes a cir - cle round its head.
nev - er fade; Of glow-worms shin - ing in the shade.



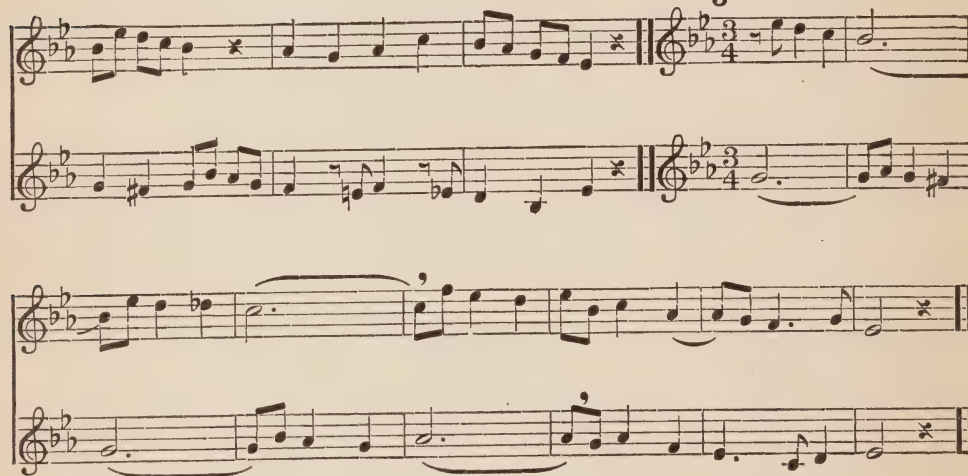
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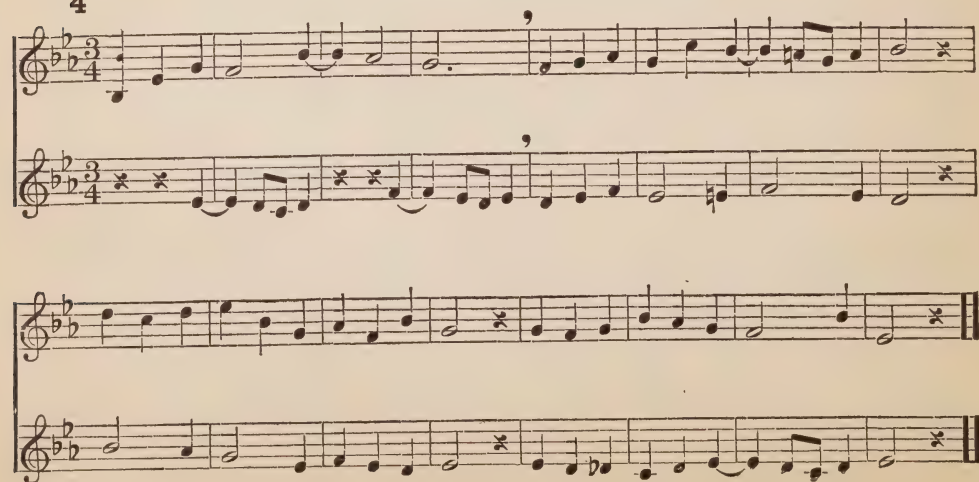
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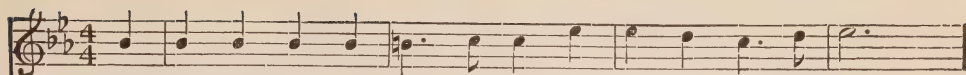
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4



CRY-LANGUAGE



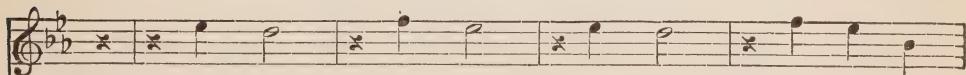
1. The ba - bies cry in queer Ja - pan, The ba - bies cry in Rome,
2. They cry in warm A - ra - bi - a, They cry in Newfoundland,
3. Now whether off on Si - na - i, Or just in Ger - ma - ny,

ba - bies cry in Rome,
cry in Newfoundland,
just in Ger - ma - ny,

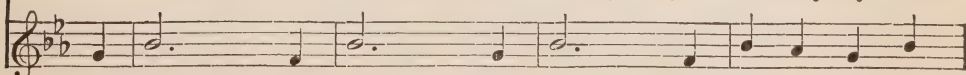


The ba - bies cry in Hin - du - stan, They al - so cry at home.
In Af - ri - ca, Ca - la - bri - a, And on the des - ert sand.
The language that the ba - bies cry Is all a - like to me.

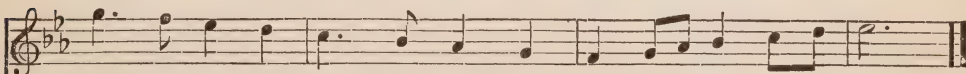
al - so cry at home.
on the des - ert sand.
all a - like to me.



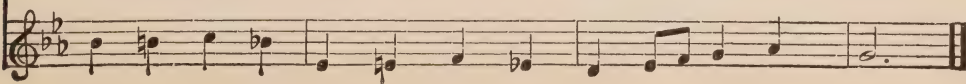
They cry, they cry, they cry, they cry! The
They cry, they cry, they cry, they cry! In
They cry, they cry, they cry, they cry! The



They cry, they cry, they cry, they cry!



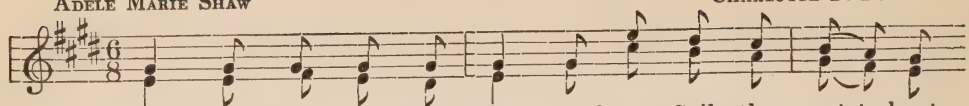
ba - bies cry in Hin - du - stan, They al - so cry at home.
Af - ri - ca, Ca - la - bri - a, And on the des - ert sand.
lan - guage that the ba - bies cry Is all a - like to me.



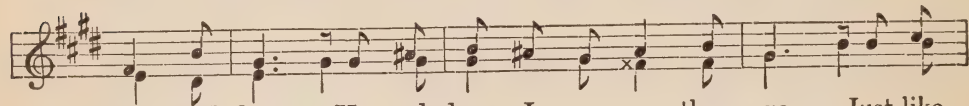
BOATING SONG

ADELE MARIE SHAW

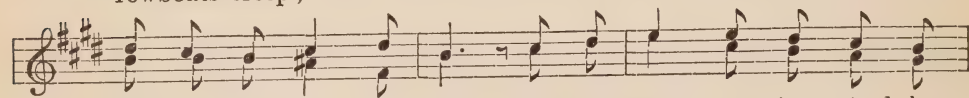
CHARLOTTE F. FUREY



1. In and out by the shore so brown Sail the pret-ty boats
 2. In and out of the har - bor deep, Slow and safe the



up and down; Up and down I can see them go, Just like
 rowboats creep; In and out — an i - dle thron — La - zily



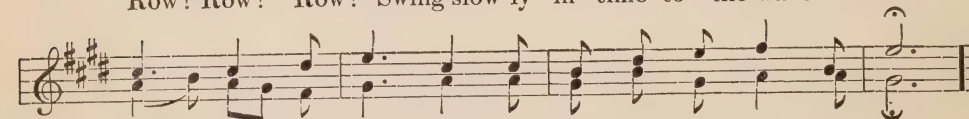
birds that are fly - ing low — For their sails are wings; And they
 float - ing the whole day long. And the row - ers bend To the



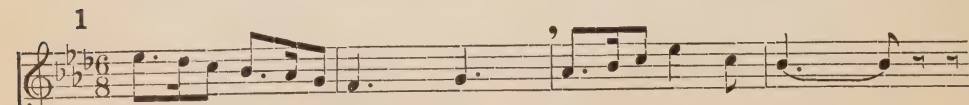
dip and fly, While the big wave sings And the wind is high!
 bend - ing oar, And a hail they send To the friend - ly shore.



Blow! Blow! Blow! The sea - gulls wheel in the wind - y sky!
 Row! Row! Row! Swing slow - ly in time to the waves that flow.



Blow! Blow them near - er, The boats that go sail - ing by!
 Row! Row! The mu - sic Of oars sets my heart a - glow!

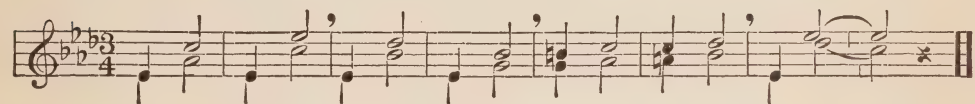




1



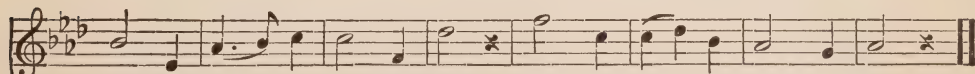
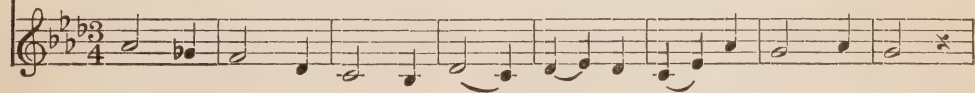
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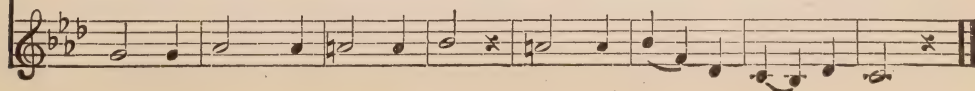
APRIL'S COMING UP THE HILL



1. Now the nois - y winds are still; A - pril's com - ing up the hill!
2. First the blue and then the shower; Bursting bud, and smil - ing flow'r;

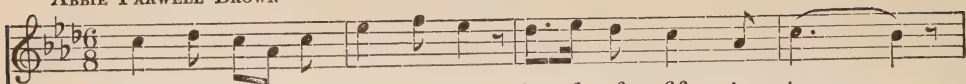


All the spring is in her train, Led by shin - ing ranks of rain.
All things read - y with a will — A - pril's com - ing up the hill!



A SONG OF SATURDAYS

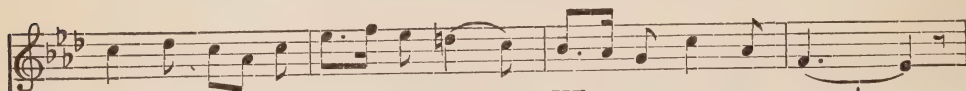
ABBIE FARWELL BROWN



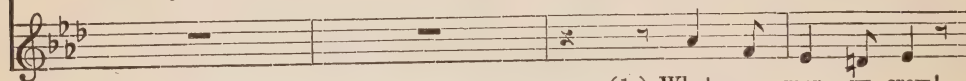
1. Sing a song of Sat - ur - days, Band of fif - ty - two, . .
2. Sing a song of Sat - ur - days, Pearls up - on a chain, . .
3. Sing a song of Sat - ur - days, Ro - ses in a wreath, .



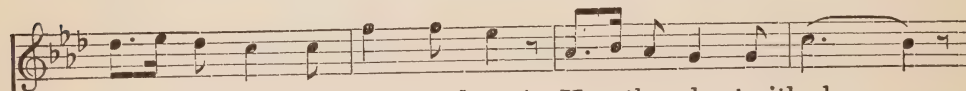
(1.) Band of fif - ty - two,



Join - ing hands a - bout the year, What a mer - ry crew! .
 Hung a - bout the New - Year's neck, When she comes a - gain. .
 Fif - ty - two so big and bright— Who would look be - neath? .



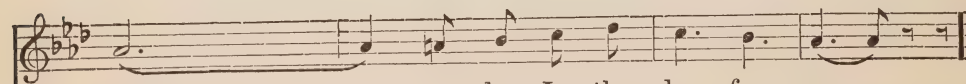
(1.) What a mer - ry crew!



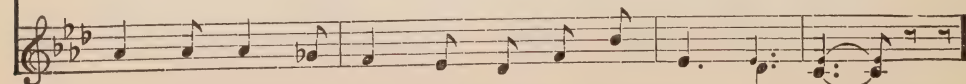
How they make the min - utes dance! How they shout with glee, .
 All a - mong the oth - er beads, Pink or blue or gray, .
 Oth - er days may be as green, Oth - ers bloom as fair, . .



(1.) with glee,



Sat - - - ur - day Is the day for me. .
 O the gleam Of a Sat - ur - day! .
 Sat - - - ur - day We could nev - er spare.



Yes, the hap - py Sat - ur - day Is the day for me. .
 How you love the shin - ing gleam Of a Sat - ur - day! .
 Yet a sin - gle Sat - ur - day We could nev - er spare.

FOURTH SECTION

Further Study of Chromatics, especially Flatted Scale-Degrees

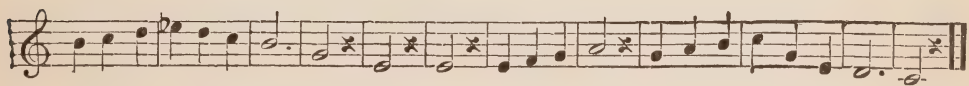
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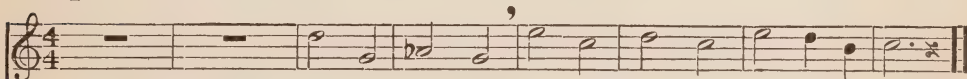
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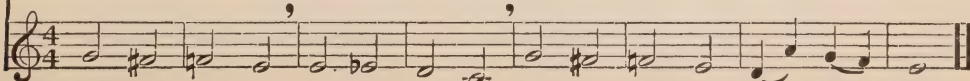
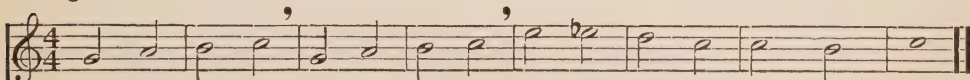
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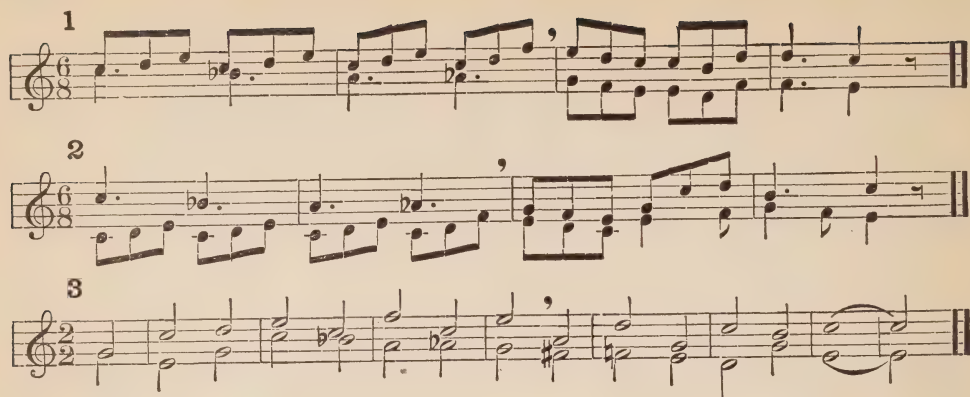


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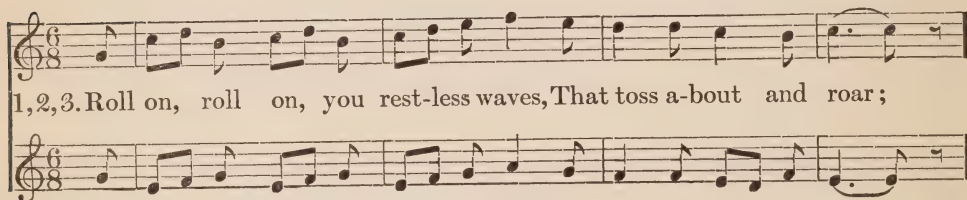
5





THE WAVES

D. F. TREBLIN



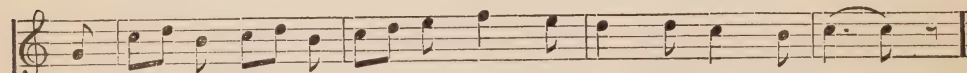
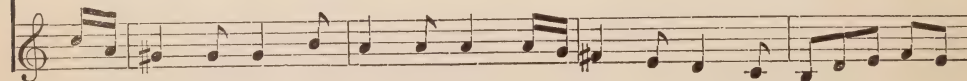
1,2,3. Roll on, roll on, you rest-less waves, That toss a-bout and roar;



Why do you all run back a-gain, When you have reach'd the land? .

Make haste, or else the tide will turn, Make haste, you nois-y sea; . .

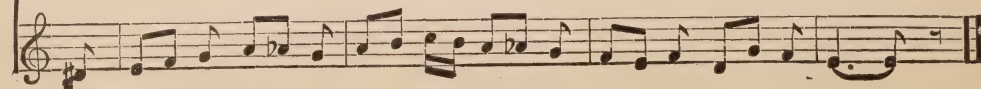
"We must not dare," the waves re-ply: "That line of yel-low sand . .

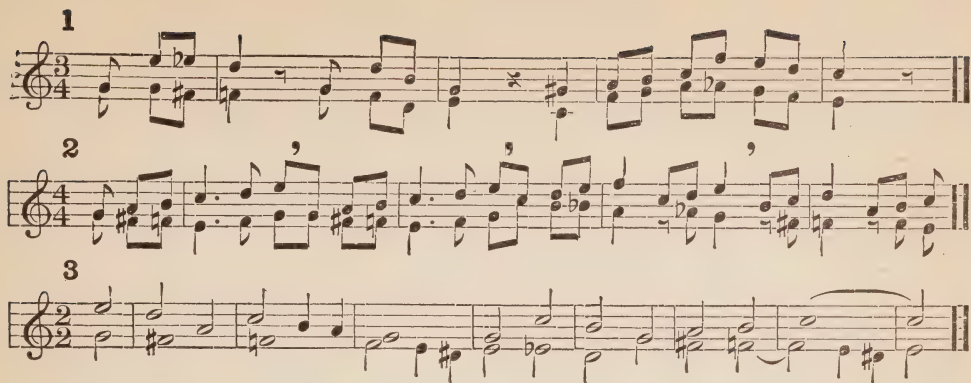


How is it that you can-not pass That line of yel-low sand?

Roll quite a-cross the bank, and then Far on a-cross the lea. .

Is laid a-long the shore to bound The wa-ters and the land."

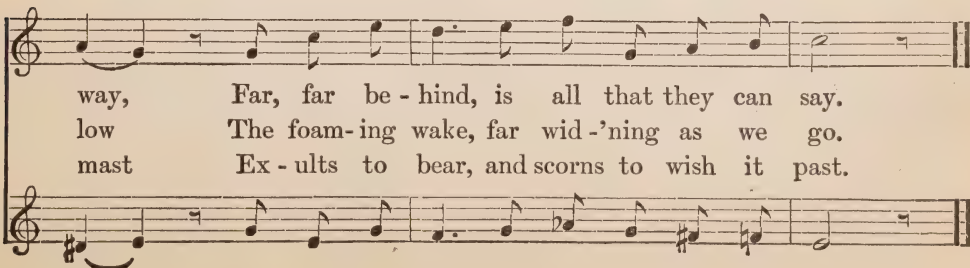
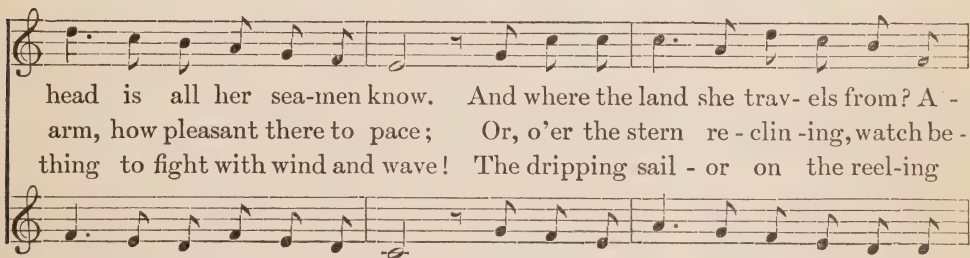
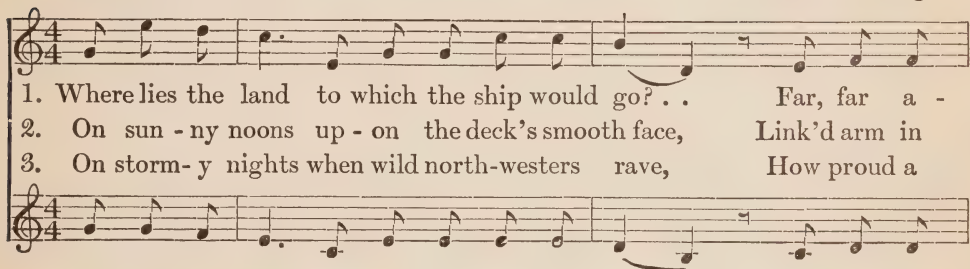




WHERE LIES THE LAND

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Swedish Folksong



GEOGRAPHY SONG

M. B. C. SLADE



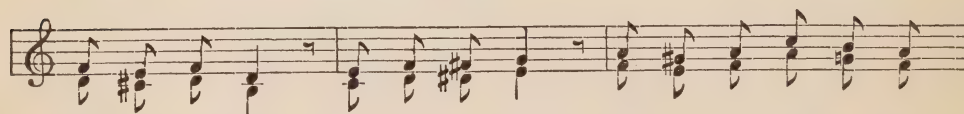
1. O have you heard ge - og - ra - phy sung? For if you've not, it's
2. All o'er the earth are wa - ter and land; Be-neath the ships and
3. All o'er the globe some cir - cles are found; From east to west they
4. O don't you think it's pleasant to know A - bout the sea and



on my tongue; A - bout the earth in air that's hung, All
 where we stand; And far be-yond the o - cean strand Are
 stretch a - round; Some go from north to south-ern bound, Right
 land just so? And how the lines and cir - cles go, Right



covered with green lit-tle is - lands. O - ceans, gulfs and bays and seas;
 thousands of green lit-tle is - lands. Con - ti-nents and capes there are,
 o - ver the green lit-tle is - lands. Great e - qua - tor, trop - ics too,
 o - ver the green lit-tle is - lands? Now you hear how we can sing;



Chan-nels and straits, sounds, if you please, Great ar - chi - pel - a - goes,
 Isth-mus and then pen-in - su - la, Moun-tain and val - ley, and
 Lat - i - tude lines, lon - gi - tude too, Cold po - lar cir - cles, and
 This is, to - day, all we can bring; Next time you vis - it us



too, and all these Are cov-ered with green lit - tle is - lands.
 shore, stretch-ing far, And thousands of green lit - tle is - lands.
 all these go thro' The thousands of green lit - tle is - lands.
 then we shall sing The names of the green lit - tle is - lands.

1

2

3

4

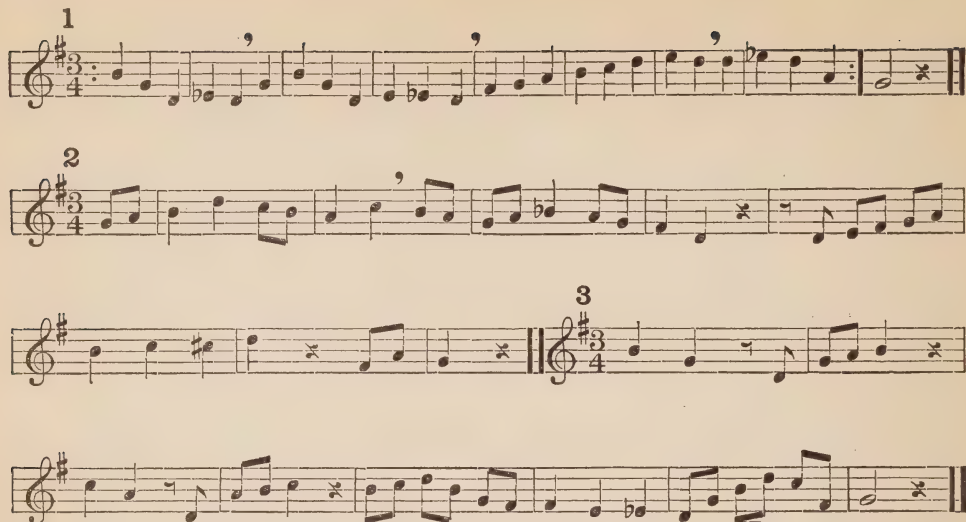
THE BOBOLINK

THOMAS HILL

A. S. GATTY

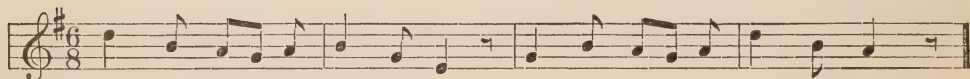
1. Bob-o - link, that in the mead-ow, Or be-neath the orchard's shadow,
2. Bob-o - link, O may thy glad-ness Take from me all taints of sadness ;
3. Fill my soul with trust un-shak-en In the Be'-ing who has tak-en

Pourest forth a joy-ous strain, O wel-come to the North a - gain !
 In thy song, from heav'n a-bove, There comes a word of con - stant love.
 Care for ev - 'ry liv - ing thing, In sum-mer, win - ter, fall, and spring.

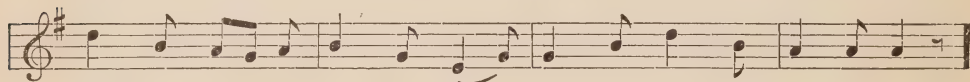


THE SNOW-WEAVER

A. S. GATTY



1. Back and forth the shut-tles go Fash-ion - ing the cloth of snow,
 2. Thus the wea - ver at his loom Sings a - way the win-ter's gloom,



And the wea-ver you may hear At the wind-loom sing-ing clear,
 While he weaves the cov - er - let, For the dream-ers who for-get,



At the wind-loom sing - ing clear : Slum - ber, slum - ber,
 For the dream-ers who for-get :



Slum-ber, lit - tle flow'rs, and dream

Slum - ber, slum - ber! Shin - ing thro' the A - pril day

of the sil-ver-throat-ed stream! Slum-ber, slum-ber!

As it were a mu - sic ray. Slum - ber on, . .

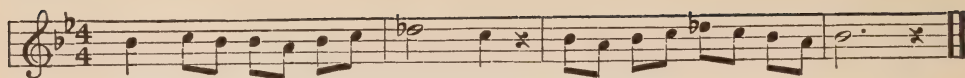
As it were a mu - sic ray. Slum - ber on,

Sleep, and dream of the sil-ver-throat-ed stream.

Sleep and dream of the sil - ver - throat - ed stream.

1

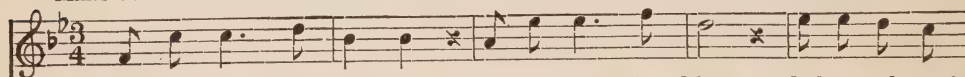
A single staff of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody consists of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, followed by a quarter rest, then G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, ending with a double bar line.



WHAT SO SWEET AS SUMMER?

MARY N. PRESCOTT

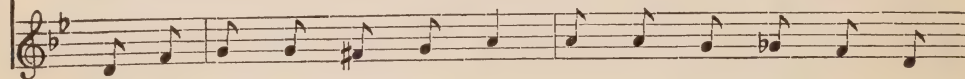
L. SHORES



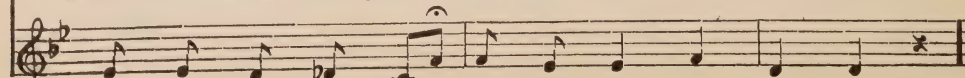
1. What so sweet as sum - mer When the sky is blue, And the sunbeam's
2. What so sweet as song-birds, Put-ting in - to trills Perfume of the
3. What so sweet as sun-show'rs, When the big clouds pass, And the fairy



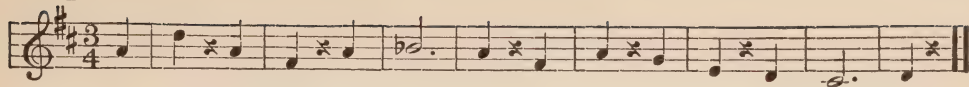
ar - rows Pierce the green earth through, And the sun-beam's ar - rows
wild rose, Mur - mur of the rills, Per - fume of the wild rose,
rain-bow Seems to touch the grass, And the fai - ry rain - bow



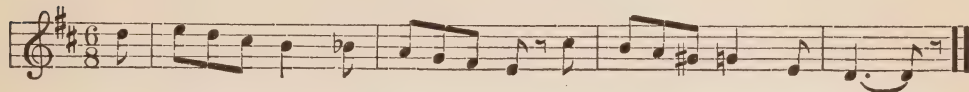
Pierce the green earth thro'? What so sweet as sum - mer?
Mur - mur of the rills? What so sweet as song - birds?
Seems to touch the grass? What so sweet as sun - showers?



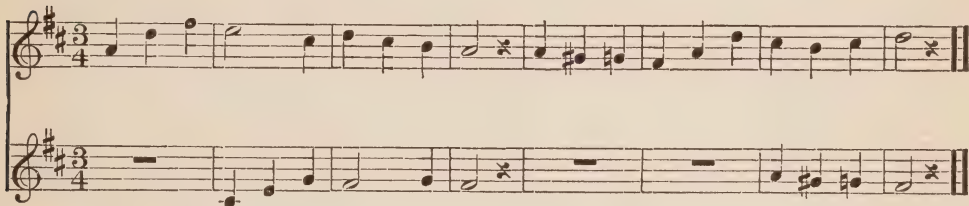
1



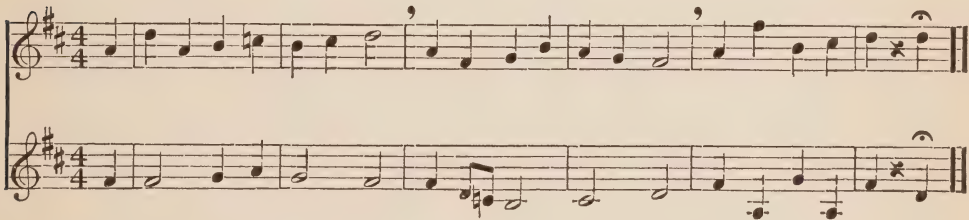
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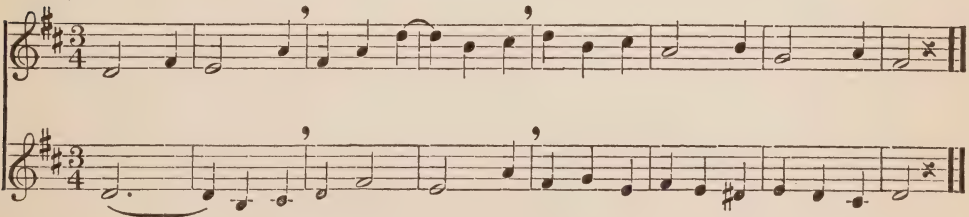
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4



5

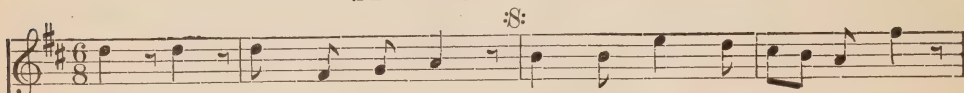


6





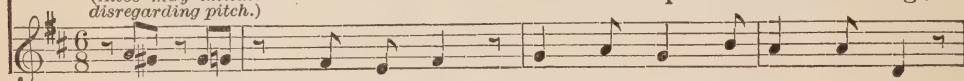
SPRING VOICES



1. "Caw! caw! caw!" says the Crow, "Spring has come a - gain I know;
2 and 3 (*see below*). "Was there ev - er such good luck!

(*Altos may imitate
disregarding pitch.*)

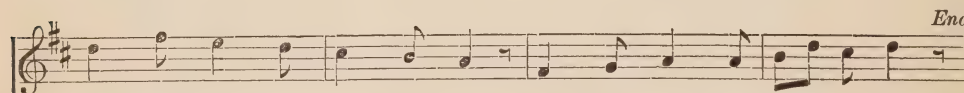
As he leaps from out the bog;



"Caw! caw!"

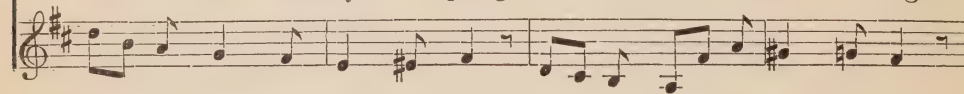


For, as sure as I am born, There's a farm - er plant-ing corn;
Spring has cleared the pond of ice, And the day is warm and nice;
"Spring is near, I do de - clare, For the earth is warm and fair;



End

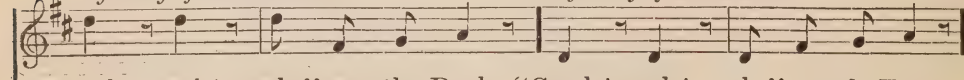
I shall break-fast there, I trow, Long be - fore his corn can grow."
Just as I and Good-man Drake Tho't we'd like to swim the lake."
How I love the days of spring When the birds are car - ol-ing."



Beginning of Second Stanza

D.S. Beginning of Third Stanza

D.S.



"Quack! quack! quack," says the Duck, "Croak! croak! croak," says the Frog,



"Quack! quack!"

"Croak! croak! croak!"

FIFTH SECTION

Exercises and Songs for General Review

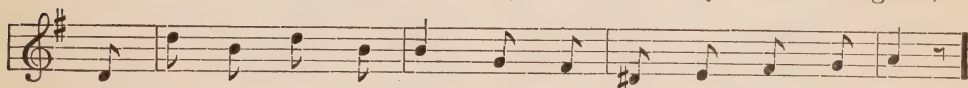
AT CHRISTMAS TIME

JULIA W. BINGHAM

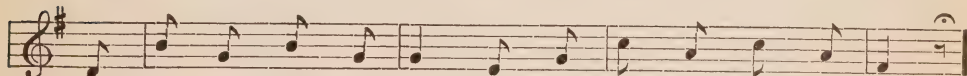
FREDERIC F. BULLARD



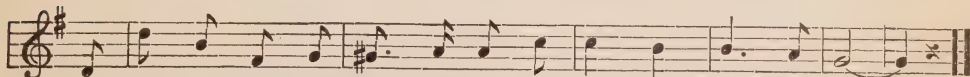
1. Now hosts of hap - py peo - ple On Christ - mas er - rands haste ;
2. Now mys - ter - y and se - crets Re - flect from fac - es bright,
3. Now mis - tle - toe and hol - ly In ev - 'ry cor - ner glow ;



And ev - 'ry - one is bus - y, With not an hour to waste.
And glad an - ti - ci - pa - tion Of mer - ry times in sight.
With love and joy of giv - ing All hearts now o - ver - flow.

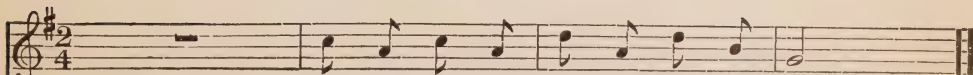


For pres - ents must be fin - ished For friends both far and near—
With jol - ly Christ - mas par - ties And Christ - mas trees so near—
To rich and poor we of - fer Our gifts of friend - ly cheer—



O, sure - ly Christmas time must be The bus - iest of the year!
O, sure - ly Christmas time must be The gay - est of the year!
O, sure - ly Christmas time must be The hap - piest of the year!

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

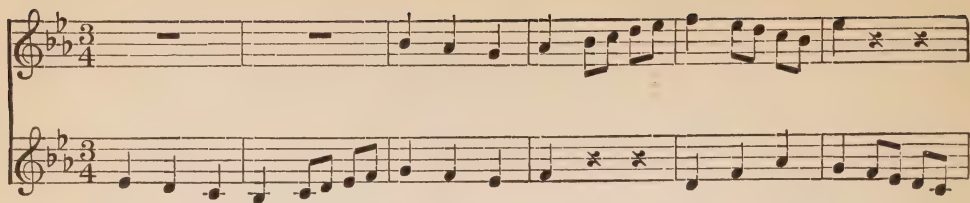


Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell.

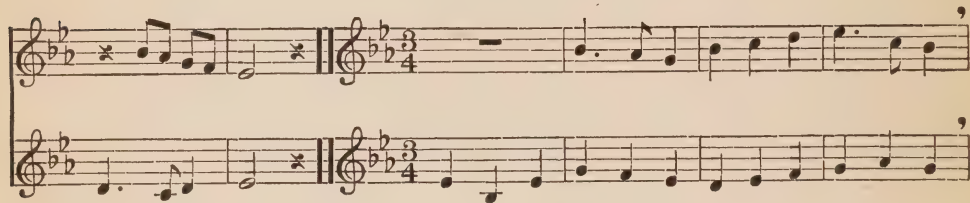


Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell.

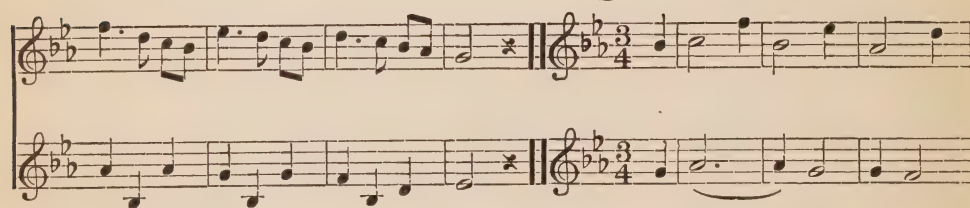
1



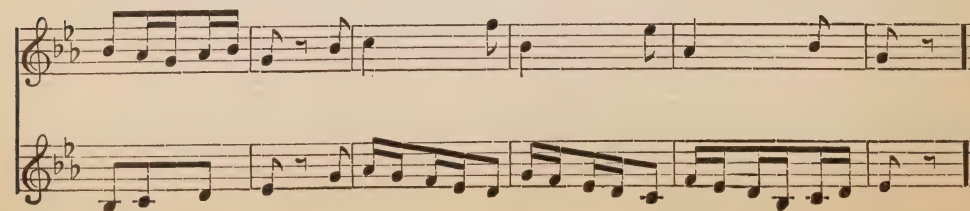
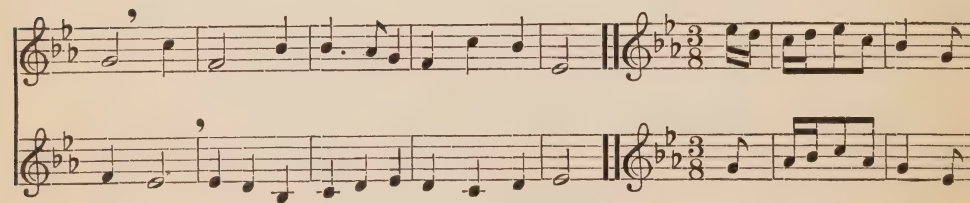
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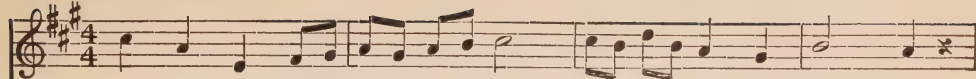


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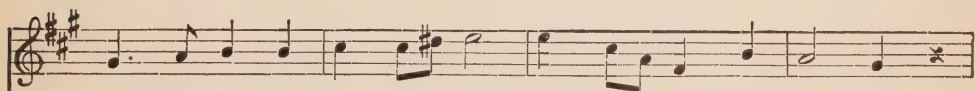


MAY

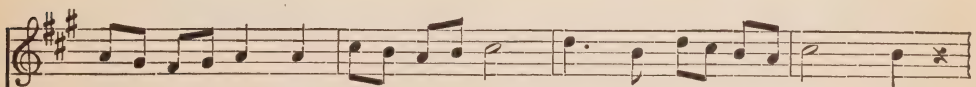
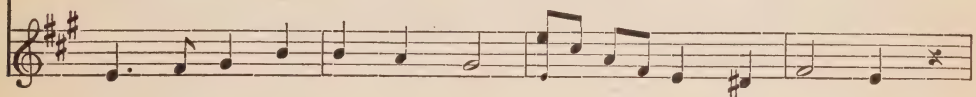
HELEN B. CURTIS



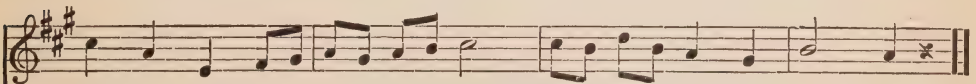
1. Start-ing, start - ing from the earth, See the pret-ty flow - ers!
2. Blue-bird's knocking at the door, Swallow's hith-er com - ing;
3. O thou mer - ry month of May! We have come to meet you;



Wak-en'd from their win - ter's sleep By the spring-time show - ers.
 And, o'er all the sun - ny mead, Spring-time bees are hum-ming.
 Lit - tle lads and las - sies gay, Hap - pi - ly we greet you.

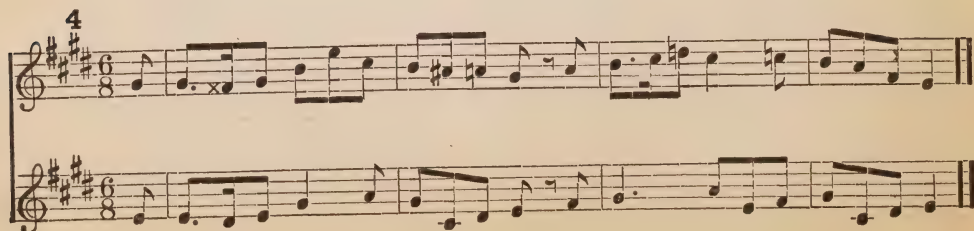
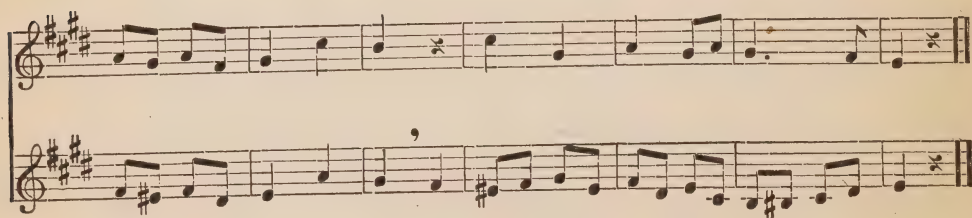
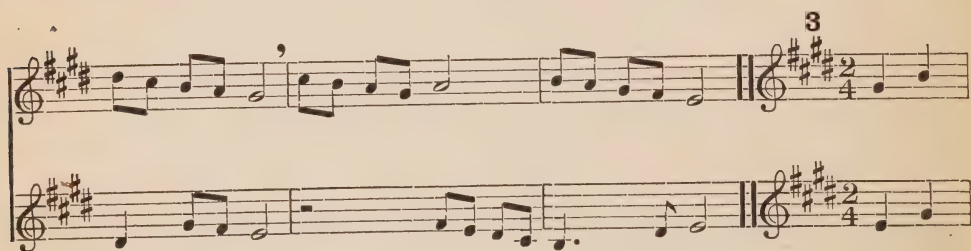
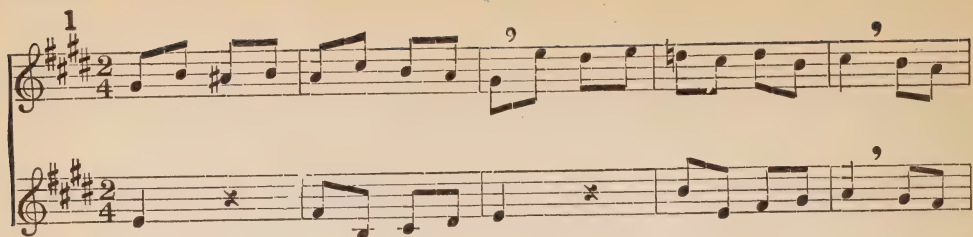


Now we know that May hath come O'er the mead-ows danc - ing;
 Gold - en sun-shine, sil - ver rain, Each its work is do - ing.
 From your pret-ty flow - ers, dear, We will take a warn - ing;



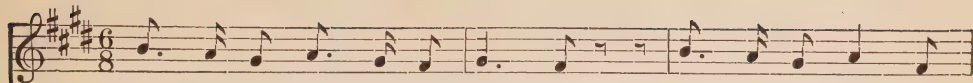
Rob - in lilts his sweet-est song, Sun-beams round him glanc - ing.
 Birds and bees and blos - soms fair, Now the world re - new - ing.
 And we'll try our work to do In life's fair May morn - ing.



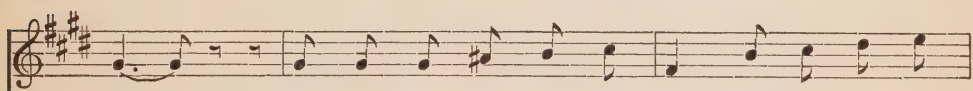


WINTER

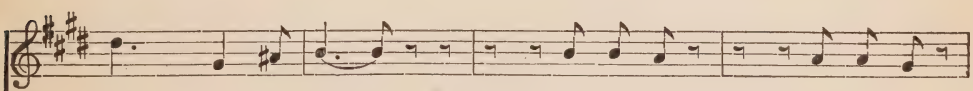
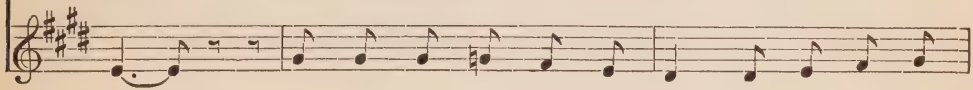
ANNE BURR WILSON



1. Gone are the blue - bird and rob - in, Gone is the buzz - ing
 2. Frost - ed are pave - ment and win - dow, Froz - en are pond and
 3. Bring out your skates or your snow - shoes, Bring out your Christmas



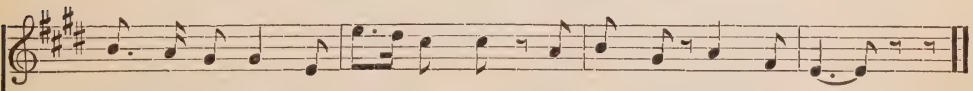
bee, . Gone are the vio - lets and dais - ies, E - ven the
 brook, Snow - flakes are fall - ing by thou - sands, We are in
 sled, . Hear the sweet sleigh - bells a - jing - ling, All oth - er



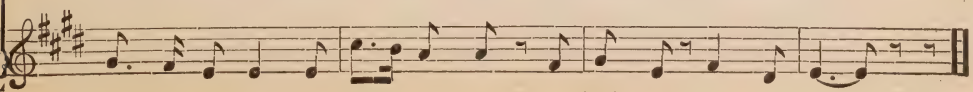
leaves from the tree. Greet win - ter, greet win - ter!
 elf - land— O look! Greet win - ter, greet win - ter!
 nois - es have fled. Greet win - ter, greet win - ter!



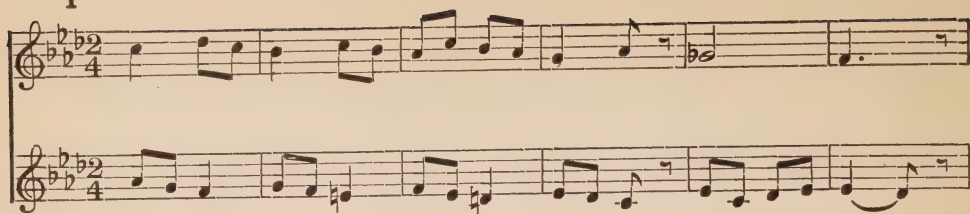
Greet win - ter, greet win - ter!



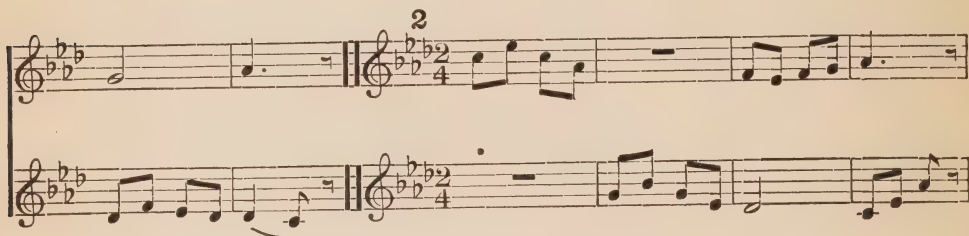
O but my heart is full of cheer, For win - ter, win - ter's here!
 Fair - ies have work'd to deck with sheen The win - try, win - try scene!
 Now let your gladsome voic - es ring, For win - ter, win - ter's king!



1



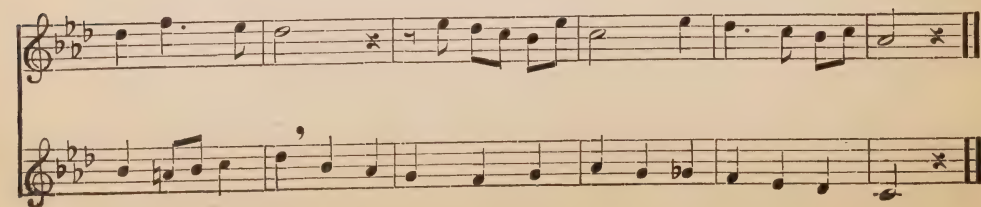
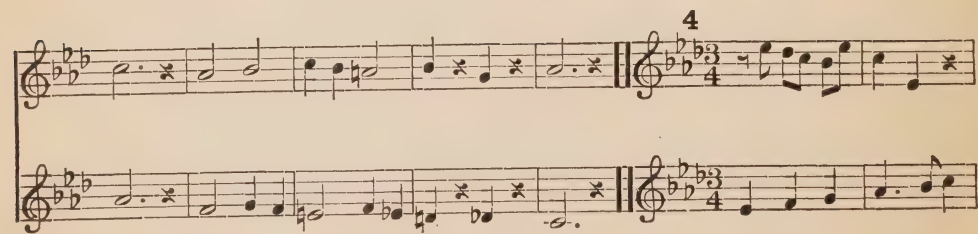
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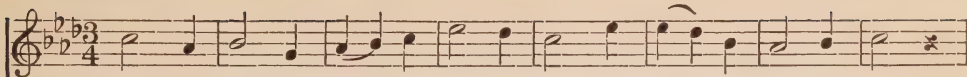


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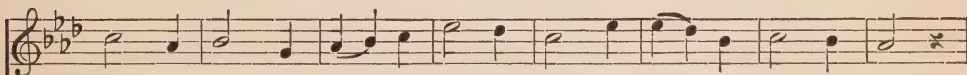
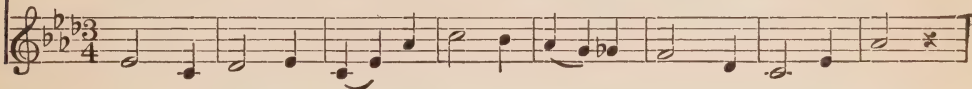


AN APRIL WELCOME

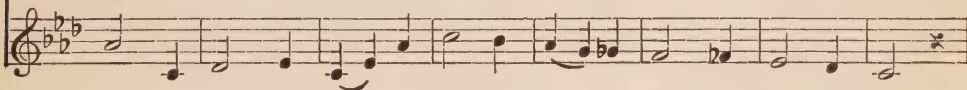
PHOEBE CARY



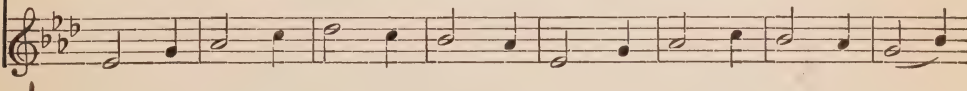
1. Come up, A - pril, thro' the val - ley, In your robes of beau - ty dress'd ;
2. Touch them with your ro - sy fingers, Wake them with your pleasant tread.
3. Call the crowfoot and the cro - cus, Call the pale a - nem - o - ne,



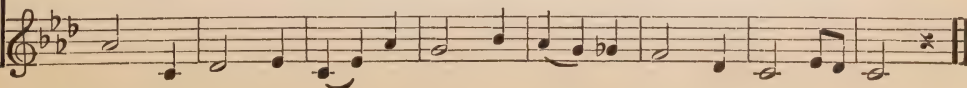
Come and wake your flow - 'ry children From their win - try beds of rest ;
 Push a - way the leaf - brown covers O - ver all their fa - ces spread.
 Call the vio - let and the dai - sy, Cloth'd with careful mod - es - ty ;



Come and o - ver - blow them soft - ly With the sweet breath of the south ;
 Tell them how the sun is wait - ing Lon - ger dai - ly in the skies,
 Seek the low and hum - ble blossoms, Of their beau - ty un - a - ware,

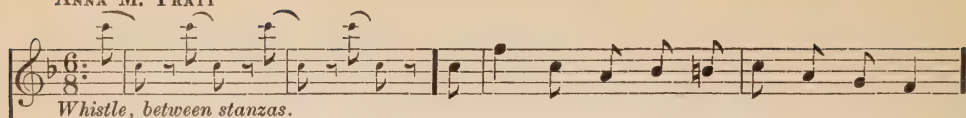


Drop up - on them, warm and lov - ing, Tend' rest kiss - es of your mouth.
 Look - ing for the bright uplift - ing Of their soft - ly fring - ed eyes.
 Let the dan - de - lion and fen - nel Show their shining yel - low hair.

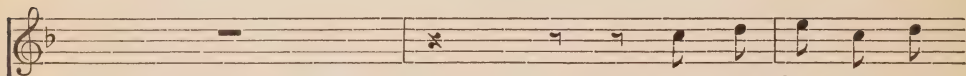
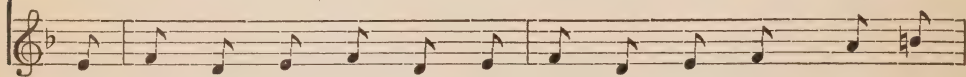
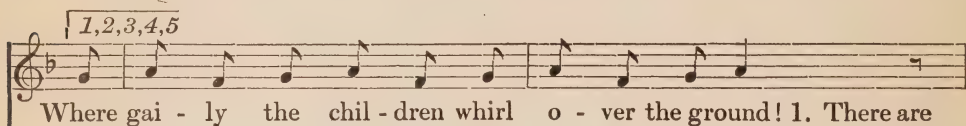


THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

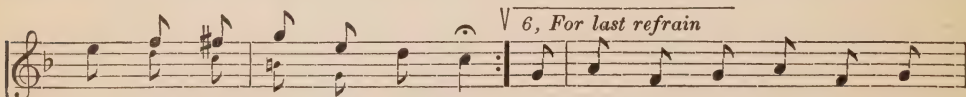
ANNA M. PRATT



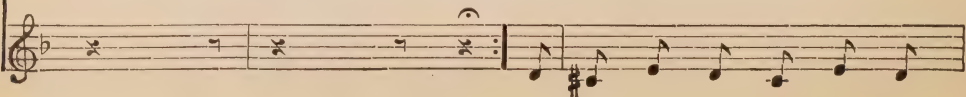
Hur-rah, hur-rah for the Mer-ry - go-round!



gal - lop - ing goats, there are po - nies that prance, There are dogs run - ning
sleighs drawn by swans, there are char - iots of gold, All with dash - ing young
long neck'd giraffe, and a ze - bra that jumps, And a cam - el that
li - on that am - bles with - out an - y roar, And a drag - on that
all these fierce creatures are gen - tle and good, And ex - ceed - ing - ly



ra - ces, and don - keys that dance. Where gai - ly the chil - dren whirl
driv - ers so gal - lant and bold.
has two bee - you - ti - ful humps.
nev - er was har - nessed be - fore.
safe, as they're made out of wood.



o - ver the ground, whirl o - - ver the ground!

whirl o - ver the ground!

1

2

CRADLE SONG

SAMUEL BURNHAM

1. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Ba - by must sleep. Now when the day-light dies,
2. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Ba - by must sleep. Forms that we can - not see,

Closed be the lit - tle eyes; Rest till the sun a-rise. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
 Lov-ing, are watch-ing thee; Thus may it ev - er be. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

Sleep, sleep.

AUTUMN

Mrs. HAWTREY

1. Gold - en Au - tumn comes a - gain, With its storms of
 2. Gifts for man and bird and brute In its wealth of
 3. Trees bend down with plum and pear, Ros - y ap - ples

wind and rain, With its fields of yel - low grain;
 lus - cious fruit, In its store of pre - cious root.
 scent the air, Nuts are rip - 'ning ev - 'ry - where.

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY

ALFRED TENNYSON

SOP. 1. What does lit - tle bir - die say In her nest at peep of day?
 2. What does lit - tle ba - by say In her bed at peep of day?

ALTO. Let me fly, says lit - tle bird - ie, Moth - er, let me fly a - way.
 Ba - by says, like lit - tle bird - ie, Let me rise and fly a - way.

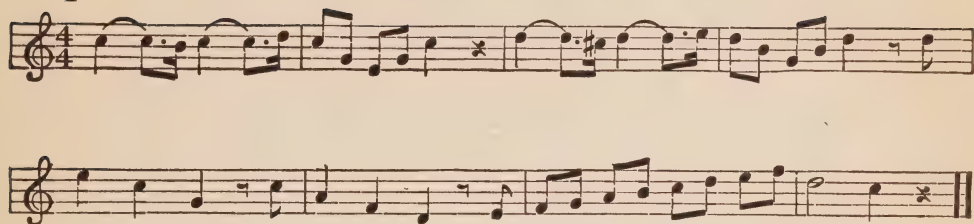
ALL. Bird - ie, rest a lit - tle long - er, Till the lit - tle wings are strong - er,
 Ba - by, sleep a lit - tle long - er, Till the lit - tle limbs are strong - er,

So she rests a lit - tle long - er, Then she flies, she flies a - way!
 If she sleeps a lit - tle long - er, Ba - by too shall fly a - way!

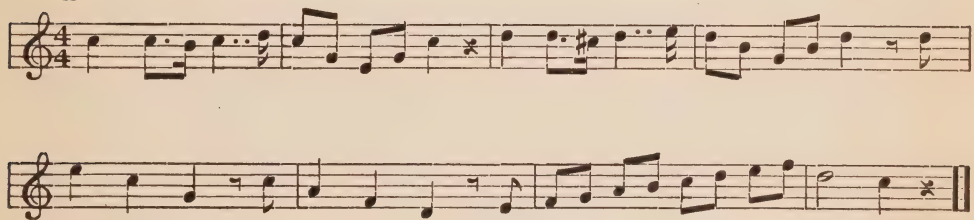
SIXTH SECTION

The Before-the-Beat Note

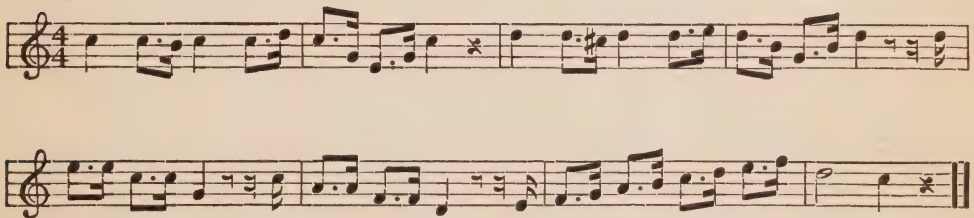
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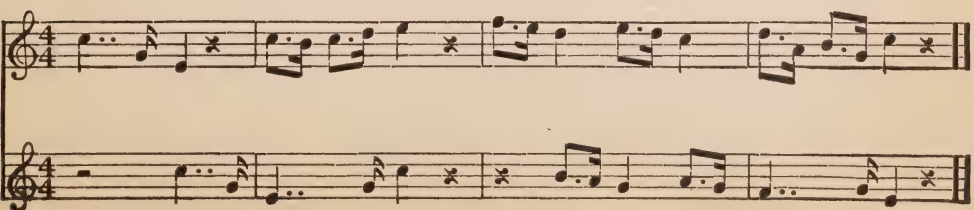
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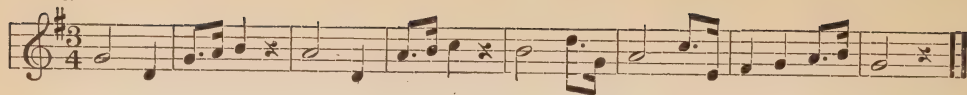
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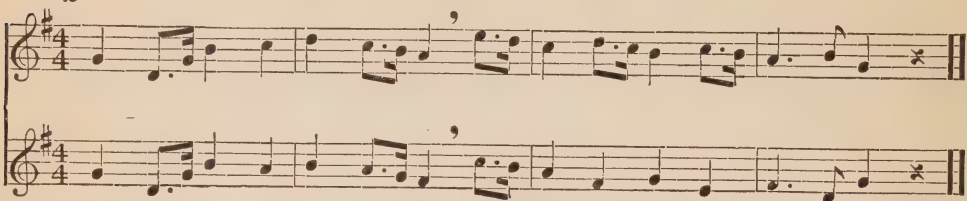
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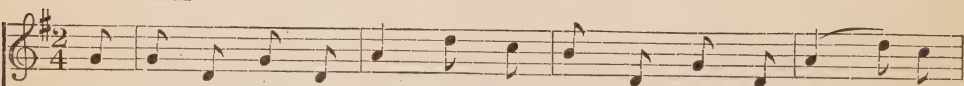


2

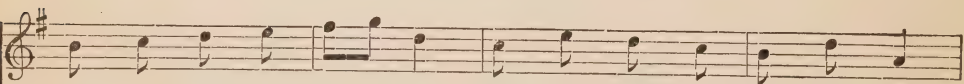
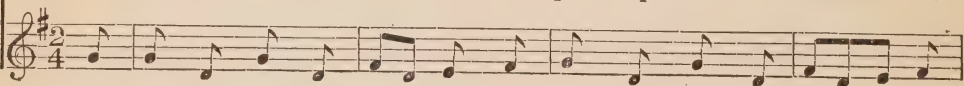


THE SONG-SPARROW

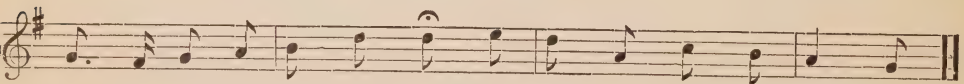
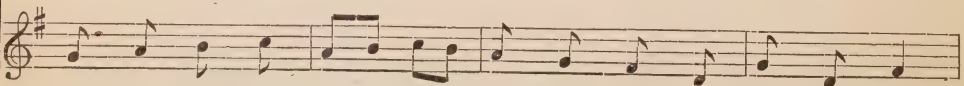
E. C. HERRICK



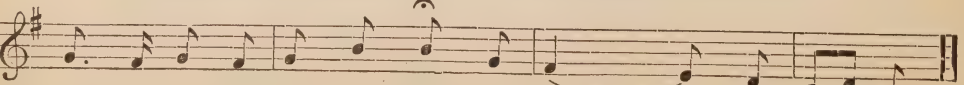
1. Of all the mer - ry sing - ers With which the world is blest, A
2. I know him by his mo - tion, And spot up - on his breast. 'Tis



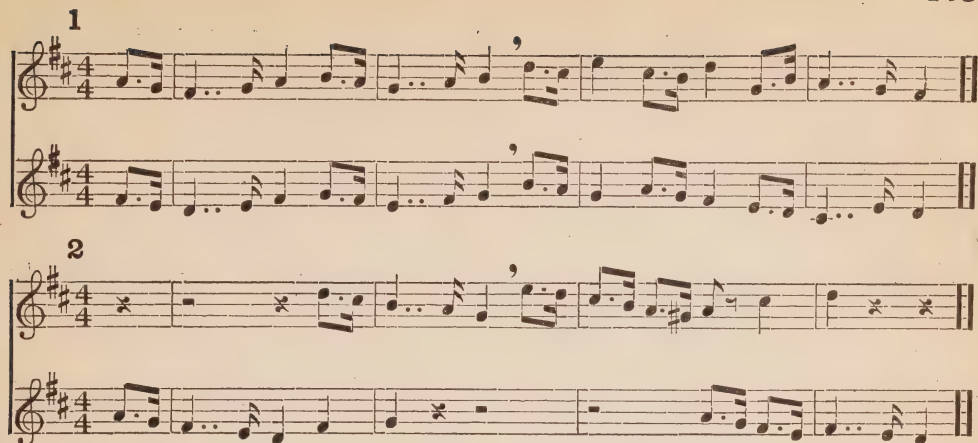
hap - py lit - tle neigh - bor Is the bird I like the best.
by his lit - tle dit - ty That I know and love him best.



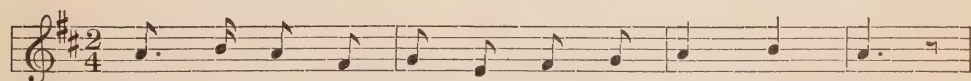
You can hear his roun - de - lay: "How sweet-sweet-sweet the world is!"
For he sings in sun and rain: "How sweet-sweet-sweet the world is!"



"How sweet . . . the world is!"



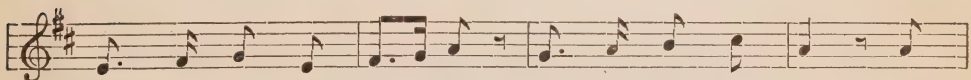
PUSSY WILLOWS



1. Dain - ty puss - y wil - lows On a sway - ing bough,
2. "Yes, we are the puss - ies, Tho' we nev - er purr;
3. "Come the gen - tle blue - birds When the warm winds blew;



Sang a - while to Spring-time, Ev - er soft and low.
 Like the oth - er puss - ies, We are dressed in fur;
 Do° we ev - er catch them? No, no, no, O no!



What we heard them tell - ing In the splash - ing rain, (Those
 Out we leap de - light - ed, And we gai - ly sing (We
 We are no such puss - ies — Sad would be the Spring For



dain - ty puss - y wil - lows) We'll tell to you a - gain.
 dain - ty puss - y wil - lows) When comes the mer - ry Spring.
 dain - ty puss - y wil - lows, If blue - birds did not sing."

1

2

3

FOOT-BALL SONG

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

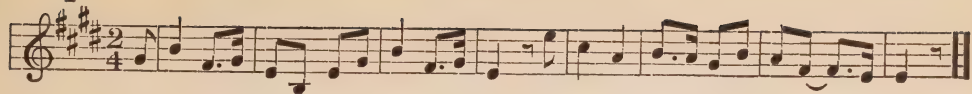
1. *Now go in to win! *A - mid the might - y din †At -
2. Rush it down the field! Make guard and cen - tre yield! O
3. Now the game is done, The bat - tle fought and won, Hur -

tack the foe who dares to face us! *Put the ball in play, *The
keep your eye up - on the ball, boys! Ere the game is o'er, Pile
rah for us who are vic - to - rious! Pass the news a-long, With

game is ours to - day, † No care - less fum - ble must dis - grace us.
up a rat - tling score, And give a les - son to them all, boys!
lust - y cheer and song, To cel - e - brate the struggle glo - rious.

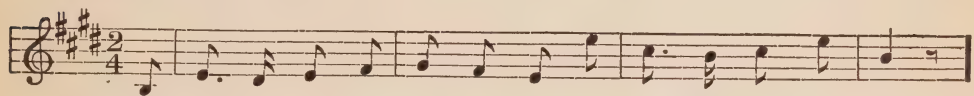
* May be sung as a group-song, the single groups beginning at *, and all joining at †.

1



THE WINTER KING

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

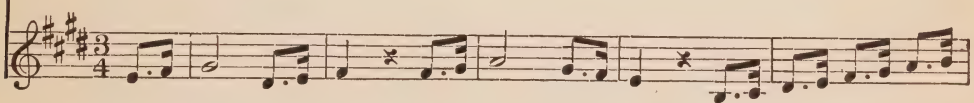
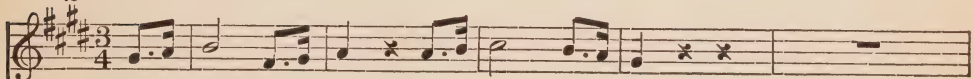


1. Up rose the wild old win - ter-king, And shook his beard of snow:
 2. "O northward o'er the i - cy rocks, And northward o'er the sea,

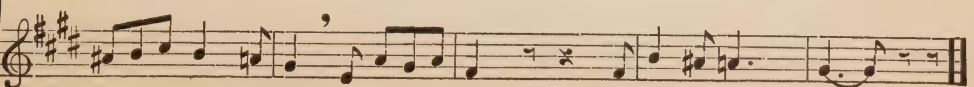
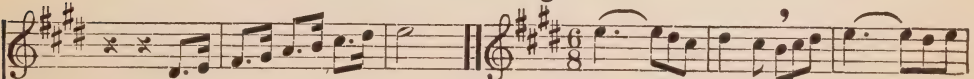


"I hear the first young hare-bell ring, 'Tis time for me to go.
 My daughter comes with sun - ny locks; This land's too warm for me."

2

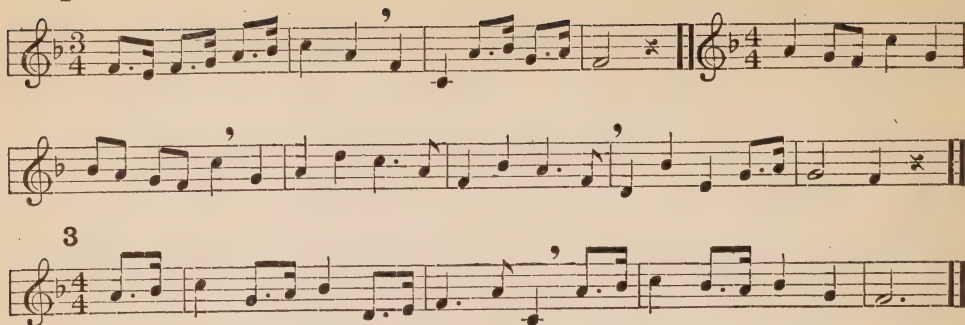


3



1

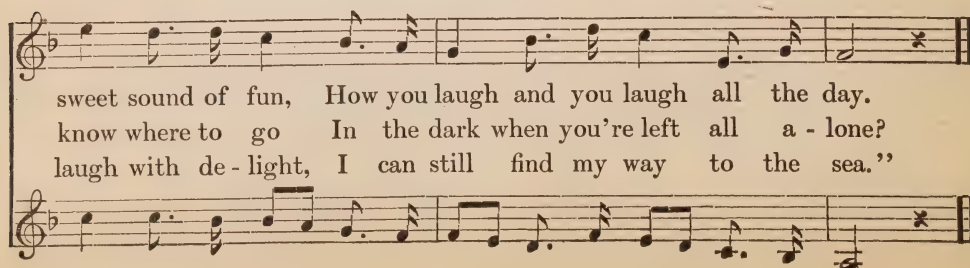
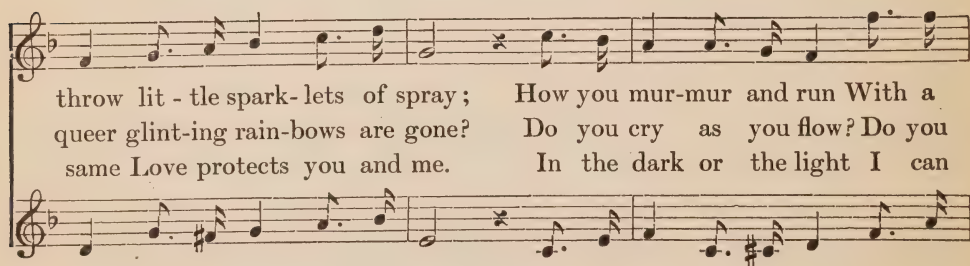
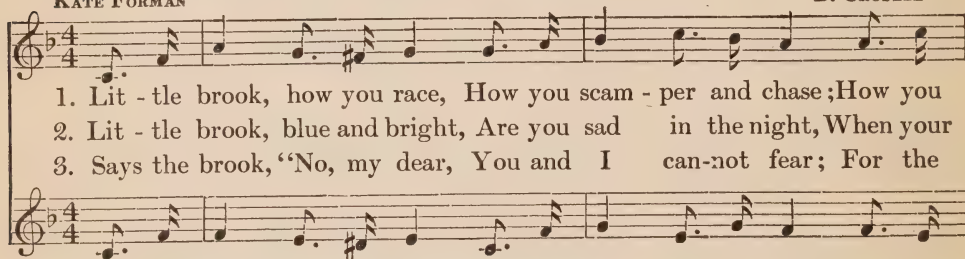
2



THE BROOK

KATE FORMAN

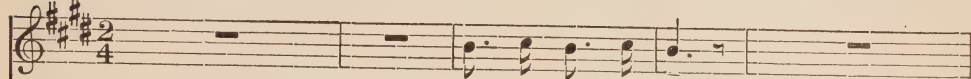
B. CRUSELL





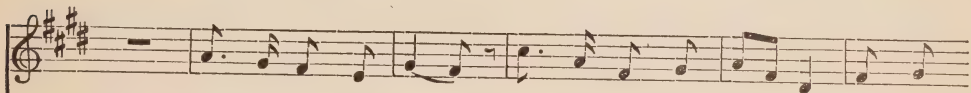
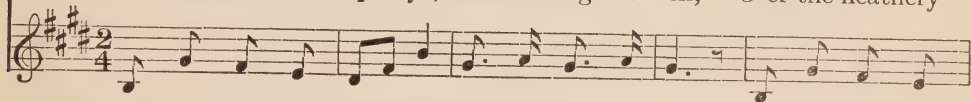
FANCIES

W. W. CALDWELL

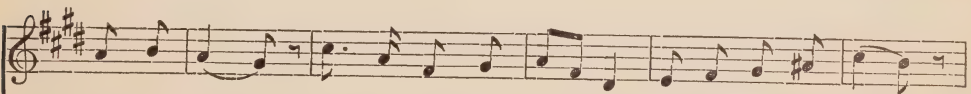
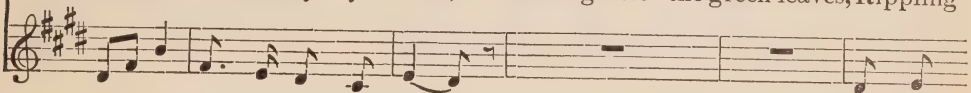


1. I would be a cloud-let, Drifting o'er the blue, With its fleec - y

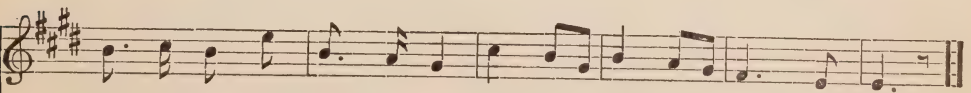
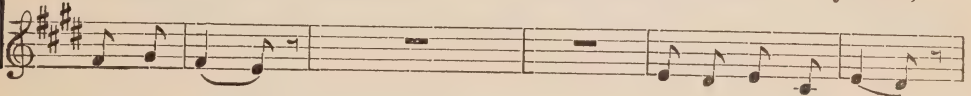
2. I would be a zeph - yr, Wan - der - ing at will, O'er the heathery



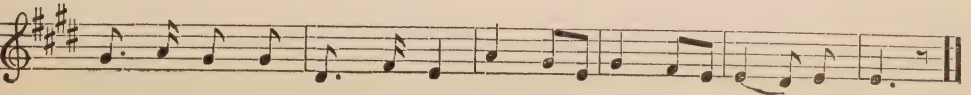
softness, And its changing hue; When the morn - ing shin - eth, Full of
moorland, Up the thym - y hill; Rustling thro' the green leaves, Rippling

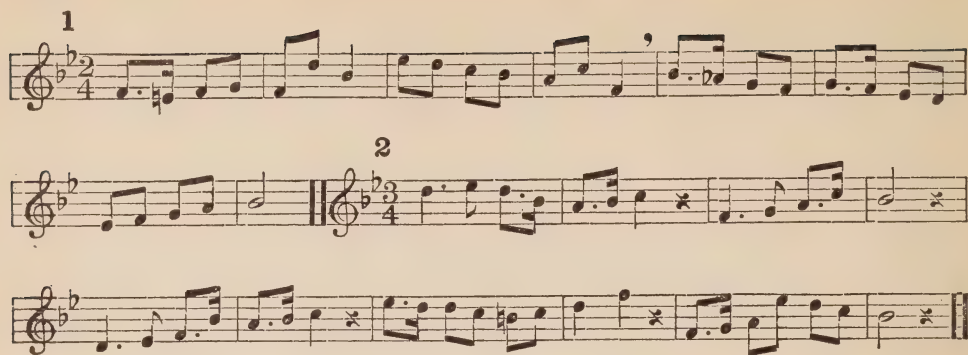


gold - en rest, — But when day de - clin - eth, In the glow - ing west,
o'er the brook, Steal - ing rar - est fra - grance From each flow'ry nook,

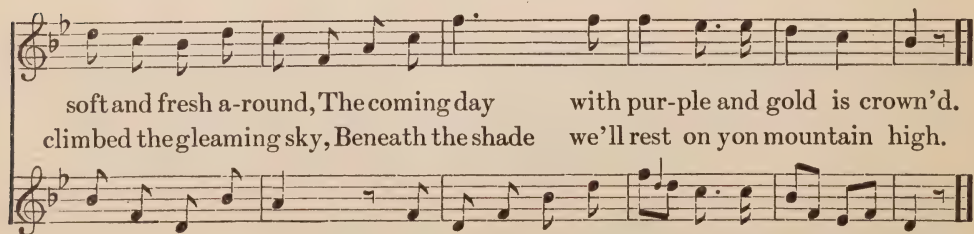
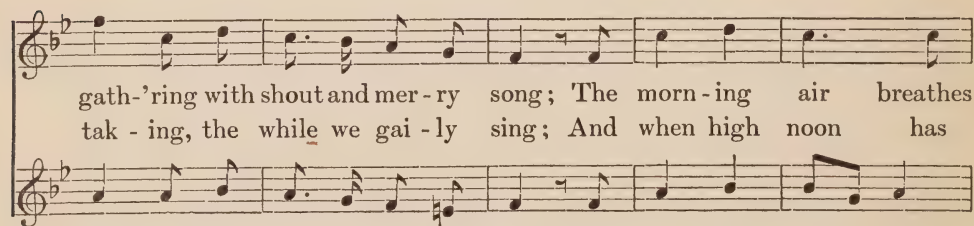
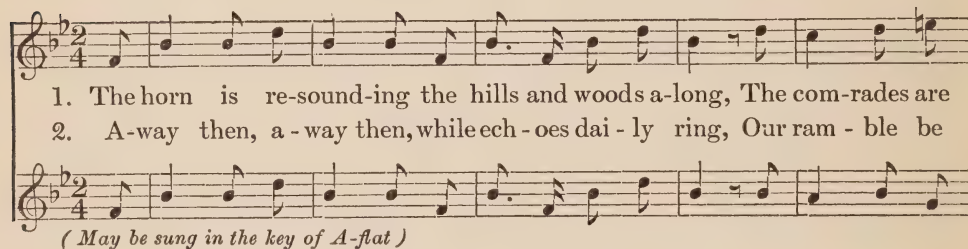


By the fad - ing sun - set kissed In - to ten - der am - e - thyst.
And, at noon - tide, sleep - ing well, In the li - ly's nod - ding bell.

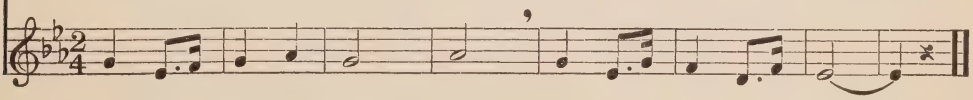
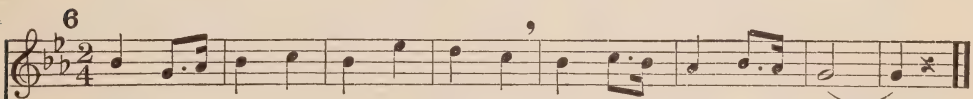
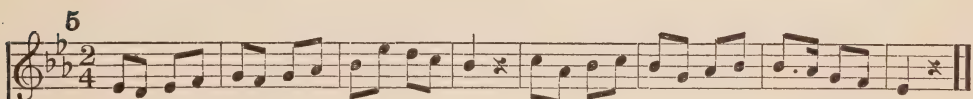
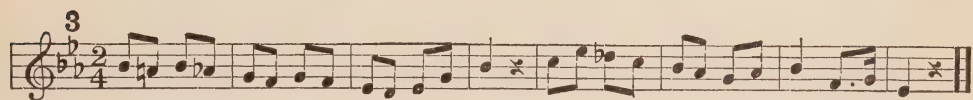
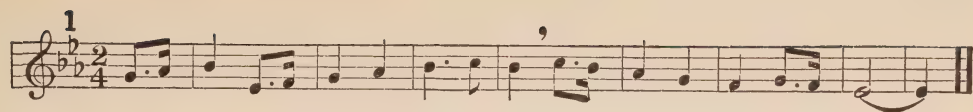




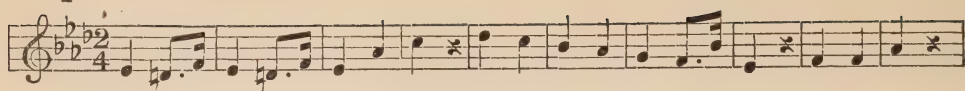
THE HORN IS RESOUNDING



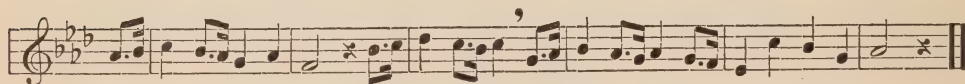
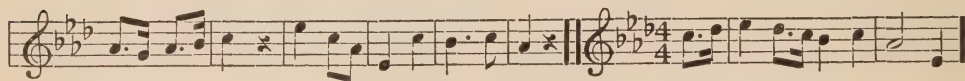
The coming day with pur-ple and gold is crown'd.
Beneath the shade we'll rest on yon mountain high.



1



2



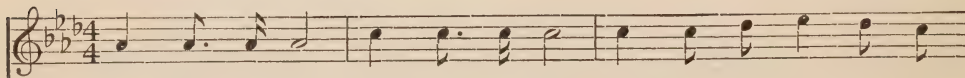
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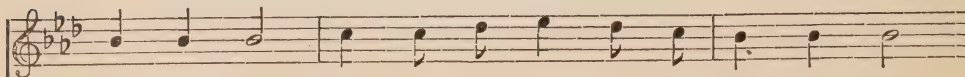
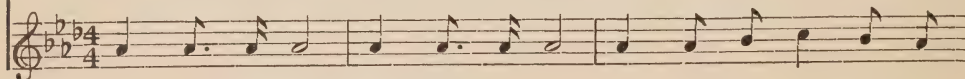
MAY-DAY FÊTE

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

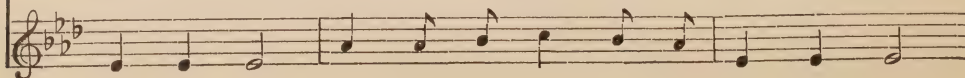
A. E. M. GRÉTRY

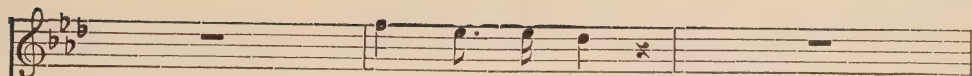


1. Come, come a - way! This is the day! Come to the court of the
2. March, march a - way! Let us be gay! Let all the drums and the
3. Dear First - of - May, Tar - ry, we pray! Here in the fields we would

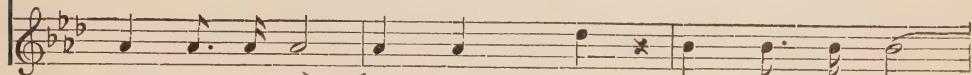


Queen of May, Haste to the woods and the fields so green.
 trum - pets play, Let all the chil - dren their bas - kets bring.
 glad - ly stay, Here till the night with his shad - ow comes.





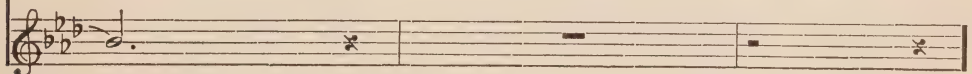
Now is the time,
Blithe lad and lass,
Make no de - lay!



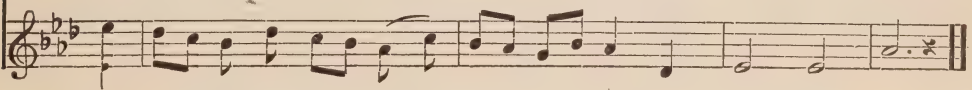
Spring at the prime, . the prime, Spring at the prime,
Games on the grass, . the grass, Games on the grass,
Tramp, tramp a - way, . a - way, Tramp, tramp a - way,



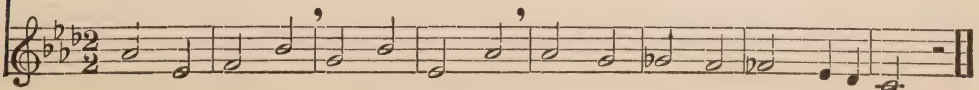
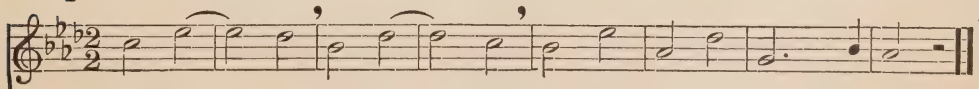
Now is the time To pick pret-ty flow'rs and crown the Queen,
Blithe lad and lass, And one shall be Queen, and one be King!
Make no de-lay! With blow-ing of trum-pet and beat of drums,



To pick pret-ty flow'rs and crown the Queen, and crown the Queen.
And one shall be Queen, and one be King, and one be King.
With blow-ing of trum-pet and beat of drums, and beat of drums.

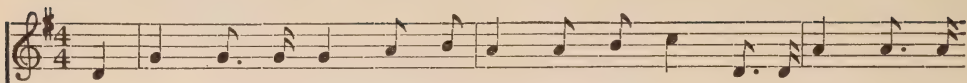


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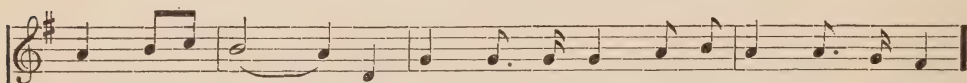
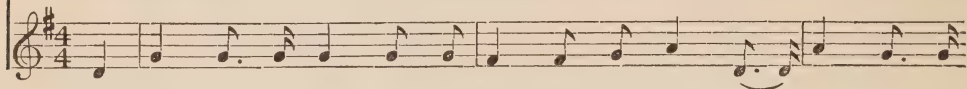


AT TWILIGHT

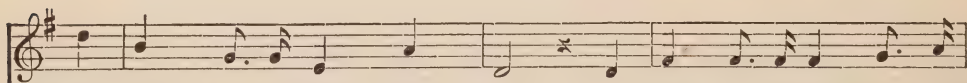
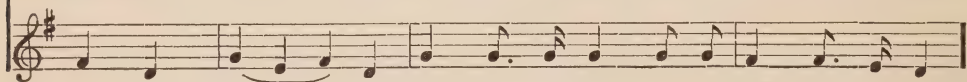
EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON



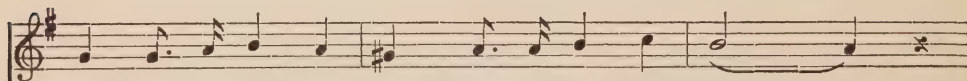
1. When twi - light is com - ing and meadows grow dim, And soft - ly the
2. When shad - ows are fall - ing on for - est and field, And the sun in the
3. When day - light is o - ver and startime has come, And voic - es are



breez - es blow, . Then out in their nooks in the gar - dens and fields
 west is low, . Then up in their homes in the shad - y green trees
 hushed and low, . Then toys must be gathered and pray'rs must be said,



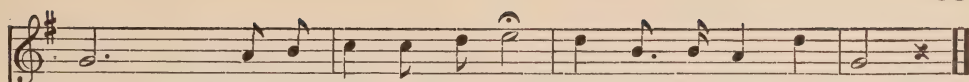
The flow - ers to sleep must go. So fold up the pet - als that
 The song - sters to sleep must go. So fold close the wings that are
 The chil - dren to sleep must go. So fold bu - sy hands that are



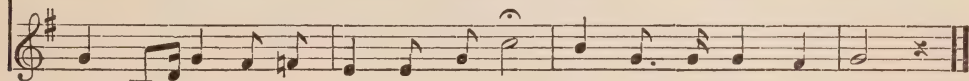
wait for the sun, The night - wind its watch will keep, . .
 wea - ry of flight, The moth - er her watch will keep, . .
 wea - ry of play, The an - gels their watch will keep, . .



O . . .



There, 'neath the leaves' gen-tle care, Sleep, lit - tle flow'r, O sleep.
 Rest, in the shel - ter - ing nest, Sleep, lit - tle bird, O sleep.
 Calm, with-in moth-er's dear arm, Sleep, lit - tle child, O sleep.



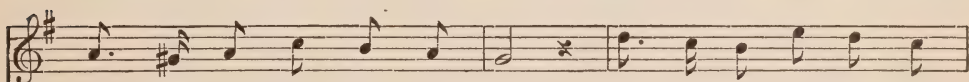
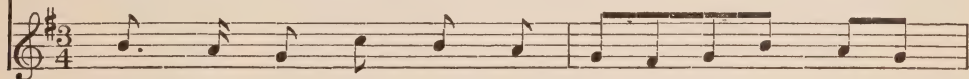
there, O there,
 rest, O rest,
 calm, O calm,

AUTUMN'S SIGHING

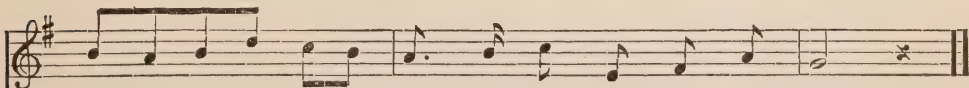
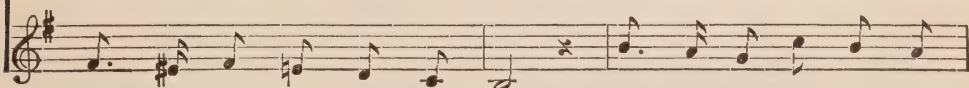
THOMAS BUCHANAN READ



1. Au - tumn's sigh - ing, Moan - ing, dy - - - ing,
 2. Winds are swell - ing Round our dwell - - - ing,



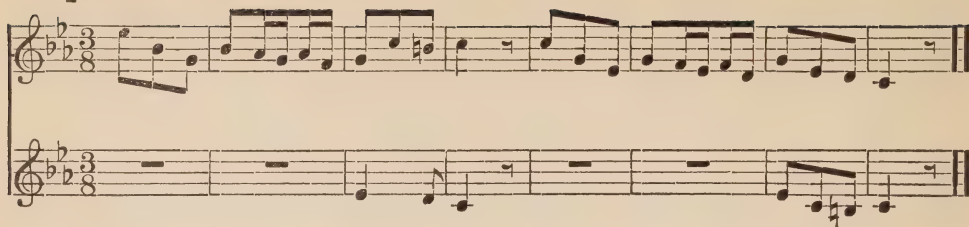
Clouds are fly - ing On like steeds. 'Mid the wail - ing Leaves are
 All day tell - ing Us their woe; And at ves - per Frosts grow



sail - - - ing, Drop - ping, trail - ing, o'er the meads.
 crisp - - - er, As they whis - per of the snow.



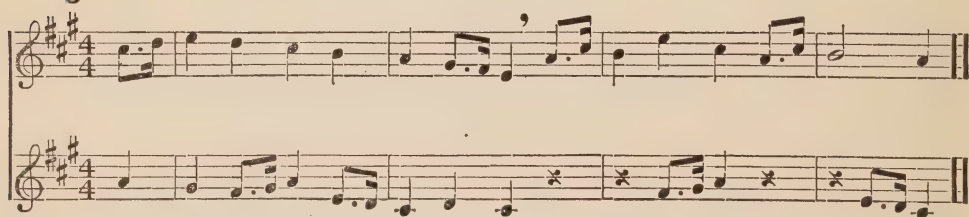
1



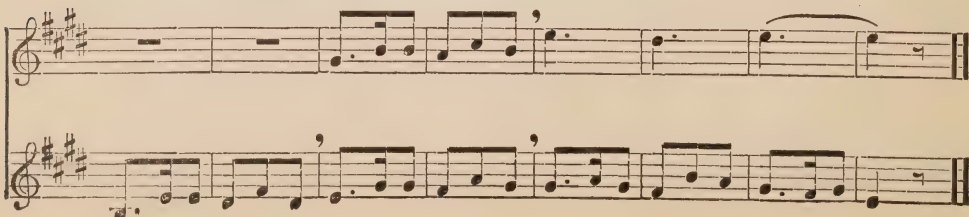
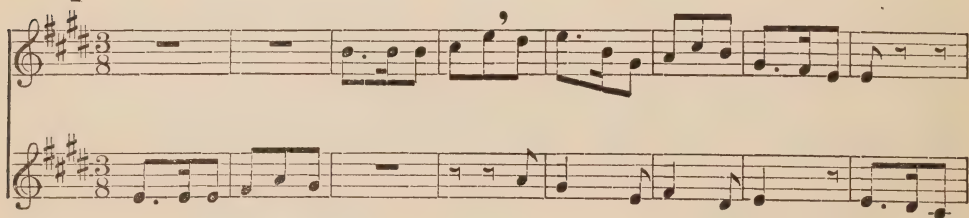
2



3



4



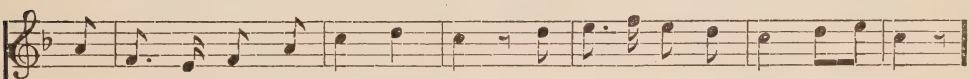
1



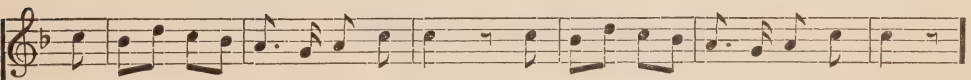
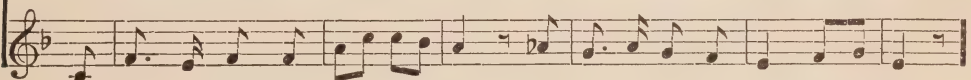
BIRDS' MUSIC



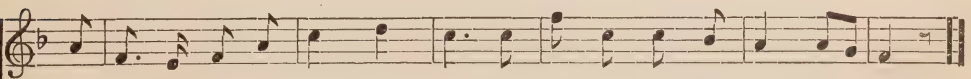
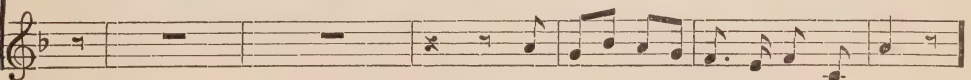
1. The lit - tle leaves upon the trees Are written o'er with notes and words,
2. So all thro' summer time they sing, And make the woods and meadows sweet,



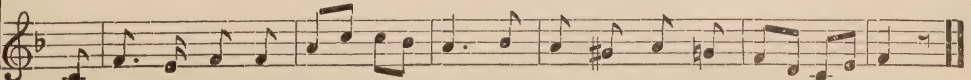
The pret-ty mad - ri - gals and glees Sung by the mer-ry min - strel birds.
And teach the brooks, soft mur-mur-ing, Their dainty carols to re - peat.



Their teach-er is the Wind, I know; For while they're bus-y at their song,
And when, at last, their lessons done, The win - ter brings a frosty day,



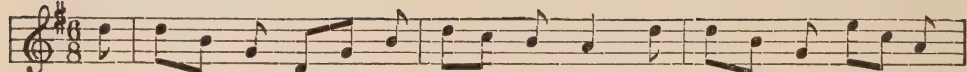
He turns the music quick - ly, so The tune may smoothly move a - long.
Their teacher takes them, one by one, Their music, too, and goes a - way.



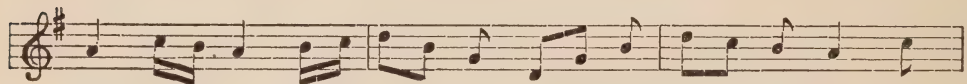
DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

F. SCHUBERT



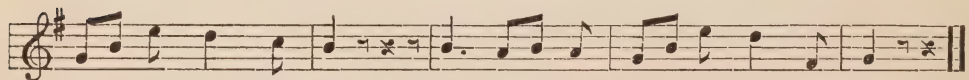
1. I wan-dered, lone-ly as a cloud That floats on high o'er
 2. Con-tin-u-ous as the stars that shine And twin-kle on the
 3. And oft, when on my couch I lie In va-cant or in



vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A
 Milk-y Way, They stretched, in nev-er-end-ing line, A -
 pen-sive mood, They flash up-on that in-ward eye Which



host of gold-en daff-o-dils, Bor-d'ring the
 long the mar-gin of the bay; Ten thou-sand
 is the bliss of sol-i-tude; Then, then my



lake, be-neath the trees, Flut-t'ring and danc-ing in the breeze.
 saw I at a glance, Toss-ing their heads in spright-ly dance.
 heart with pleas-ure fills, Danc-ing with glee-ful daff-o-dils.

TO THE WEST

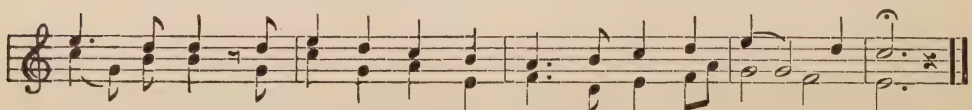
W. D. GALLAGHER



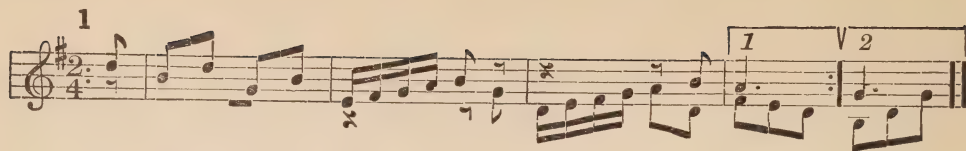
Land of the West! be-neath the heav'n There's not a fair-er,



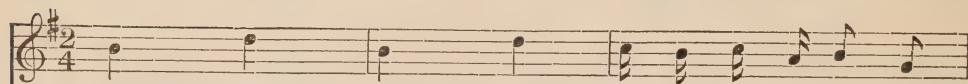
love-lier clime; Nor one to which was ev-er giv'n A des-ti-ny more



high, sub-lime. The home of Free-dom's hearts is there, O West-ern Land.



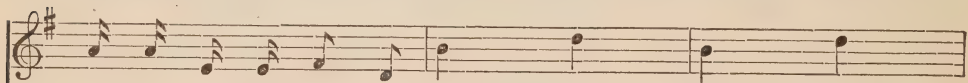
MERRY ARE THE BELLS



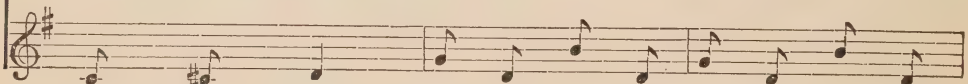
1. Ding - dong, ding - dong, Mer - ry are the bells, And
 2. Ding - dong, ding - dong, Mer - ry have we met, And



Ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding-dong, ding - dong, ding-dong,



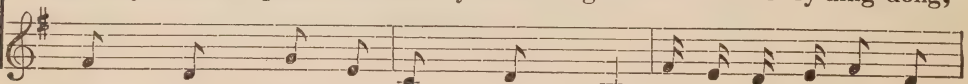
mer - ry do they ring; O ding - dong, ding - dong,
 mer - ry have we been; O ding - dong, ding - dong,



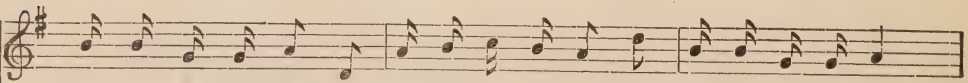
ding - dong - ding! Ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong,



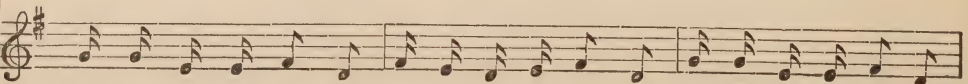
Mer - ry are we all, And mer - ry will we sing. With a mer - ry ding-dong,
 Mer - ry let us part And mer - ry meet a - gain: With a mer - ry ding-dong,



Ding - dong, ding-dong, ding - dong - ding!

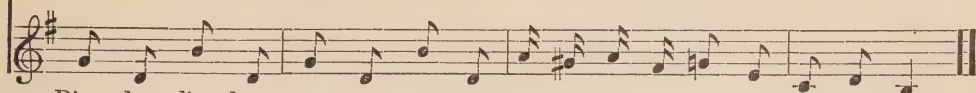


Hap - py gay and free, O, and a mer-ry sing-song, Happy let us be!

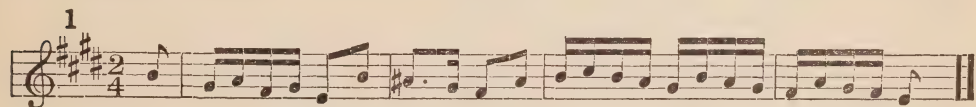




Ding - dong, ding - dong, Hap-py, ev-er hap-py let us be!



Ding - dong, ding-dong,

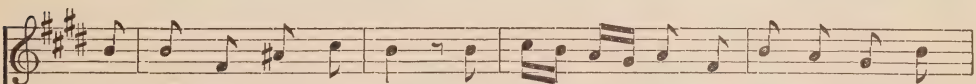
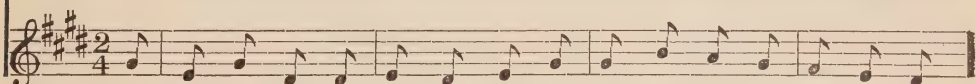


AN EXCUSE

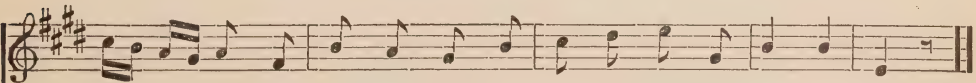
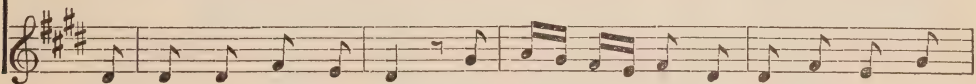
ABBIE FARWELL BROWN



1. From Bed to Dreamland is as far As up in- to the far-thest star,
2. For tho' the train like lightning goes, And reaches there before one knows,

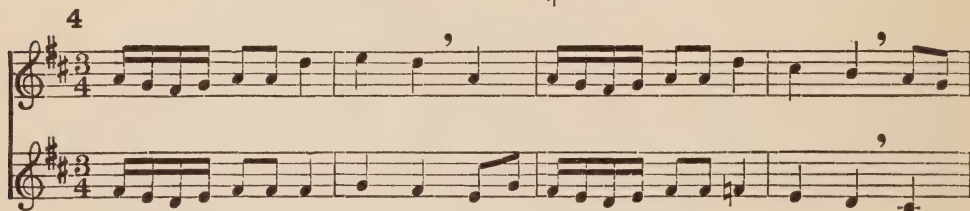
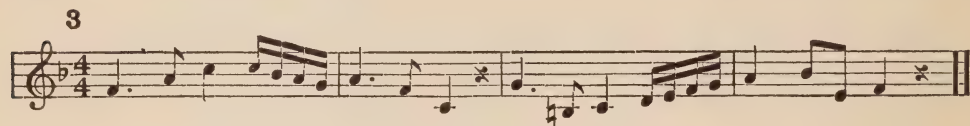
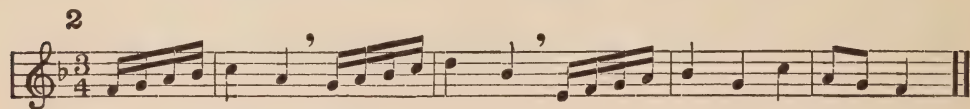


in - to the far - thest star; So one of course is sometimes late To
be - fore one real - ly knows, It takes much longer to come back, Be -



breakfast when it comes at eight, To breakfast when it comes at eight.
cause the dreams get on the track, Be-cause the dreams get on the track.



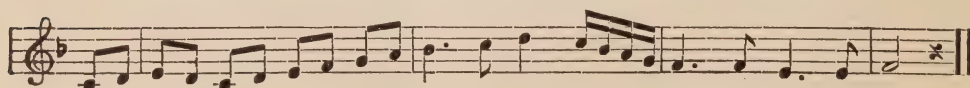


FEBRUARY

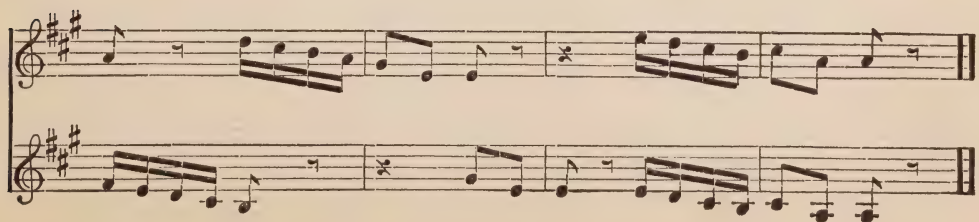
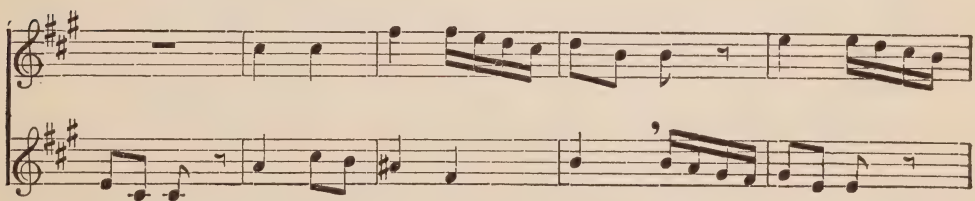
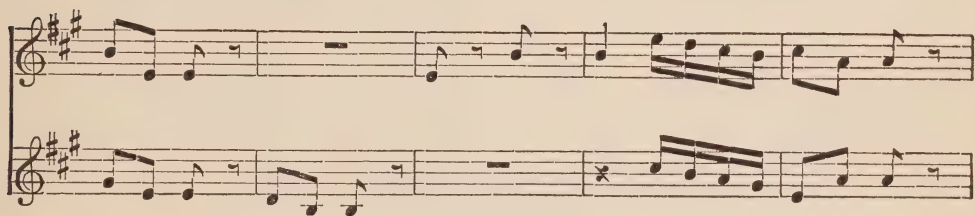
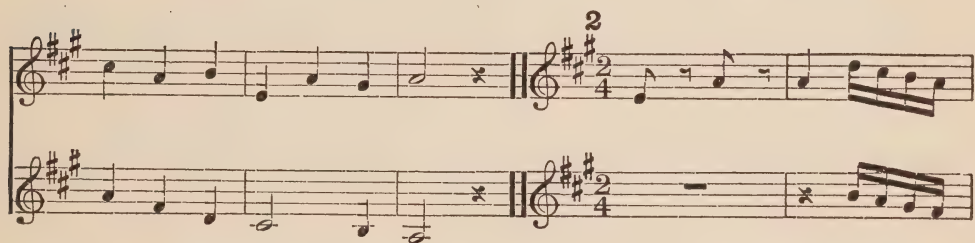
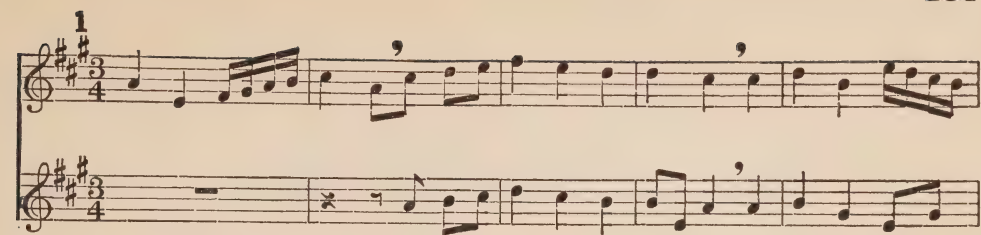
PAULINE FRANCES CAMP



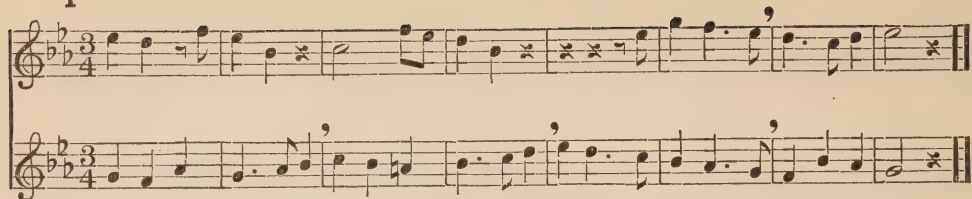
1. I am a lit - tle fel - low, Tho' al - ways up to date.
2. But I just save my mo - ments up, And count them o'er and o'er,
3. But lit - tle folks that kind - ly are, And pleas - ant in their play,



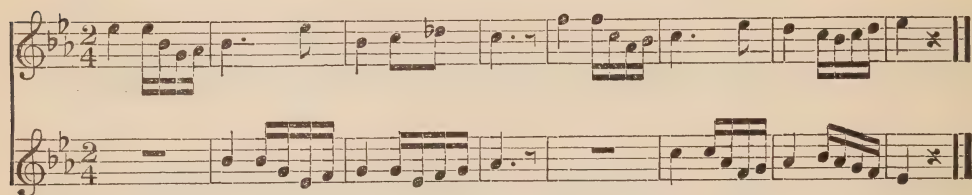
The days I hold with-in my hand Are on - ly twen - ty-eight.
Till in four years I've saved enough To make up one day more.
May save e - nough in far less time To make a hap - py day.



1



2

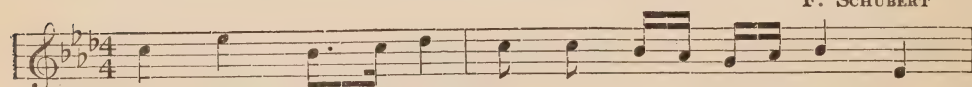


3



CRADLE SONG

F. SCHUBERT



1. Slum - ber, slum - ber, moth - er's dear - est treas - ure,
 2. Slum - ber, while the hours are on - ward steal - ing,



Rock'd so gent - ly in her lov - ing arm; Soft re - pose and
 Slum - ber, waft - ed on thy wing - ed dreams, Till the morn, thy



tran - quil pleas - ure Sooth thee, sooth thee, safe from ev - 'ry harm.
 lids un - seal - ing, Calls to greet the sun's re - splen - dent beams,

EIGHTH SECTION

Elementary Study of Expression-Marks

THE CHILD AND THE SPARROW

THOMAS WESTWOOD

1. Spar-row, in the cher - ry tree,
2. Spar-row, with-out more a - do,

Won't you drop one down for me?
Come, be kind and drop me two.

Pres - ent - ly. Sparrow, sparrow, gree-dy - pate, There's a fine one,
Not for you! Sau-cy sparrow, cease your fun. What! you're off, and

The first system of the musical score for 'The Little Boat' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. Above the staff, there are two slurs: the first covers the G4 and A4 notes, and the second covers the B4 note and a fermata. The melody then continues with a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a half note E4. This is followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a half note B3. The system concludes with a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a half note F3. Dynamic markings include *mf* (mezzo-forte) above the first measure of the second half, and *cres* (crescendo) above the final measure, which is followed by a fermata.

<i>Pres-ent - ly.</i> . .	Sparrow,sparrow,gree-dy - pate! . .
<i>Not for you!</i> . .	Sau - cy spar-row,cease your fun! . .

do *ff* *p*

drop it straight! *Lit-tle lads should learn to wait, should learn to wait.*
 give me none? *Lit-tle lad, they all are gone, they all are gone!*

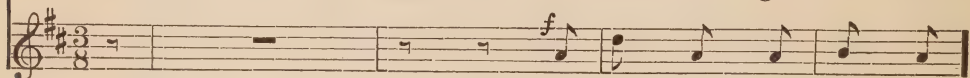
BROOK SONG

CLINTON SCOLLARD

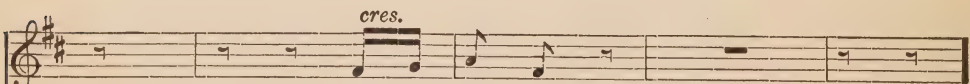
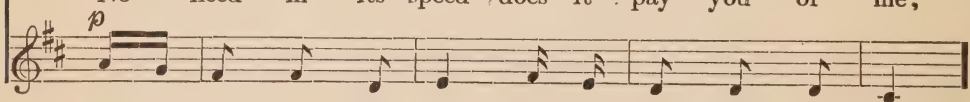
H. G. NÄGELI



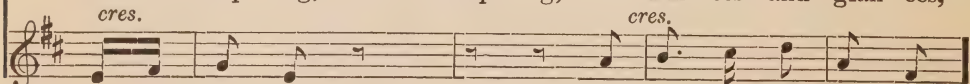
1. It trips o'er the peb - bles, In tin - kles and tre - bles,
 2. By low - land and high - land, By marsh - land and is - land,
 3. We cry to it, 'Rov - er, Give o - ver! give o - ver!'



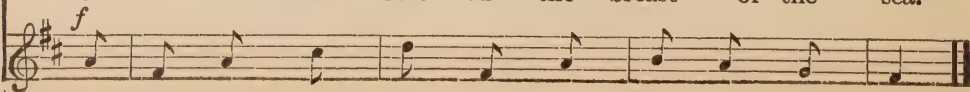
It slides and it glides in its fet - ter - less glee;
 Its course from its source is the course of the free;
 No heed in its speed does it pay you or me;



It dou - bles And bub - bles; It rim - ples and dim - ples,
 It hur - ries And scour - ries Thro' noonshine and moonshine,
 But leap - ing, Un - sleep - ing, It dan - ces and glan - ces,



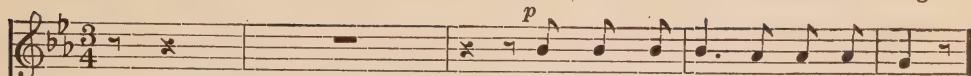
And so it goes rac - ing a - down to the sea.
 And ev - er goes sing - ing a - down to the sea.
 Un - til it finds rest on the breast of the sea.



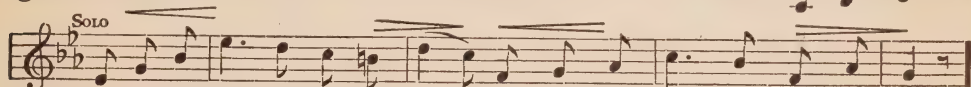
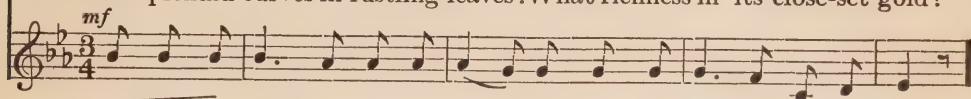
THE MAIZE

CELIA L. THAXTER

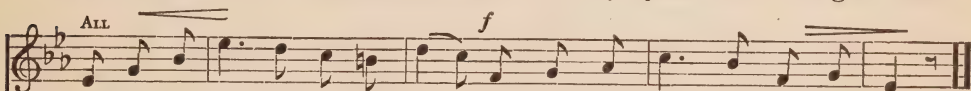
Russian Folksong



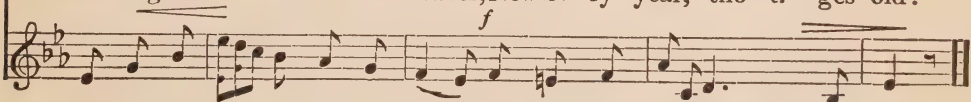
1. Up - on a hun-dred thousand plains Its ban-ners rus - tle in the breeze,
2. It storms the hills and fills the vales, It march-es like an ar-my grand,
3. What splendid curves in rustling leaves! What richness in its close-set gold!



O'er all the nation's wide domains, From coast to coast be-twixt the seas;
The con-ti-nent its pres-ence hails, Its beau-ty bright-ens all the land;
What lar-gess in its clustered sheaves, New ev-'ry year, tho' a - ges old!



O'er all the nation's wide domains, From coast to coast be-twixt the seas.
The con-ti-nent its pres-ence hails, Its beau-ty bright-ens all the land.
What largess in its clustered sheaves, New ev-'ry year, tho' a - ges old!



coast betwixt the seas.

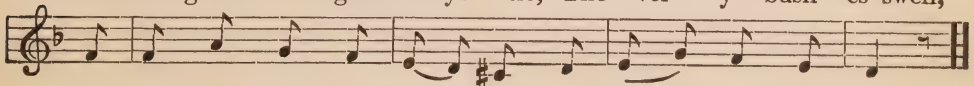
MIDNIGHT

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Portuguese Folksong



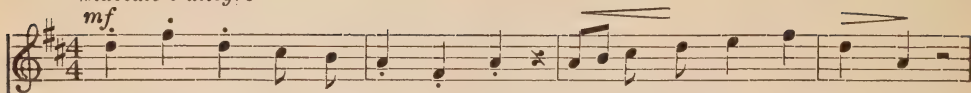
1. The moon shines white and si-lent On the mist, which, like a tide
2. A vague and star - ry mag - ic Makes all things mys - ter - ies,
3. The fire - flies o'er the mead - ow In pul - ses come and go;
4. All things look strange and mys - tic, The ver - y bush - es swell,



Of some en - chant - ed o - cean O'er the wide marsh doth glide.
I seem to hear dim whis - pers And trem - u - lous re - plies.
The elm - tree's heav - y shad - ow Weighs on the grass be - low.
And take wild shapes and mo - tions As if be - neath a spell.

POP CORN SONG

SOPHIA T. NEWMAN

*Staccato e allegro**mf*

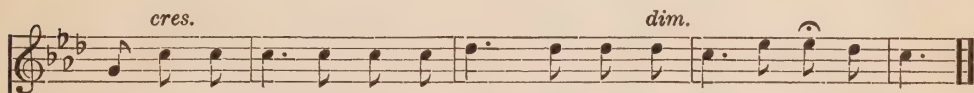
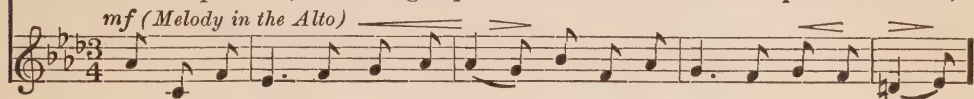
INDIAN SUMMER

JOHN G. WHITTIER

LEONARD B. MARSHALL



1. From gold to gray, Our mild sweet day Of Indian summer fades too soon;
 2. In its pale fire, The village spire Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;

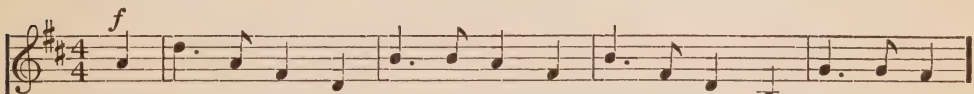


But ten - der - ly A - bove the sea Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.
 The painted walls Whereon it falls Transfigured stand in mar - ble trance.

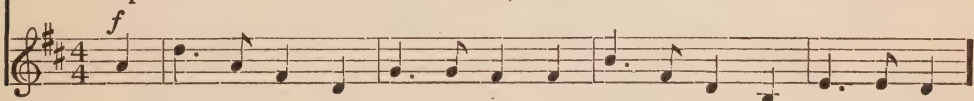


THE GATE OF THE NEW YEAR

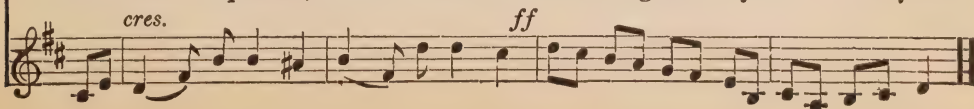
M. J. SAVAGE



1. In wond'ring dream be - fore my face, I saw a mas - sive wall a - rise,
 2. And while I marveled what it meant, And what lay on the oth - er side,
 3. Up - on the arch's front I read, "Each trav - el - er who en - ters here



As old as time, as wide as space, And high as are the star-strewn skies.
 I saw an age-worn arch that bent Above a gate - way o - pened wide.
 Finds what he pleases, stones or bread: I am the gate - way of the year."



LITTLE WHITE LILY

GEORGE MACDONALD

p

1. Lit - tle white Li - ly Sat by a stone, Droop-ing and
 2. Lit - tle white Li - ly Droop-eth with pain, Wait - ing and

p

pp Lit - - tle white

wait - ing Till the sun shone. Lit - tle white Li - ly
 wait - ing For the wet rain. Lit - tle white Li - ly

Li - - ly, *cres.*

Sun-shine has fed; Lit - tle white Li - ly Is lift - ing her head.
 Hold-eth her cup; Rain is fast fall-ing And fill - ing it up.

cres.

SONG SHOULD BREATHE

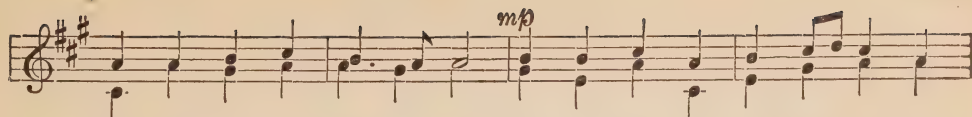
BARRY CORNWALL

L. VAN BEETHOVEN

mf

1. Song should breathe of scents and flow - ers, Song should like a
 2. Pain and pleas - ures, all man do - eth, War and peace, and

riv - er flow; Song should bring back scenes and hours,
 right and wrong, All things that the soul sub - du - eth,



That we loved,—ah, long a-go! Song from bas-er tho'ts should win us;
Should be van-quish'd, too, by song. Song should spur the mind to du-ty,



Song should charm us out of woe; Song should stir the
Nerve the weak, and stir the strong. Ev-'ry deed of



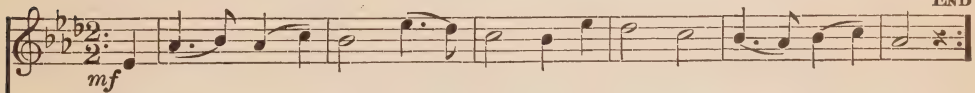
heart with-in us, Like a pa-triot's friend-ly blow.
truth and beau-ty Should be crowned by star-ry song!

NOVEMBER

ALICE CARY

Hollandish Folksong

END

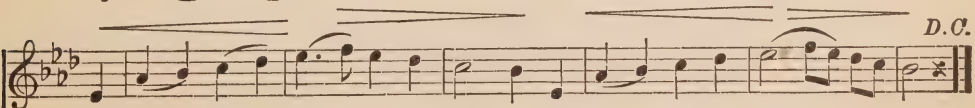
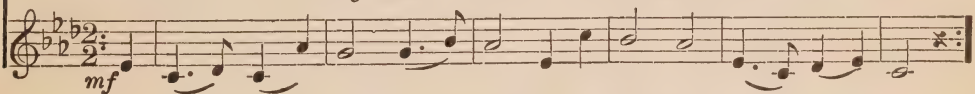


1. { The leaves are fad-ing and fall-ing, The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their call-ing, But be not heartsick, my child,

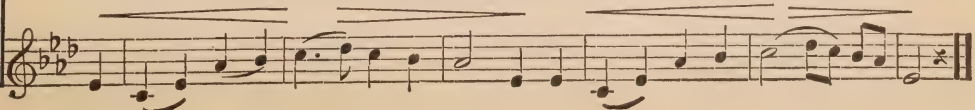
D.C. The roots of the bright red ros-es Will keep a-live in the snow.

2. { And when the win-ter is o-ver, The boughs will get new leaves;
The quail will come back to the clo-ver, The swal-low back to the eaves.

D.C. The love-li-est way-side blos-som Will shine with sun and dew.



Tho' day by day, as it clos-es, Doth dark-er and cold-er grow,
The rob-in will wear on his bos-om A vest that is bright and new,

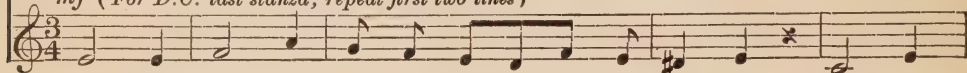
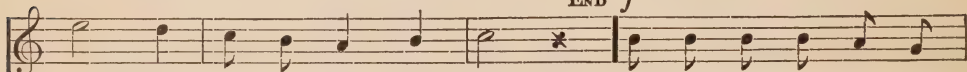


SKATING SONG

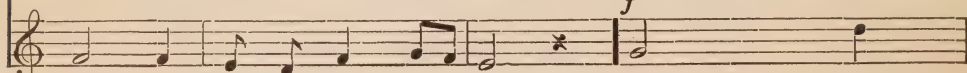
ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

mf

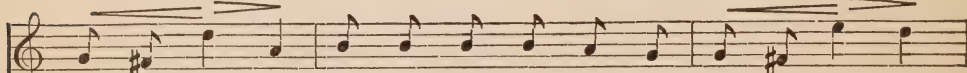
1. O'er the shin - ing sur - face of the riv - er Smooth - ly
 2. Bright and blue the win - ter sky is glow - ing, Smooth and
 3. Back and forth the air - y forms are fly - ing, Round and

mf (For D.C. last stanza, repeat first two lines)END *f*

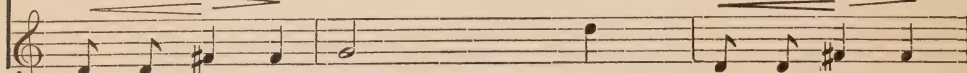
glid - ing on our wings of steel, Chir - ra! wir - ra! How the
 white the ice be - neath our feet. Chir - ra! wir - ra! How the
 round the fig - ures turn and wheel. "Chir - ra! wir - ra!" Mer - ry



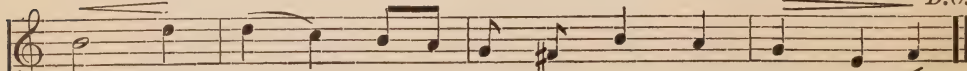
f
 How How the
 How the
 Mer - - - ry



bush - es quiv - er! Chir - ra! wir - ra! How they shake and shiv - er!
 wind is blow - ing! Chir - ra! wir - ra! How the skates are go - ing!
 voic - es cry - ing, "Chir - ra! wir - ra!" Hap - py tongues re - ply - ing,



bush - es quiv - er! How they shake and shiv - er!
 wind is blow - ing! How the skates are go - ing!
 voic - es cry - ing, Hap - - - py tongues re - ply - ing, *D.C.*



O how fine and warm we skat - ers feel! Ah!
 Hearts are light and skat - ing joys are sweet. Ah!
 O what joy the skat - er's heart can feel! Ah!



1

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is written in the right hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final phrase marked *pp* (pianissimo). The left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

p Andante

The vocal introduction is on a single staff in 4/4 time, marked *p Andante*. It begins with a half rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Thy fa - ther's watching the sheep, Thy
 2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The great stars are the sheep, The
 3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! A - way to tend the sheep, A -

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line is on a single staff in 4/4 time, marked *p*. It features a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

moth - er's shak - ing the dream-land tree, And down drops a
 lit - tle stars are the lambs, I guess, The bright moon
 way, thou sheep - dog fierce and wild, And do not

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line is on a single staff in 4/4 time, marked *p*. It features a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

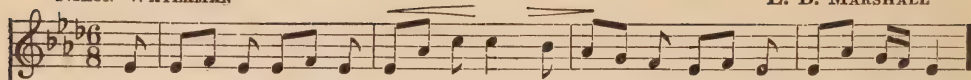
lit - tle dream for thee. Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
 is the shep - herd - ess. Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
 harm my sleep - ing child. Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line is on a single staff in 4/4 time, marked *pp*. It features a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

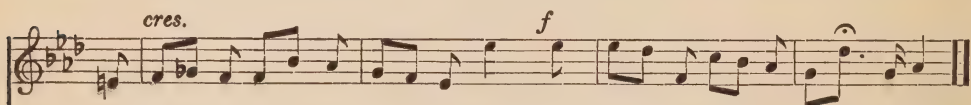
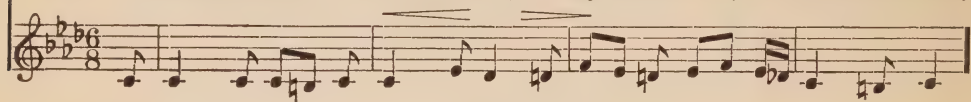
TO A STAR

NIXON WATERMAN

L. B. MARSHALL



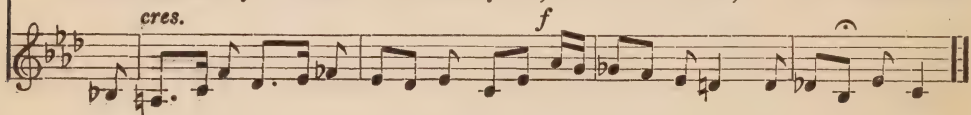
1. When night's dark cur-tain veils the sky, O star, thou gleam-est from on high;
2. As thou to us, when view'd a-far, So earth, to thee, is but a star;
3. A kin-dred, thou, of us and ours; The sky with worlds, the fields with flow'rs,



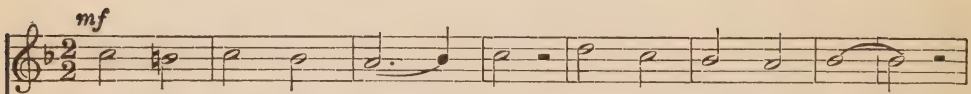
From dark till dawn thy light doth shine In beau-ty con-stant and di-vine.

O hast thou might-y tribes that see And think on us, as we on thee?

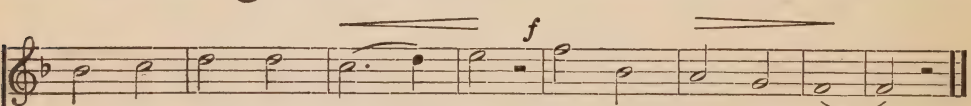
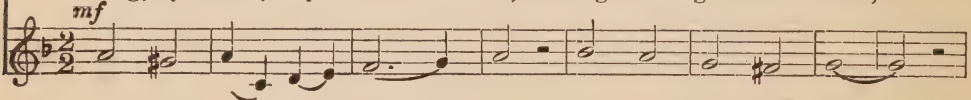
Were strewn by One whose works they are, With thee and us, O won-drous star!



GOD IS GOOD



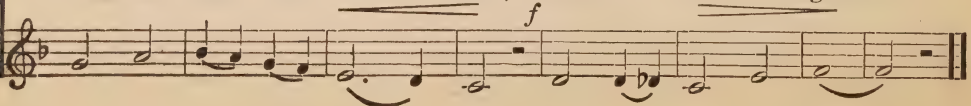
1. See the morn-ing sun - beams Light-ing up the wood,
2. Hear the moun-tain stream - let In the sol-i-tude,
3. Bring, my heart, thy trib - ute, — Songs of grat-i-tude, —



Si-lent-ly pro-claim-ing, "God is ev-er good."

With its rip-ple say-ing, "God is ev-er good."

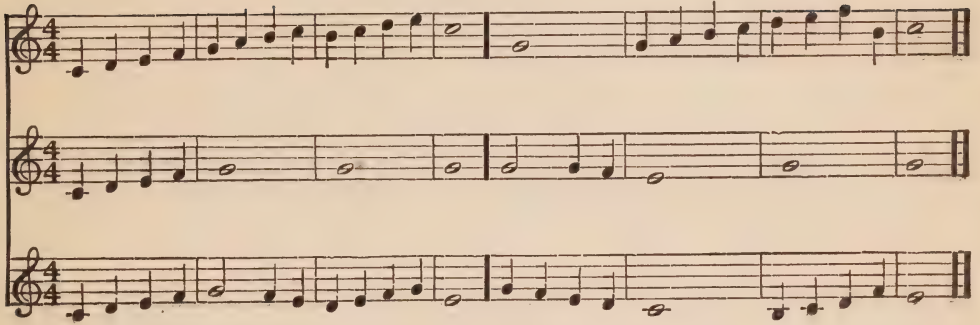
While all na-ture ut-ters, "God is ev-er good."



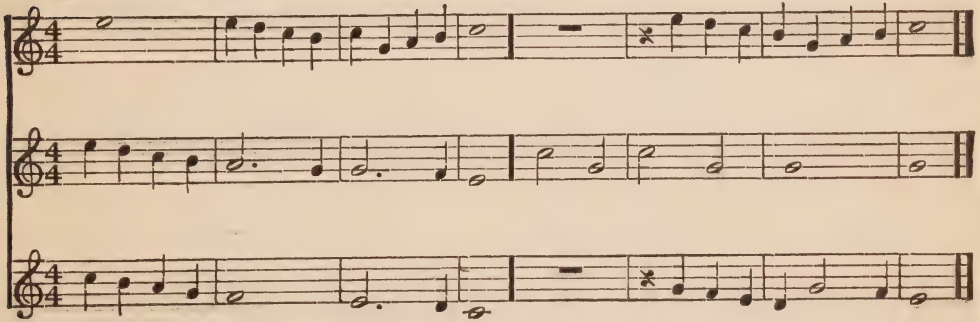
NINTH SECTION

Simple Exercises and Songs in Three Parts

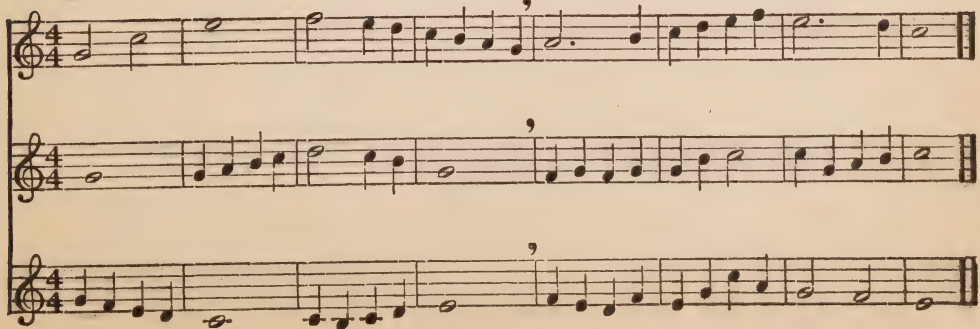
1



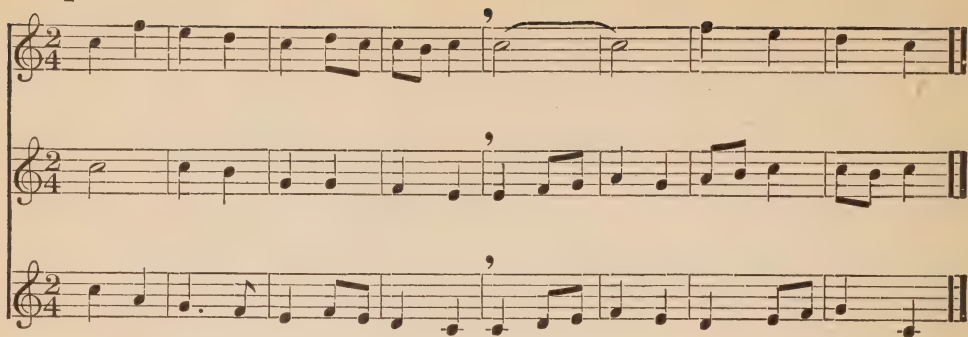
2



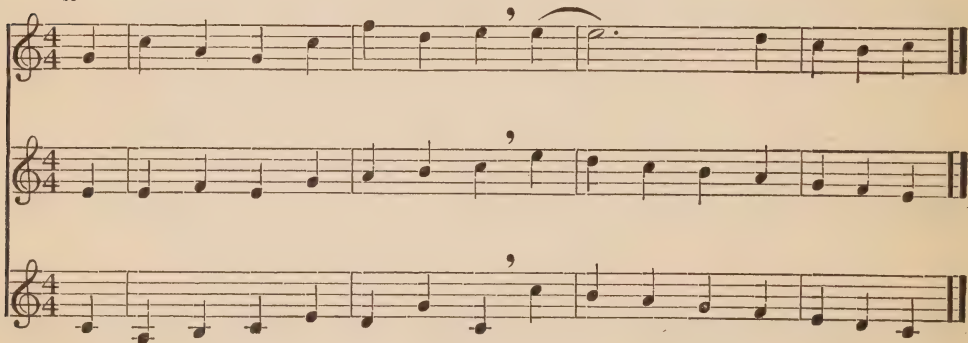
3



1



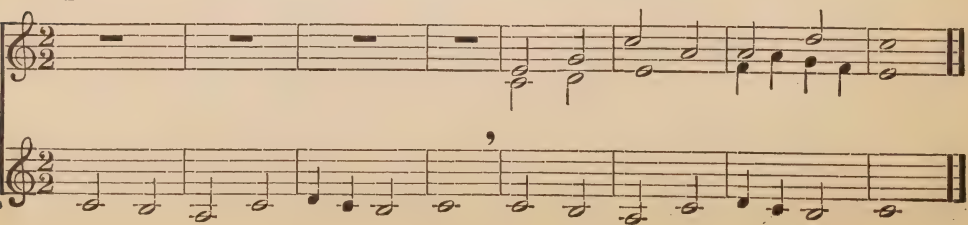
2

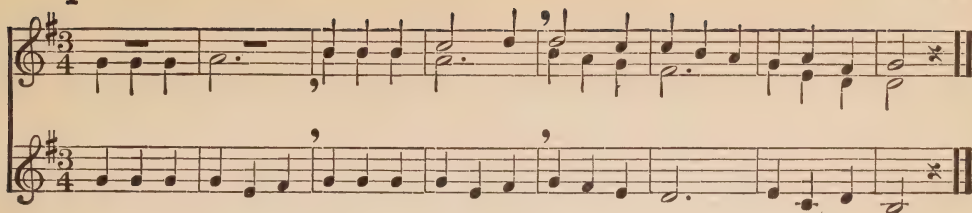


3

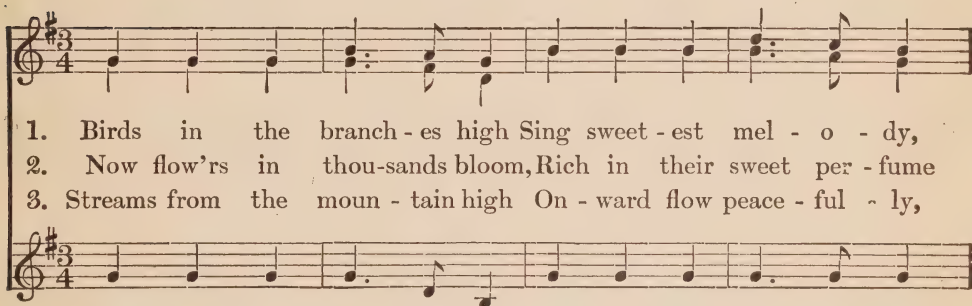


4

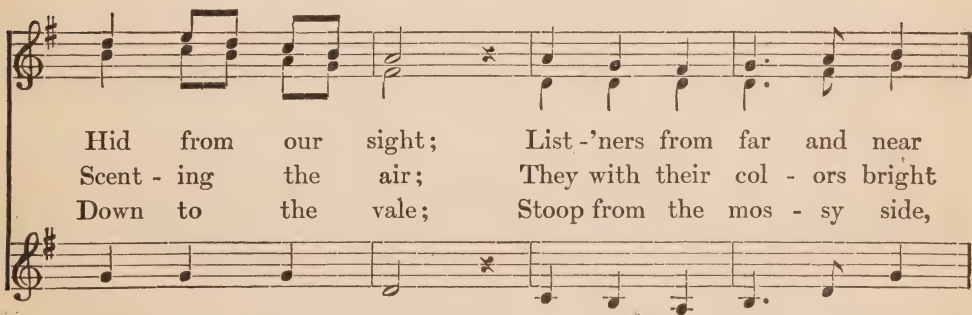




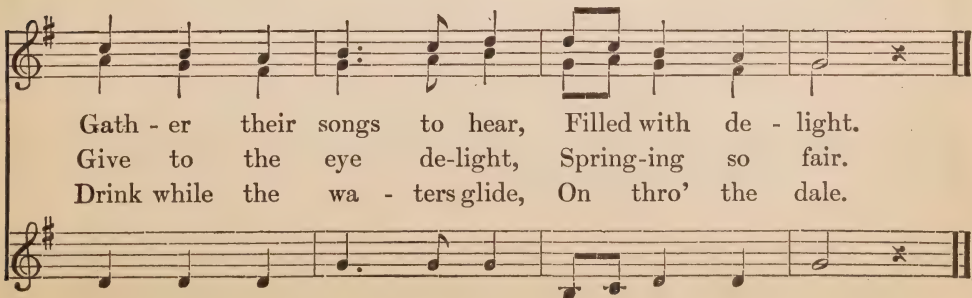
BIRDS IN THE BRANCHES HIGH



1. Birds in the branch-es high Sing sweet-est mel-o-dy,
2. Now flow'rs in thou-sands bloom, Rich in their sweet per-fume
3. Streams from the moun-tain high On-ward flow peace-ful-ly,

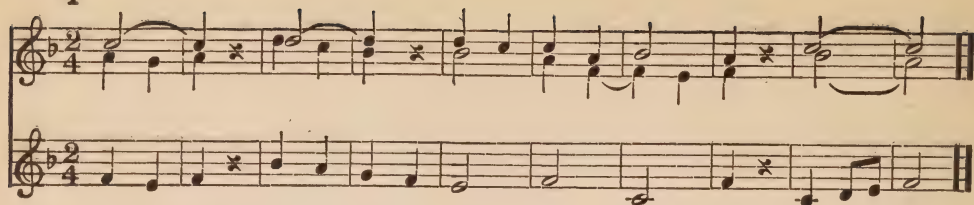


Hid from our sight; List'-ners from far and near
 Scent-ing the air; They with their col-ors bright
 Down to the vale; Stoop from the mos-sy side,

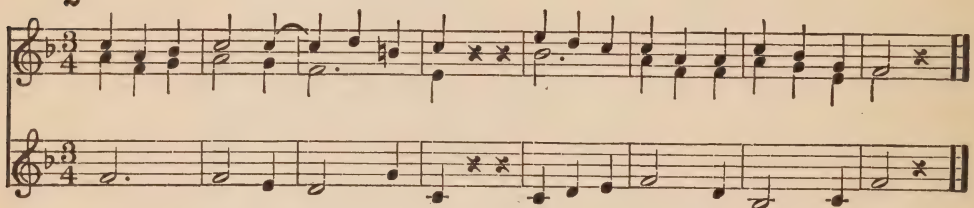


Gath-er their songs to hear, Filled with de-light.
 Give to the eye de-light, Spring-ing so fair.
 Drink while the wa-ters glide, On thro' the dale.

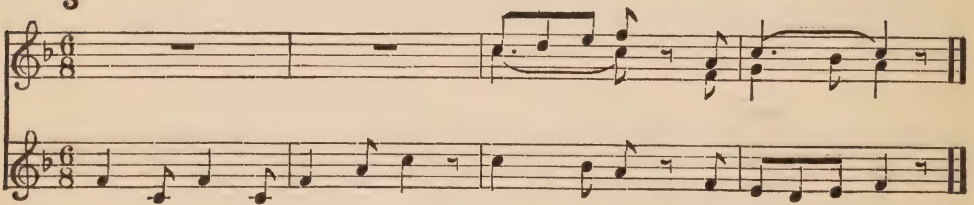
1



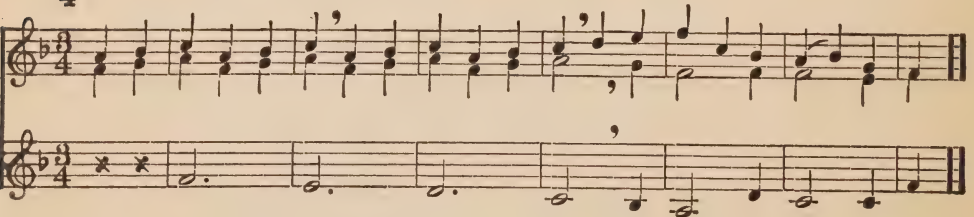
2



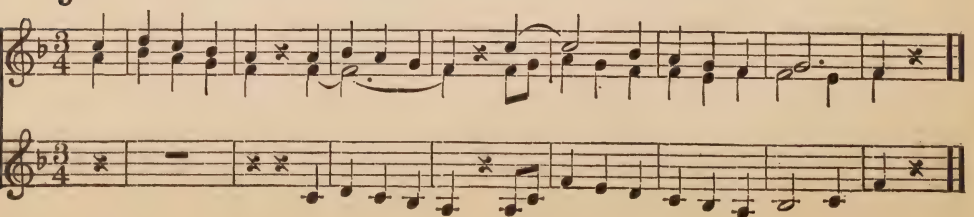
3

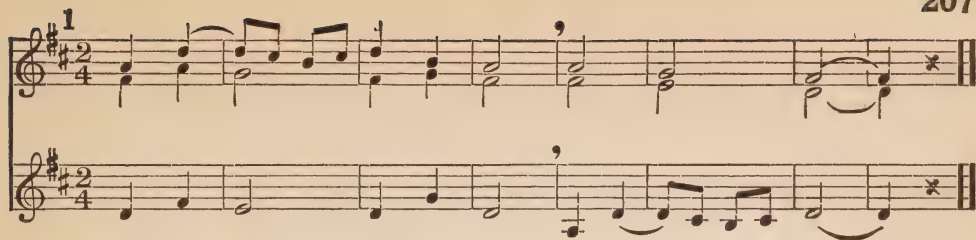


4



5

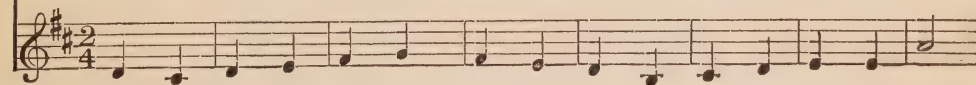




THE CORAL INSECT

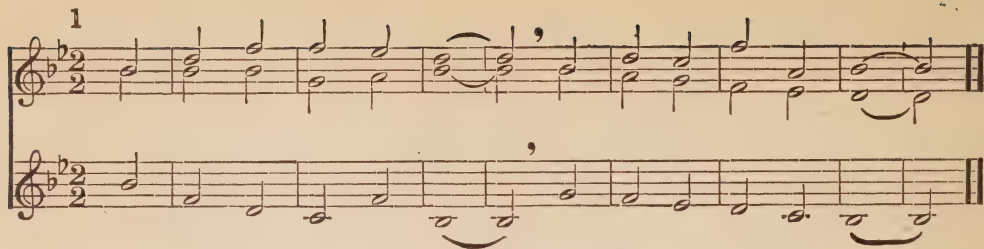


1. Far a - down the si - lent o - cean, Where the sunbeams nev - er fall,
2. Days and months and years are go - ing, Still he climbs to seek the sun;
3. On - ward, up - ward, prog - ress mak - ing, Branch by branch, and cell by cell,
4. Up - ward to the sun of knowledge, Build we high - er ev - 'ry year;



Nev - er comes the storm's commo - tion, Dwells the cor - al in - sect small.
 Ev - 'ry hour his work is grow - ing Till the cor - al reef is done.
 Till, a - bove the bil - lows breaking, All the work is fin - ished well.
 From the lit - tle cor - al in - sect We may learn to per - se - vere.





MAY

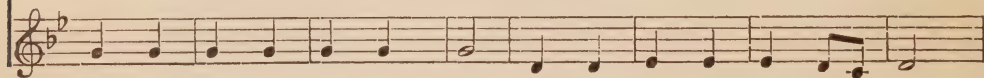
T. D. MILLER



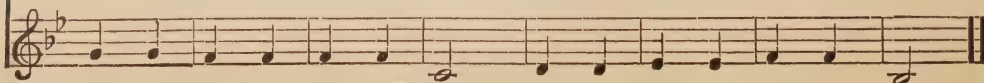
1. Wel - come, wel-come, love-ly May! Breath so sweet, and smiles so gay;
 2. Wel - come, lambs, so full of glee! Wel-come, too, my bus - y bee!



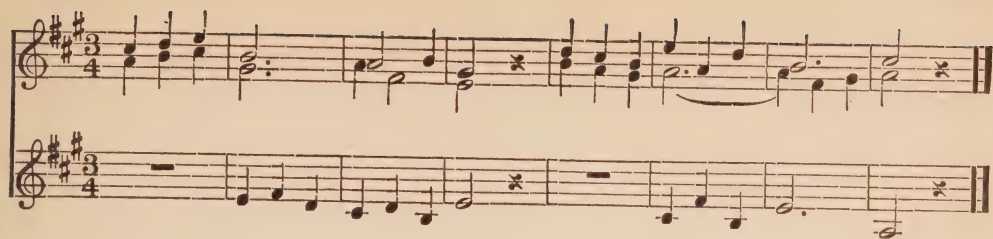
Wel-come, vio - lets, sweet and blue, Drink-ing-cups of morn - ing dew!
 Song-sters trill on ev - 'ry spray, Wel-come, sunshine, wel - come, May!



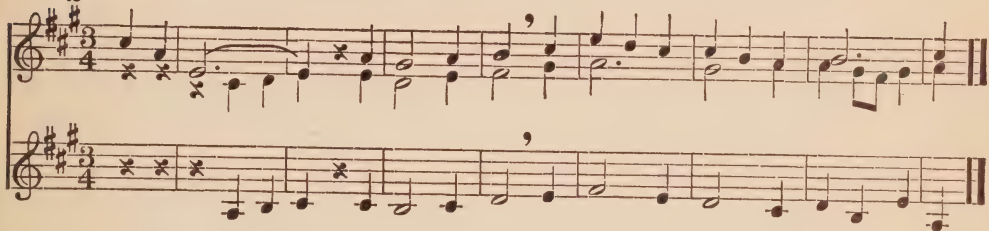
Sun, and cloud, and gen - tle show'rs, Welcome, wel-come, month of flow'rs!
 Wel-come to our gar-den bow'rs, Welcome, wel-come, month of flow'rs.



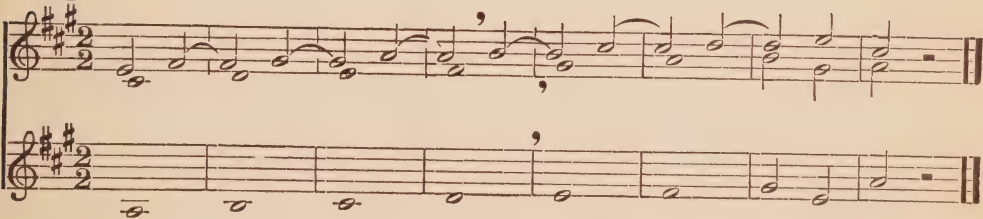
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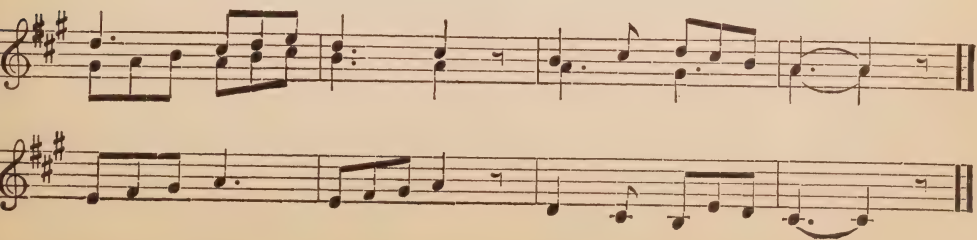
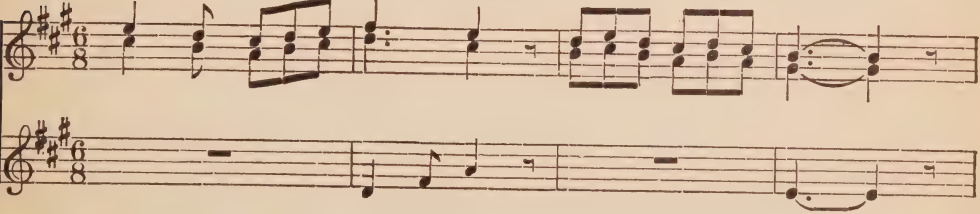
2

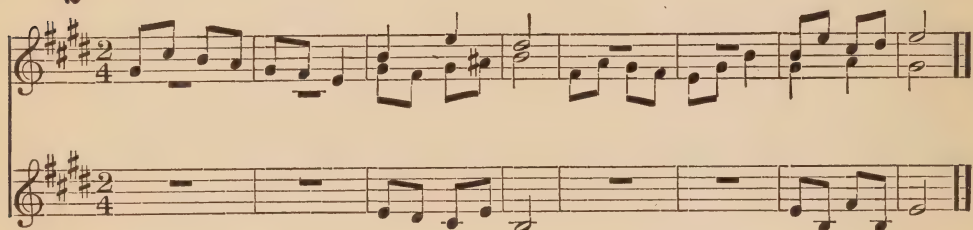
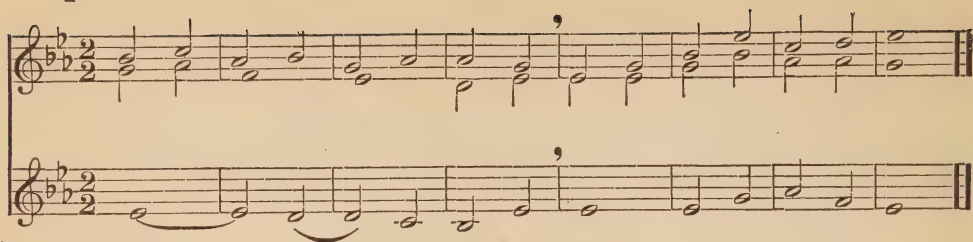


3



4





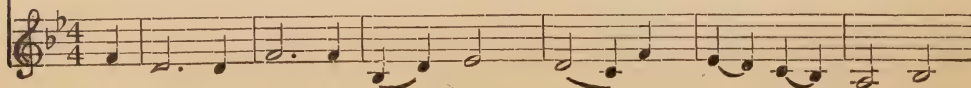
THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

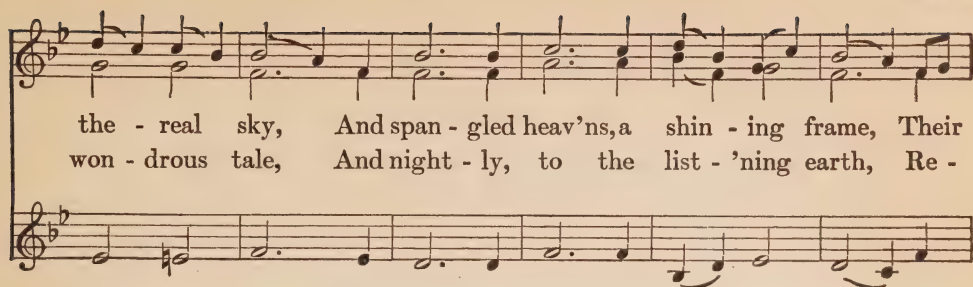
JOSEPH ADDISON

JOSEPH HAYDN, Arr.

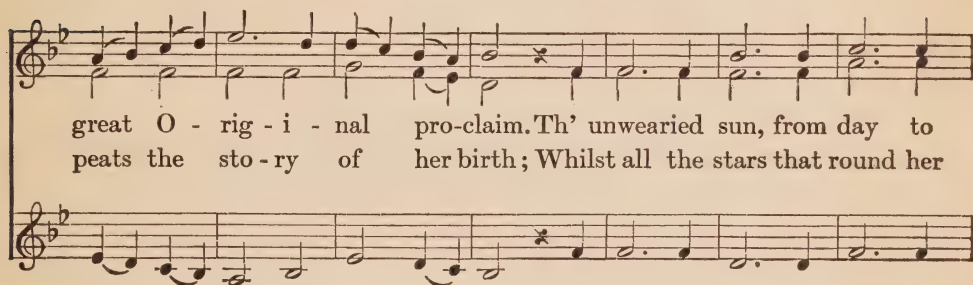


1. The spa-cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the

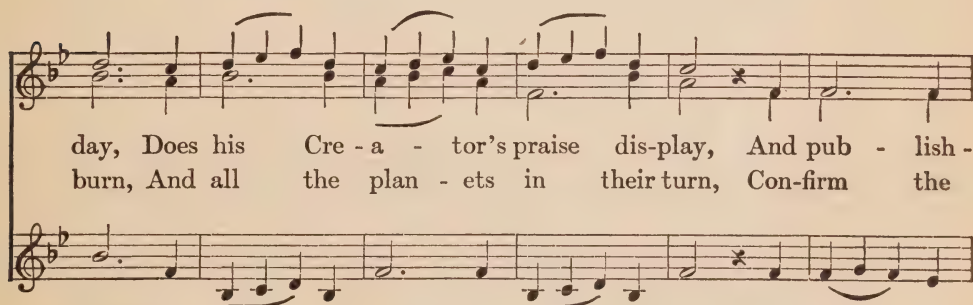




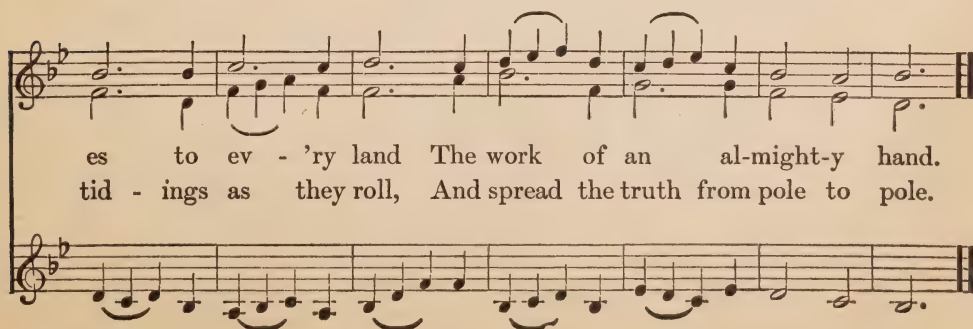
the - real sky, And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their
won - drous tale, And night - ly, to the list - 'ning earth, Re -



great O - rig - i - nal pro-claim. Th' unwearied sun, from day to
peats the sto - ry of her birth; Whilst all the stars that round her



day, Does his Cre - a - tor's praise dis-play, And pub - lish -
burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn, Con-firm the



es to ev - 'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand.
tid - ings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

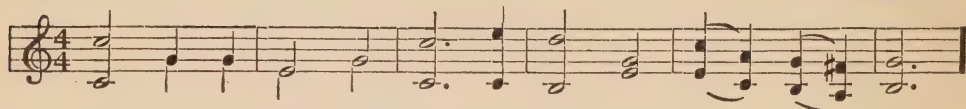
TENTH SECTION

Devotional and Patriotic Songs

COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE ABROAD

I. WATTS

I. SMITH



1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:
2. He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound;
3. Come, wor - ship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord:
4. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:

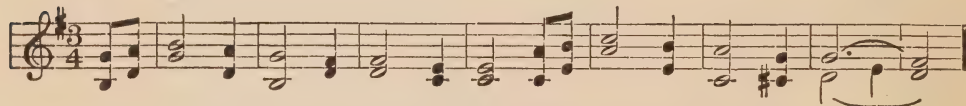


Je - ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
 The wa - t'ry worlds are all his own, And all . . the sol - id ground
 We are his work, and not our own, He formed us by his word.
 Je - ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

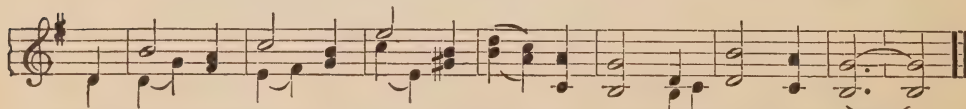
O GOD, OUR STRENGTH

HARRIET AUBER

G. ROSSINI



1. O God, our strength! to thee the song With grateful hearts we raise; . .
2. In trou - ble's dark and storm - y hour, Thine ear hath heard our pray'r; .
3. And thou, O ev - er gra - cious Lord! Wilt keep thy prom - ise still, . .
4. Led by the light thy grace im - parts, Ne'er may we bow the knee . .
5. So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord, Thy faith - ful peo - ple bless; . .



To thee, and thee a - lone, be - long All wor - ship, love and praise.
 And gra - cious - ly thine arm of pow'r Hath saved us from de - spair.
 If, meek - ly heark'ning to thy word, We seek to do thy will.
 To i - dols, which our way - ward hearts Set up in - stead of thee!
 For these shall earth its stores af - ford, And heav'n its hap - pi - ness.

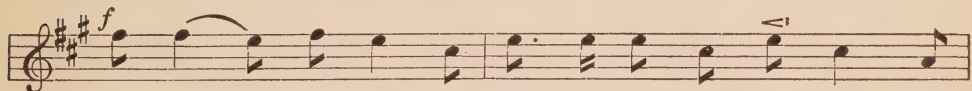
STEAL AWAY



Steal a-way, steal a-way, Steal a-way to Je-sus!



Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I haint got long to stay here



1 My Lord . . . calls me, He calls me by the thun-der; The

2. Green trees are bend-ing, Poor sin - ners stand a - trem-bling; The

3. My Sav - ior calls me, He calls me by the light-ning; The

4. Tomb stones are burst-ing, Poor sin - ners are a - trem-bling; The



trump-et sounds - it in my soul; I haint got long to stay here

GOD IS LOVE; HIS MERCY BRIGHTENS

J. BOWRING

J. B. DYKES



1. God is love; his mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;

2. Chance and change are bu-sy ev - er; Man de-cays, and a - ges move;

3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will his changeless good-ness prove;

4. He with earth-ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com-fort from a - bove;



Bliss he wakes, and woe he light-ens: God is wis-dom, God is love.

But his mer-cy wan-eth nev-er: God is wis-dom, God is love.

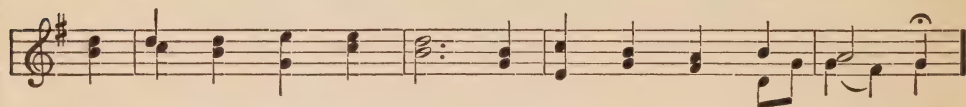
From the mist his brightness streameth: God is wis-dom, God is love.

Ev' - ry-where his glo - ry shin - eth: God is wis-dom, God is love.

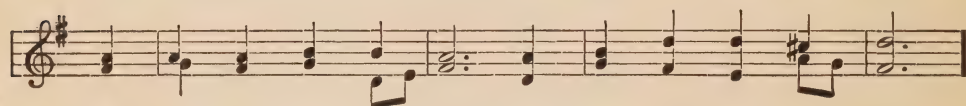
NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD



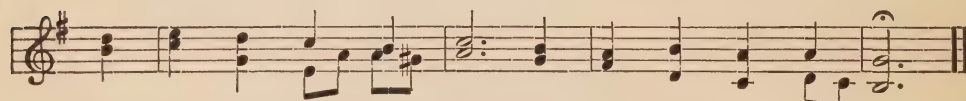
1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hand and voi - ces,
2. All praise and thanks to God, The Fa - ther now be giv - en,



Who won-drous things hath done, In whom the world re - joice - es;
The Ho - ly One who reigns In earth and high - est heav - en;

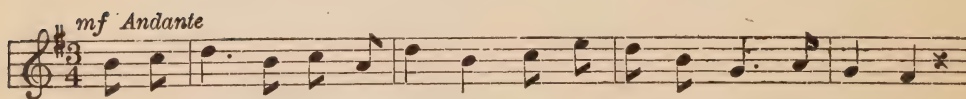


Who, from our moth - er's arms, Hath blessed us on our way
The One e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore,

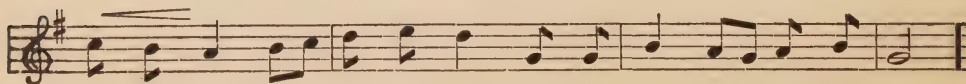


With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
For thus it was and is, And shall be ev - er - more.

A CHILD'S PRAYER



1. Heav'nly Fa-ther, lov-ing, ten-der, Thanks to Thee Thy children ren-der;
2. In our work-ing, in our playing, When our pray'rs to Thee we're saying,



Help us, Lord, that we may be Each day more and more like Thee.
Make us gen - tle, kind, and true, Let us strive Thy will to do.

IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING

ANNA L. WARING

JOHN HULLAH



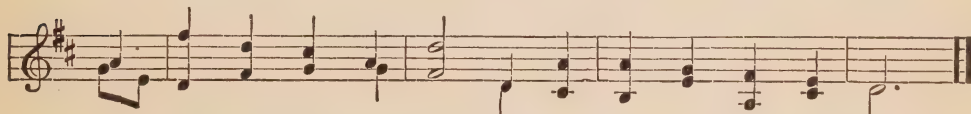
1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear,
2. Wher - ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back;



And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here:
My Shep-herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack:



The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim:



But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him.

FATHER, HEAR THE PRAYER

L. MARIA WILLIS

F. MENDELSSOHN



1. Fa - ther, hear the pray'r we of - fer: Not for ease that pray'r shall be,
2. Not for e - ver in green pas - tures Do we ask our way to be,



But for strength, that we may ev - er Live our lives cour - age - ous - ly.
But the steep and rug - ged path - way May we tread re - joic - ing - ly.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

ALEX. MUIR

ALEX. MUIR

mf Con spirito

1. In days of yore the he - ro Wolfe, Bri - tain's glo - ry
 2. On ma - ny hard fought bat - tle - fields, Our brave fa - thers
 3. In au - tumn time, our em - blem dear Dons its tints of

did main - tain And plant - ed firm Bri - tan - nia's flag on .
 side by side, For free - dom, homes, and lov'd ones dear, Firm-ly
 crim - son hue; Our blood would dye a deep - er red, Shed,

Can-a-da's fair do-main; Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And
 stood, and no - bly died; And those dear rights which they maintained, We
 Can - a - da, for you! Ere Sa - cred Rights, our fa - thers won, To

join'd in love to-geth-er, With Li - ly, This - tle, Sham-rock, Rose, The
 swear to yield them nev-er! We'll ral - ly round the Un - ion Jack, The
 foe - men we de - liv - er, We'll fight-ing die—our bat - tle - cry, The

REFRAIN

Ma-ple Leaf for ever. The Ma-ple Leaf, our emblem dear, The Maple Leaf for

ev-er! God save our King, and Heaven bless The Maple Leaf for ev-er!

RULE, BRITANNIA

JAMES THOMSON

Dr. SAMUEL ARNE

f Con spirito

1. When Bri - tain first, . . at Heav'n's com-mand, A - rose

2. The na - tions not . . so blest as thee Must in

3. Still more ma - jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread

4. Thee haugh-ty ty - rants ne'er shall tame, All their

5. The Mu - ses, still . . with free - dom found, Shall to

. from out the a - zure main—A-rose from out, a - rose from out the

. their turn to ty - rants fall; Must in their turn, must in their turn to

. ful from each for - eign stroke; More dreadful from, more dreadful from each

. at-tempts to bend . thee down All their attempts, all their attempts to

. thy hap- py court . re - pair; Shall to thy happy, shall to thy hap- py

a - zure main, This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the
ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish, great and
for - eign stroke; As the loud blast that, loud blast that tears the
bend thee down, Will but a - rouse thy, a - rouse thy gen -'rous
court re - pair; Blest Isle! with match-less, with match-less beau - ty

land, And guar - dian an - - gels sang this strain;
free, The dread and . en - - vy of them all.
skies Serves but to . root . . thy na - tive oak.
flame, But work their woe . . and thy re - nown.
crown'd, And man - ly . hearts . . to guard the fair.

f REFRAIN

"Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia rule the waves!

Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er shall be slaves!"

O CANADA! OUR FATHERS' LAND OF OLD

219

CANADIAN NATIONAL SONG

Written by
His Hon. R. Stanley Weir, D.C.L.
Recorder of Montreal

Melody by C. Lavallée
Harmonized by G. A. Grant-Schaefer

Maestoso e risoluto

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The tempo is marked *Maestoso e risoluto*, and the piece concludes with a *poco rit.* (slightly slower) marking.

a tempo

1. O Can - a - da! Our home, and Na - tive land, True pa - tri - ot - love in
2. O Can - a - da! Where pines and ma - ples grow, Great prai - ries spread and
3. O Can - a - da! Be - neath thy shin - ing skies May stal - wart sons and

a tempo

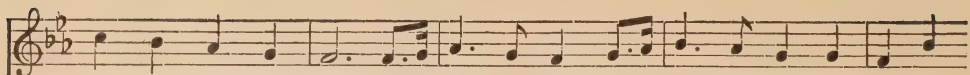
The piano accompaniment for the first verse is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a steady bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The tempo is marked *a tempo*.

p

all thy sons com - mand. With glow - ing hearts we see thee rise, The
lord - ly riv - ers flow. How dear to us thy broad do - main, From
gen - tle maid - ens rise; To keep thee stead - fast through the years From

p

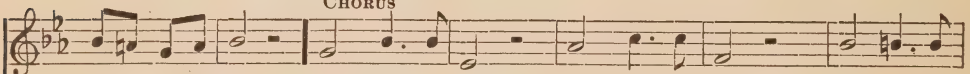
The piano accompaniment for the second verse is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It continues the harmonic structure from the first verse, with a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The dynamic is marked *p* (piano).



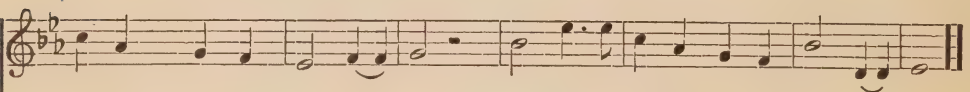
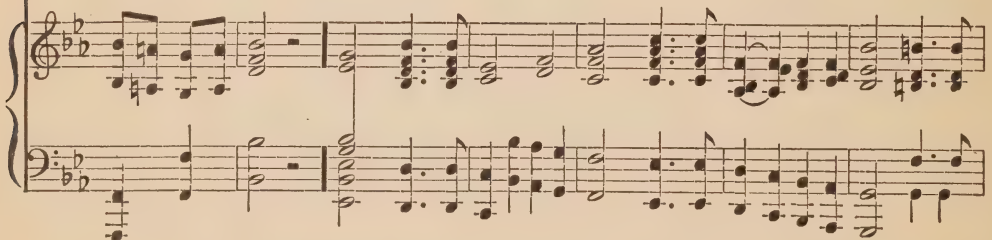
true North, strong and free ; And stand on guard, O Can - a - da, Stand aye on
East to West-ern sea, Thou land of hope for all who toil, Thou true North,
East to West-ern sea, Our Fath - er land, our Moth - er land! Our true North,



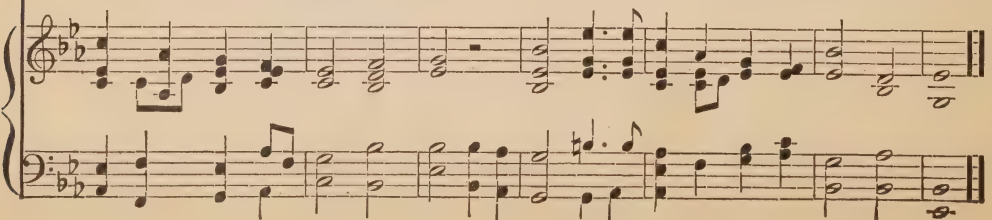
CHORUS



guard for thee. O Can - a - da! O Can - a - da! O Can - a -
strong and free!
strong and free!



da We stand on guard for thee. O Can - a - da! We stand on guard for thee.



BRIEF GLOSSARY OF MUSICAL TERMS

(In the pronunciation-key, *a* is short *ah*, never *a* as in *at*; *o* is short *oh*; *oo* and *ay* are also short, like *oo* in "foot" and *ai* in "gaily." Common abbreviations are in brackets.)

Accelerando [accel.] (*at-tchay-lay-rah'n'do*), accelerating.

Adagio (*a-da'djo*), leisurely, slowly.

Ad libitum (*ad lee-bee-toom*), not in strict time.

Al or **Alla** (*al* or *ala*), to, or in: as *Alla marcia* (*mar'tchee-a*), in the style of a march; *al fine*, to the end.

Allegretto (*a-lay-gray'to*), joyfully.

Allegro (*a-lay'gro*), gaily, mirthfully, rapidly.

Andante (*an-dan'tay*), rather slowly.

Andantino (*an-dan-tee'no*), diminutive of *Andante*; faster than *Andante*.

Animando (*a-nee-mahn'do*), growing more animated.

Animato (*a-nee-ma'to*), with life and spirit.


A tempo (*a taym'po*), in time, at regular speed.

Ben (*bayn*), well, very.

Cantabile (*can-ta'bee-lay*), in a song style.


Coda (*ko'da*), a concluding section.

Con, with: as *Con fuoco* (*fwo'ko*), with fire.

Crescendo, [cres. or cresc.] (*cray-shayn'do*), gradually increasing in tone-power. 

Da capo, [D. C.] (*da ca'po*), return to the beginning.

Dal segno, [D. S.] (*dahl say'nyo*), return to the sign.

Diminuendo, [dim.] (*dee-mee-noo-ayn'do*), gradually diminishing in tone-power. 

Dolce (*dawl'tshay*), softly, sweetly.

E (*ay*), **ed** (*ayd*), and.

Espressivo (*ay-spray-see'vo*), **con espressione** (*ay-spray-see-oh'nyay*), with expression.

Fermata (*fair-ma'ta*), a hold-sign. 

Finale (*fee-na'lay*), last movement of a work.

Fine (*fee'nyay*), end.

Forte, [f] (*fohr'tay*), loud.

Fortissimo, [ff] (*fohr-tee'see-mo*), very loud.

Giojoso (*djo-yo'so*), joyously.

Grandioso (*gran-dee-o'so*), grandly.

Grave (*gra'vay*), gravely, very slowly.

Grazioso (*gra-lsee-o'so*), gracefully.

Largamente (*lar-ga-may'n'tay*), in broad style.


Largo (*lar'go*), broad, large.

Legato (*lay-ga'to*), connected, smoothly.

Leggiero (*lay-djay-ro*), lightly.

Lento (*layn'to*), slowly.

Ma (*ma*), but: *ma non troppo*, but not too much.

Maestoso (*ma-ays-to'so*), majestic, grand. 

Marcato (*mar-ka'to*), well marked.

Meno (*may'no*), less.

Mezzo (*may'dzo*), medium, half.

Mezzo forte, [mf] (*may'dzo for'tay*), medium loud.

Mezzo piano, [mp] (*may'dzo pee-a'no*), medium soft.

Moderato (*maw-day-ra'to*), moderately.

Molto (*moh'l'to*), very, much.

Mosso (*mos'so*), moved, quicker, with more life.

Moto (*moh'to*), movement, motion.

Non (*non*), not.

Opus, [Op.] (*o'poos*), work: as *Op. 25*.

Pedale (*pay-da'lay*), pedal.

Pianissimo, pp (*pee-a-nee'see-mo*), very softly.

Piano, p (*pee-a'no*), softly.

Piu (*pee-oo'*), more.

Poco (*po'ko*), un poco, a little.

Poco a poco (*po'ko a po'ko*), little by little.

Presto (*pray'sto*), quickly.

Quasi (*kwa'see*), like, somewhat.

Rallentando, [rall.] (*rah-layn-tan'do*), gradually slackening in speed.


Ritardando, [rit.] (*ree-tar-dan'do*), with gradual decrease in speed and force.

Scherzando (*skair-tzan'do*), playfully.

Semplice (*saym-plee'tchay*), simply.

Sempre (*saym'pray*), always, still, continuously.

Senza (*sayn'tza*), without.

Sforzando, [sf or sfz] (*sfor-tzan'do*), forced, strongly accented. 

Sostenuto (*sos-tay-noo'to*), sustained, in a connected manner.

Sotto voce (*saw'to vo'tchay*), in an under-tone, or in subdued voice.

Staccato (*sta-ka'to*), separated, not *legato*.

Stringendo (*streen-djayn'do*), increasing in speed and intensity.

Tempo primo (*taym'po pree'mo*), time or speed as at the beginning of the piece.

Tranquillo (*tran-kwee'lo*), tranquilly, peacefully.

Troppo (*traw'po*), too much.

Un (*oon*), a, one.

Vivace (*vee-va'tchay*), vivaciously.

Voce (*vo'tchay*), voice.

OUTLINE OF STUDY-MATERIAL, PART TWO

IN GENERAL

Half-step progressions through sharped scale-degrees and through flatted scale-degrees, without suggestions of distantly related keys; further presentation of minor effects; free use of various rhythm-forms earlier treated; study of the sixteenth-note as a "before-the-beat" note; four sounds to the beat; introductory work in three-part singing; observation of the commoner conventional terms and marks of expression.

IN DETAIL

ABBREVIATIONS: 140-2 means page 140, exercise 2; 156-S means song on page 156

SEC. I, pages 113 to 122, Review Study of Rhythm-Forms and Chromatics, in one and two parts—Exercise and song in minor, 118; characteristic chromatic passages, 119.

SEC. II, pages 123 to 134, Various Progressions through Flat-Seven and Sharp-Four, and easy skips to these tones—Strengthening of independence of the voices, 124, 126; the half-note as a beat-unit, 127; shifting from one stave to two, 133.

SEC. III, pages 135 to 150, Further Study of Chromatics, especially Sharped Scale-Degrees—Half-step progressions through sharp-two, etc., 135; the same in divided beat, 140-2; similar progressions in connection with rests, 146; greater freedom in the employment of chromatics in fractional beats, 144, etc.

SEC. IV, pages 151 to 160, Further Study of Chromatics, especially Flatted Scale-Degrees—Half-step progressions through flat-six, etc., 151; change of time in the course of a song, 156-S; liberal introduction of chromatics thus far studied, 158; the same in connection with rests, 159, 160.

SEC. V, pages 161 to 170, Exercises and Songs for General Review—Chromatics, rests, varied rhythm-forms.

SEC. VI, pages 171 to 186, The Before-the-Beat Note (in four-four time, a sixteenth following a dotted eighth or its equivalent)—Deduction of the before-the-beat note from the tie, 171; examples of the same in various rhythms, 172; with simple chromatics, 173, etc.; skips from a chromatic tone, 180-1; four-tone slur on one syllable, 183-S.

SEC. VII, pages 187 to 192, Four Sounds to the Beat—Exemplified in exercises, 187; in song, 188, 189; with considerable independence of rhythm, 191-2; sharp dissonance in rapidly moving voices, 192-2; slurs in a song with four sounds to the beat, 192-S.

SEC. VIII, pages 193 to 202, Elementary Study of Expression-Marks—Forte, piano, the crescendo and diminuendo, and other common marks. (See Glossary on page 212.)

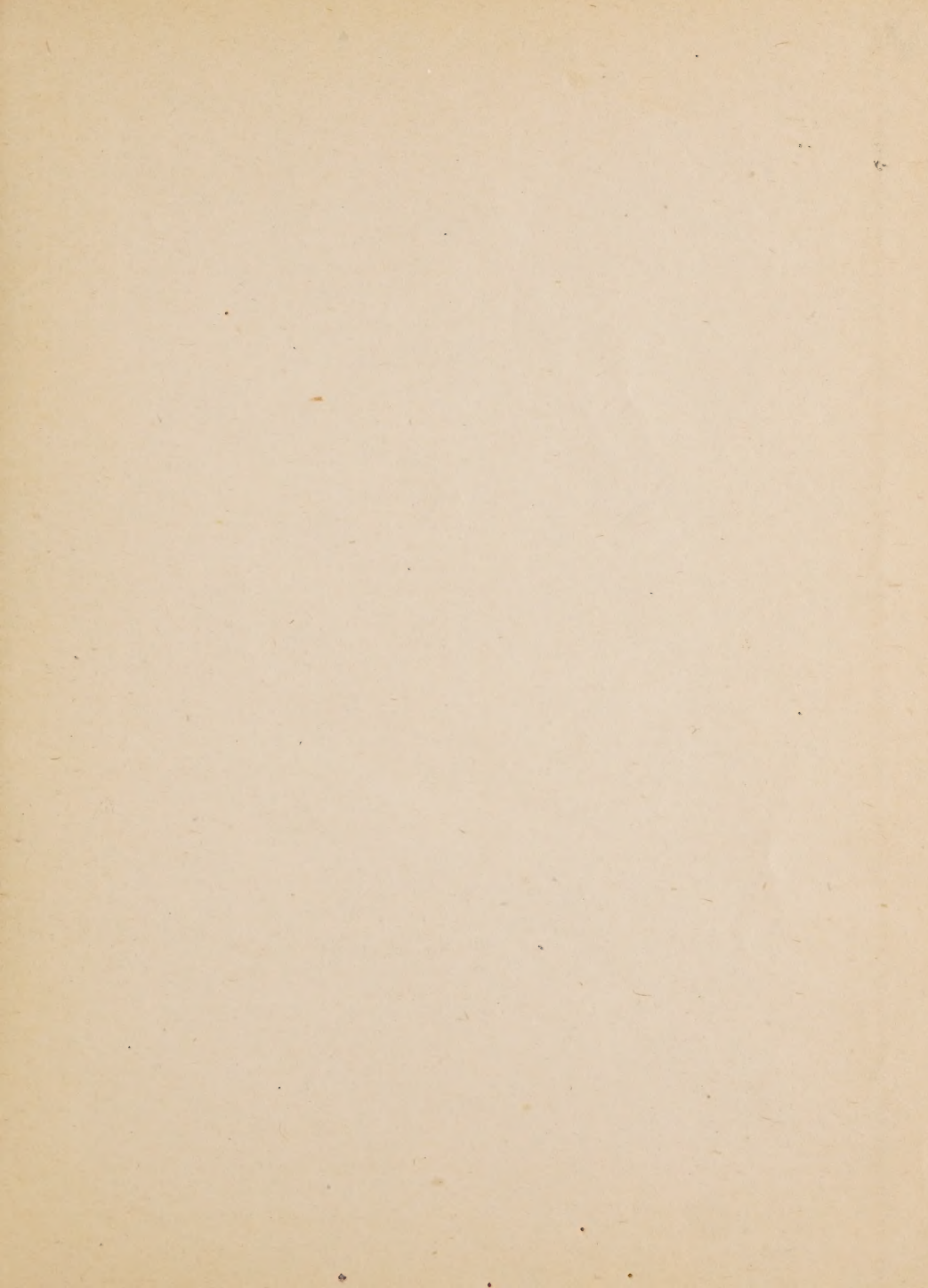
SEC. IX, pages 203 to 211, Simple Exercises and Songs in Three Parts—Exercises beginning in unison, 203; with a chord, 204-2; simple practice with three independent parts, 204-3, etc.; simple skips in divided beat, 210-2.

SEC. X, pages 212 to 219, Devotional and Patriotic Songs—Standard selections arranged in two parts, 212, etc.; a patriotic song with an optional third part, 218.

INDEX

	PAGE		PAGE
Abide With Me.....	106	Fairy Spelling.....	18
After Vacation.....	5	Fancies.....	177
All Aboard.....	97	Fantastic Trip, A.....	98
April Welcome, An.....	167	Fate of a Snowflake, The.....	24
April's Coming Up the Hill.....	149	Father, Hear the Prayer.....	215
Another Year Is Dawning.....	127	Father in Heaven, We Thank Thee.....	125
Arbor Day.....	83	February.....	190
Archer, The.....	51	Field Daisy, The.....	95
At Christmas Time.....	161	Flying Moments, The.....	8
At Twilight.....	182	Foot-Ball Song.....	174
Autumn.....	170	Forest Trees.....	135
Autumn's Sighing.....	183	Fountain, The.....	9
		Frog, The.....	14
Basque Lullaby, A.....	118		
Birds in the Branches High.....	205	Gate of the New Year, The.....	197
Birds' Music.....	185	Geography Song.....	154
Bird Song, A.....	43	Give.....	67
Boating Song.....	148	God Ever Glorious.....	122
Bobolink, The.....	155	God Is Good.....	202
Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean.....	107	God Is Love ; His Mercy Brightens.....	213
Brook, The.....	176	God's Love.....	78
Brook Song.....	194	Goldenrod.....	75
		Good Morning.....	96
Change of Mind, A.....	66		
Child's Prayer, A.....	214	Have You Heard the Thrush.....	72
Child and the Sparrow, The.....	193	Heavenly Father, The.....	121
Christmas Tree, The.....	55	Horn is Resounding, The.....	178
Clock-Tinker, The.....	90	Humming Bird, The.....	133
Clouds, The.....	101	Hush-a-bye, Hush.....	134
Colonel Robbie's Regiment.....	22		
Come, Sound His Praise Abroad.....	212	Indian Summer.....	197
Come, Thou Almighty King.....	105	In Heavenly Love Abiding.....	215
Confidence.....	80	In Time's Swing.....	69
Coral Insect, The.....	207		
Corn-Song, The.....	115	Jack and Jill.....	84
Cradle Song.....	169, 192	January.....	113
Cricket, The.....	136		
Cry-Language.....	147	Last Dance of the Leaves, The.....	31
		Learning to Play.....	37
Daffodils.....	186	Lesson in Geography, A.....	114
Dancing Song, A.....	34	Little and Great.....	60
Distant Bells.....	131	Little White Lily.....	198
		Little Worker, A.....	88
Echo, The.....	74	Lord is Near, The.....	41
Evening Bell, The.....	32	Lord of All Being, Throned Afar.....	105
Evening Prayer.....	81		
Evening Rest.....	15	Magic Seed, The.....	12
Every Sunny Hour.....	52	Maize, The.....	195
Excuse, An.....	189	Maple Leaf, A.....	62

	PAGE		PAGE
Maple Leaf For Ever, The.....	216	Skylark, The.....	93
May.....	163, 208	Sky-Voyage, A.....	86
May-Day Fête.....	180	Sleep, Baby, Sleep.....	25, 201
Merry Are the Bells.....	188	Sleep, Thou Wild Rose, Sleep.....	11
Merry-Go-Round, The.....	168	Snow-Weaver, The.....	166
Merry Race, A.....	16	Something.....	128
Midnight.....	195	Song of Saturdays, A.....	150
Mistake, A.....	58	Song of the Trees.....	92
Morning Song.....	36	Song Should Breathe.....	198
Mother's Lullaby, The.....	20	Song-Sparrow, The.....	172
Mountain Rover, The.....	45	Sower, The.....	79
My Flower.....	18	Spacious Firmament, The.....	210
My Neighbors.....	119	Spring Rain.....	126
My Own Canadian Home.....	111	Spring Song.....	142
		Spring Voices.....	160
New Year, The.....	38, 116	Stars and Daisies.....	49
Northern Seas, The.....	129	Steal Away.....	213
November.....	199	Storm-King, The.....	94
Now Thank We All Our God.....	214	Study, A.....	68
		Summer Day, A.....	89
O Canada! Our Fathers' Land of Old.....	219	Sun Shower, The.....	96
O God, our Strength.....	212	Swing Away.....	64
O My!.....	42		
On the Birch Tree.....	100	Taking Work as Play.....	71
Onward Float.....	61	Thanksgiving.....	29
Our Clock.....	13	Three Little Kittens.....	54
		To a Star.....	202
Pantry Ships.....	116	To the River.....	120
Patience.....	35	To the West.....	186
Pedlar's Caravan, The.....	48	Trees, The.....	136
Please.....	40	Tree-Top Duet, A.....	138
Plowman Tar, The.....	104	Trustful Obedience.....	117
Policeman, The.....	23		
Polite Owl, The.....	17	Under the May-Pole Gay.....	99
Pop Corn Song.....	196		
Praise June.....	91	Valentine for Grandma, A.....	63
Praise to God, Immortal Praise.....	106		
Praise Song.....	126	Wasp and the Bee, The.....	124
Pussy Willows.....	173	Waterfall, The.....	26
		Water-Mill, The.....	73
Queen Mab.....	145	Waves, The.....	152
Queen of the Elves, The.....	46	We Should Be Satisfied.....	140
		Weather-cock's Complaint, The.....	132
Rain Song, A.....	143	Welcome, Wild Northeaster.....	27
Riddles.....	30	What Does Little Birdie Say?.....	170
River Path, The.....	10	What so Sweet as Summer?.....	158
Robin, The.....	56	Where Lies the Land?.....	153
Robin and the Bee, The.....	28	Who Am I?.....	81
Rule Britannia.....	217	Wind, The.....	102, 120
		Winter.....	165
Safe Side, The.....	85	Winter King, The.....	175
Secret of the Sea, The.....	76	Winter Rain.....	59
See-Saw.....	7	Winter Song.....	68
Silver Moon, The.....	70		
Skating Song.....	200	Year's at the Spring, The.....	103



26.

Good Neighbor Adam is
busy again,

Hear how is threshing his
grain.

Clip clap clap Clipclapclap
" " " " " "

Working with might and
with main.

and his

